

Jethro Tull

"The Chequered Flag"

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The the disc brakes drag, the chequered flag sweeps
across the oil-slick track. the young man's home; dry as
a bone. his helmet off, he waves: the crowd waves
back. one lap victory roll. gladiat
Ul. the taker of the day in winning has to say, isn't it
grand to be playing to the stand, dead or alive. the
sunlight streaks through the curtain cracks, touches
the old man where he sleeps. th
Se brings up a cup of tea --- two biscuits and the
morning paper mystery. the hard road's end, the white
god's-send is nearer everyday, in dying the old man
says, isn't it grand to be playing to
Stand, dead or alive. the still-born child can't feel the
rain as the chequered flag falls once again. the deaf
composer completes his final score. he'll never hear
the sweet encore. the chequer
Ag, the bull's red rag, the lemming-hearted hordes
running ever faster to the shore singing, isn't it grand
to be playing to the stand, dead or alive.

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