

Crash-Barrier Waltzer

Jethro Tull

And here slip I --- dragging one foot in the gutter ---
in the midnight echo of the shop that sells cheap
radios.

And there sits she --- no bed, no bread, no butter ---
on a double yellow line --- where she can park anytime.

Old Lady Grey; crash-barrier waltzer ---

some only son's mother. Baker Street casualty.

Oh, Mr. Policeman --- blue shirt ballet master.

Feet in sticking plaster ---

move the old lady on.

Strange pas-de-deux ---

his Romeo to her Juliet.

Her sleeping draught, his poisoned regret.

No drunken bums allowed to sleep here in the
crowded emptiness.

Oh officer, let me send her to a cheap hotel ---

I'll pay the bill and make her well - like hell you
bloody will!

No do-good over kill. We must teach them
to be still more independent.