

Jethro Tull

"Something's On The Move"

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She wore a black tiara, rare gems upon her fingers
And she came from distant waters, where northern
lights explode
To celebrate the dawning, of the new wastes of winter
Gathering royal momentum on the icy road

With chill mists swirling, like petticoats in motion
Sighted on horizons for ten thousand years
The lady of the ice sounds, a deathly distant rumble
Titanic breaking children lost in melting crystal tears

Oh, sunshine, take me now away from here
I'm a needle on a spiral in a groove
And the turntable spins, as the last waltz begins
And the weather man says, something's on the move

Capturing black pieces in a glass fronted museum
The white queen rolls on the chessboard of the dawn
Squeezing through the valleys, pausing briefly in the
corries
The ice mother mates and a new age is born

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And the turntable spins, as the last waltz begins
And the weather man says, something's on the move

Driving all before her, un-stoppable, un-straining
Her cold creaking mass follows reindeer down
Thin spreading fingers seek, to embrace the sill warm
bundles
That huddle on the doorsteps of a white London town

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