

Jump Start

Jethro Tull

In the dark of the city backwoods, something stirs then slips a way.

Law and order in darkest Knightsbridge.

Crime and punishment at play.

Hey, Mr. Policeman won't you come on over.

Hook me up to the power lines of your love.

Jump start, or tow me away.

And through the bruised machinery, the smoking haze of industry

.

Another day with ball and chain.

I do my time, then home again.

Hey, Mrs. Maggie won't you come on over.

Hook me up to the power lines of your love.

Jump start, or tow me away.

Well, should I blame the officers?

Or maybe, I should blame the priest?

Or should I blame the poor foot soldier who's left to make the most from least?

Hey, Jack Ripper won't you come on over.

Hook me up to the power lines of your love.

Jump start, or tow me away.

You can blame the newsman talking at you on the satellite T.V.

And if you're fighting for your shipyards, you might as well just blame the sea.

Hey, Mr. Weatherman come on over.

Hook me up to the power lines of your love.

Jump start, or tow me away.