

# Jethro Tull

## "Journeyman"

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Spine-tingling railway sleepers  
Sleepy houses lying four-square and firm  
Orange beams divide the darkness  
Rumbling fit to turn the waking worm

Sliding through Victorian Tunnels  
Where green moss oozes from the pores  
Dull echoes from the wet embankments  
Battlefield allotments, fresh open sores

In late night commuter madness  
Double-locked black briefcase on the floor  
Like a faithful dog with master  
Sleeping in the draught beside the carriage door

To each journeyman his own home-coming  
Cold supper nearing with each station stop  
Frosty flakes on empty platforms  
Fireside slippers waiting, flip, flop

And journeyman night-tripping on the late fantastic  
And too late to stop for tea at Gerard's Cross  
And hear the soft shoes on the footbridge shuffle  
As the wheels turn biting on the midnight frost

On the late commuter special  
Carriage lights that flicker, fade and die  
Howling into hollow blackness  
Dusky diesel shudders in full cry

Down redundant morning papers  
Abandon crosswords with a cough  
Stationmaster in his wisdom  
Told the guard to turn the heating off

And journeyman night-tripping on the late fantastic  
And too late to stop for tea at Gerard's Cross  
And hear the soft shoes on the footbridge shuffle  
As the wheels turn biting on the midnight frost

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