

General Crossing

Jethro Tull

It's an old profession
of subtle artillery.
Rough wheels meshing ---
button out, button in.

The tall General will mine
a few bridges tonight,
stroking soft machinery.
Fanfare at dawn
courting green steel
lined up for World War One
(Two, Three, Four).

It's an old profession
of subtle artillery.
Rough wheels meshing ---
on a landscape with no trees.

The tall General points
to the distance ---
disconnects his power supply.
Writes a stiff note to his nearest
and dearest ---
he takes the battle plan
and contemplates his fly.

The tall General
flies by the seat of history.
The tall General
is crossing.
The tall General
he thinks inevitability.
The tall General
is definitely crossing.
With spit and with polish ---
time for desperate measures.
The pain in the forehead
from holding up to the pressures
of life on the rim
of the convenient alliance.
Out on the rim ---
let me out on the rim.

The tall General will walk
across the compound
with his briefcase and I.D.
Later they'll post him
seemingly missing ---
he's gone to be a Generalski.