

Jethro Tull

"El Nino"

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As one, wet merchants turn their eyes towards the
west.
Trade winds falter as if in dire consequence.
Freezing fish to fry, fail to materialise.
Christ-child, blood-warm current sends to touch the
skies.

El nino.

Bathing in uncertainty, another age
Seems to wing from t.v. screens in weather rage.
Savage retribution makes for a headline feats.
Planet-warming, opinion-forming headless beast.

El nino.

Cold thrust tongue extends it's dark and watery touch.
Forces gather, martial stand against the rush.
Wily child in mischief here to make his play.
Leaves toys for little sister on another day

El nino.

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