

Jethro Tull

"Two Fingers"

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I'll see you at the Weighing-In,
when your life's sum-total's made
and you set your wealth in Godly deeds
against the sins you've laid.
And you place your final burden
on your hard-pressed next of kin:
Send the chamber-pot back down the line
to be filled up again.

And the hard-headed miracle worker
who bathes his hands in blood,
Will welcome you to the final nod ---
and cover you with mud.
And he'll say, "You really should make the deal,"
as he offers round the hat.
"You'd better lick two fingers clean ---
He'll thank you all for that."

As you slip on the greasy platform,
and you land upon your back,
You make a wish and you wipe your nose upon the
railway track.
While the high-strung locomotive,
with furnace burning bright,
Lumbers on --- you wave goodbye ---
and the sparks fade into night.

And as you join the Good Ship Earth,
and you mingle with the dust ---
you'd better leave your underpants
with someone you can trust.
And when the Old Man with the telescope
cuts the final strand ---
you'd better lick two fingers clean,
before you shake his hand.

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