Mrs Tibbets

Jethro Tull

Blinkered against the harsh and raging sun
They said, divert your gaze, don't look behind
It was time, they said, to do that thing
Mindful, they, of peace and peace of mind

Don't feel bad, they said, about the numbers
Don't feel bad about the melting heat
The burning flesh, the soft white cell demise
And the shattered ground beneath the trembling feet

Mrs Tibbets' little boy
August morning silence breaks
Eyes to Heaven, Manhattan toy
Drops in for tea and Eccles cake

All for the good and ultimately
Saving precious lives in longer run
Set a course for home and happy holidays
Tell yourselves thank God what's done is done

Mrs Tibbets' little boy
August morning silence breaks
Eyes to Heaven, Manhattan toy
Drops in for tea and Eccles cake

Maybe if Lot had stopped and stood his ground
And maybe if Peter hadn't turned away
What if that Judas stole no kiss?
What if, what if, Enola Gay?

Mrs Tibbets' little boy
August morning silence breaks
Eyes to Heaven, Manhattan toy
Drops in for tea and Eccles cake

Have yourselves a merry little Christmas
Open parcels, gifts of different kind
A bigger bang will call for bigger bucks
So pay the ransom, don't look behind

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