

Interim Sleep

Jethro Tull

When interim sleep takes me
I want you close beside
No tears, no sad goodbye
I am calm and still as a fallen autumn leaf

When that interim sleep takes me
I will pass first into a room next door
Not far away, nor lost to finer senses
Not gone forever, nor to be forgotten

And when your turn comes at last
To close those waking eyes
Pass willing to the room next door
Seeking no blameless redemption
Walk to that open window, open to the stars

Look out down the winding river valley
Where lights sparkle, marking stations
Stations where trains start and stop
On the separate journeys of our many lives

High above the nearest empty station
Flies a solitary bird, faint in the higher distance
Circling, soaring in the infinite blue
Reach up to that bird to find me waiting
On firm, welcoming, feathered wings

Together we will circle in that infinite blue
Glide down past stately barges to the next twinkling station
Buy tickets, stow useless excess baggage
To board the onward train, another journey