

Jethro Tull

"Flyingdale Flyer"

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Through clear skies tracking lightly from far down the
line
No fanfare, just a blip on the screen
No quick conclusions now-- everything will be fine
Short-circuit glitch and not what it seems
Flyingdale flyer-- you're only half way there
Green screen liar-- for a second or so we were running
scared

On late shift, feeling drowsy-- eyes glued to the display
Dead cert alert, lit match to the straw
One last quick game of bowls-- we can still win the day
Fail-safe; forget the thing that you saw

They checked the systems through and they read A-
O.K.
Some tiny fuse has probably blown
Sit back; relax and soon it will just go away
Keep your hands off that red telephone

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