

At Last, Forever

Jethro Tull

So why are you holding my hand tonight?
I'm not intending to go far away.
I'm just slipping through to the back room
I'll leave you messages almost every day.

And who was I to last forever?
I didn't promise to stay the pace.
Not in this lifetime, babe
But we'll cling together:
Some kind of heaven written in your face.

So why are you holding my hand tonight?
Well, am I feeling so cold to the touch?
Do my eyes seem to focus
On some distant point?

Why do I find it hard to talk too much?
And who was I to last forever?
I didn't promise to stay the pace.
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