

## Tundra

Jethro Tull

Short Arctic desert day ---  
and someone left their snow-shoes in the tundra.  
Look around every which way  
but I can't see just where the footprints go.  
Is it a casual disappearance? ---  
Plucked from the middle atmosphere  
like straw wind-blown.  
No speck on the horizon ---  
no simple message scrawled  
upon the snow.

Unearthly visitation ---  
someone left their snow-shoes in the tundra.  
Hungry buzzard flier  
circling round and round  
rattling death's tambourine.

Have to run it down the cold wire ---  
late insertion in tomorrow's lost and found.  
Should I spread out searching?  
But I'm a little thin upon the ground.

So I raise my lips to coax  
the last drop of brandy from the bottle.  
Rest my feet and contemplate  
the mystery that's haunting  
this Siberian space.

Show-shoes they bind me down ---  
I'm just one more parasite of the surface layer.  
I begin to get the feeling  
I've been on this stage before  
and I'm the only player.

One more Arctic desert day ---  
another set of shoes out in the tundra snow.  
I make my fade to white-out  
and you can't see me where my footprints go.