

Jethro Tull

"The Whaler's Dues"

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Money speaks, soft hearts lose, the truth only whispers
It's the whaler's dues

I've been running on diesel been running on coal
Running on borrowed time, if truth's to be told
Two whales in the ocean, cruising the night
Search for each other before we turn out their light

Been accused of deep murder on the North Atlantic
swell
But I have three hungry children and a young wife as
well
And behind stand generations of hard hunting men
Who raised a glass to the living and went killing again

Are you with me? No
Are you with me? No

Money speaks, soft hearts lose, the truth only whispers
Now pay the whaler's dues

Can you forgive me? No

Money speaks, soft hearts lose, the truth only whispers
Now pay the whaler's dues

Now I'm old and I sit land-locked in a back-country jail
To reflect on all of my sins and the death of the whale
Send me back down the ages, put me to sea once
again
When the oceans were full, yes and men would be men

Can you forgive me? No
Can you forgive me? No
Can you forgive me? No

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