

Jethro Tull

"For Michael Collins, Jeffery, And Me"

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Watery eyes of the last sighing seconds,
blue reflections mute and dim,
beckon tearful child of wonder,
to repentance of the sin.
And the blind and lusty lovers,
of the great eternal lie,
go on believing nothing,
since something has to die.
And the ape's curiosity,
money power wins,
and the yellow soft mountains move under him.

I'm with you L.E.M.
though it's a shame that it had to be you.
The mother ship is just a blip
from your trip made for two.
I'm with you boys, so please employ just a little extra
care.
It's on my mind I'm left behind
when I should have been there,
walking with you.

And the limp face hungry viewers,
fight to fasten with their eyes,
like the man hung from the trapeze,
whose fall will satisfy.
And congratulate each other
on their rare and wondrous deed,
that their begrudged money bought,
to sow the monkey's seed.
And the yellow soft mountains,
they grow very still,
witness as intrusion the humanoid thrill.

I'm with you L.E.M.
though it's a shame that it had to be you.
The mother ship is just a blip
from your trip made for two.
I'm with you boys, so please employ just a little extra
care.
It's on my mind I'm left behind

when I should have been there,
walking with you.

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