

# Something's on the Move

Jethro Tull

She wore a black tiara  
Rare gems upon her fingers  
And she came from distant waters  
Where northern lights explode

To celebrate the dawning  
Of the new wastes of winter  
Gathering royal momentum  
On the icy road.

With chill mists swirling  
Like petticoats in motion  
Sighted on horizons  
For ten thousand years

The lady of the ice sounds  
A deathly distant rumble  
To Titanic-breaking children lost  
In melting crystal tears.

Capturing black pieces  
In a glass-fronted museum  
The white queen rolls  
On the chessboard of the dawn

Squeezing through the valleys  
Pausing briefly in the corries  
The Ice-Mother mates  
And a new age is born.

Driving all before her  
Un-stoppable, un-straining  
Her cold creaking mass  
Follows reindeer down.

Thin spreading fingers seek  
To embrace the sill-warm bundles  
That huddle on the doorsteps  
Of a white London Town.

Oh, sunshine take me now away from here  
I'm a needle on a spiral in a groove.  
And the turntable spins  
As the last waltz begins

And the weather-man says  
Something's on the move.