

Jethro Tull

"Crew Nights"

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Tear it down in double quick time
To get the eighth truck shifted 'bout midnight
The locker rooms are empty but the [strobo tickers?
][strobo boats?]
Still spin with their pitching lights
And someone with a yellow pass
Gives out precise directions as to where and when

And here am I with a drumstick,
While young girls set to rendezvous, and be
recognized again
Tomorrow is an off-day,
Be in baltimore by thursday is the only law.
There's a suite down at the hotel
Reserved for making merry with connecting doors.
The lighting man's already improvised a bar,
And printed invitations to the ball.
Off duty cops line corridors wearing tull [two?] t-shirts
proudly
On the band's [...] wall

Crew nights, no flashlights or folding knives,
Best boots and road suits and nine lives.

Feeling that it might be wrong to
Temporarily belong to the p.a. man [men?]
Some angel from the midwest is regretting being

Undressed with no suntan
His polaroid is snapping
The head carpenter is rapping on
The gates of dawn

Sitting lonely with a warm beer
The girl with dental braces wishes that she hadn't
gone.

Crew nights, no bar fights or [feeders?] [veeders?]
wives
Thin walls and late [blade?] calls and nine lives.

[ken stitzel writes: still no clue on the first line, but I

think
"late calls" is definitely correct for the second line. it
makes
Sense from a stagehand terminology perspective. I
know that it
Sounds like there's a "b" sound in there, but I think it's
just a
Minor flaw in ian's diction. (it's really tough to sing
clearly,
Especially in rock music.)]

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Best boots and road suits and nine lives.

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