

## 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?

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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