

Jethro Tull

"The End"

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We sleep by the ever-bright hole in the door / eat in the
corner / talk to the
Floor -- cheating the spiders who come to say "please",
(politely).
They bend at the knees.
Well, I'll go to the foot of our stairs.
Old gentlemen talk / of when they were young / of
ladies
Lost and erring sons.
Lace-covered dandies revel (with friends) pure as the
truth --
Tied at both ends.
Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.
Scented cathedral -- spire pointed down.
We pray for souls in kentish town.
A delicate hush -- the gods / floating by / wishing us
well --
Pie in the sky.
God of ages / lord of time -- mine is the right to be
wrong.
Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.
Jack rabbit mister spawn a new breed of love-hungry
pilgrims
(no bodies to feed).
Show me a good man.
I'll show you the door.
The last hymn is sung and the devil cries "more."
Well, I'm all for leaving and that being done, I've put in
a request
To take up my turn in that forsaken paradise that calls
itself "hell" --
Where no-one has nothing and nothing is
Well meaning fool, pick up thy bed and rise up from
your gloom smiling.
Give me your hate and do as the loving heathen do.
Colors I've none -- dark or light, red, white or blue.
Cold is my touch (freezing).
Summoned by name -- I am the overseer over you.
Given this command to watch o'er our miserable
sphere.
Fallen from grace / called on to bring sun or rain.
Occasional corn from my oversight grew.

Fell with mine angels from a far better place, offering
services for
The saving of face.
Now you're here, you may as well admire all whom
living has retired
From the benign reconciliation.
Legends were born surrounding mysterious lights seen
in the sky
(flashing).
I just / lit a fag then / took my leave in the blink of an
eye.
Passionate play -- join round the maypole in dance
(primitive
Rite) (wrongly).
Summoned by name / I am the overseer / over you.
Flee the icy lucifer.
Oh he's an awful fellow!
What a mistake!
I didn't take a feather from his pillow.
Here's the everlasting rub: neither am I good or bad.
I'd give up my halo for a horn and the horn for the hat
I once had.
I'm only breathing.
There's life on my ceiling.
The flies there are sleeping quietly.
Twist my right arm in the dark.
I would give two or three for one of those days that
never made
Impressions on the old score.
I would gladly be a dog barking up the wrong tree.
Everyone's saved -- we're in the grave.
See you there for afternoon tea.
Time for awaking -- the tea lady's / making a brew-up
and / baking
New bread.
Pick me up at half past none -- there's / not a moment
to lose. there
Is / the train on which I came.
On the platform are my old shoes.
Station master rings his bell.
Whistles blow and flags wave.
A little of what you fancy does you good (or so it
should).
I thank everybody for making me welcome.
I'd stay but my wings have just dropped off.
Hail!
Son of kings / make the ever-dying sign / cross your
fingers in the
Sky for those about to be.
There am I waiting along the sand.
Cast your sweet spell upon the land and sea.

Magus perde, take your hand from off the chain.
Loose a wish to still / the rain / the storm about to be.
Here am I (voyager into life).
Tough are the soles that tread the knife's edge.
Break the circle / stretch the line / call upon the devil.
Bring / the gods / the gods' own fire.
In the conflict revel.
The passengers / upon the ferry crossing / waiting to
be born / renew the
Pledge of life's long song / rise to the reveille horn.
Animals / queueing at the gate that stands upon the
shore / breathe the
Ever-burning fire that guards the ever-door.
Man / son of man / buy the flame of ever-life (yours to
breathe and
Breath the pain of living): living be!
Here am i!
Roll the stone away from the dark into ever-day.
There was a rush / along the fulham road / into the
ever-passion play.

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