

Two Fingers

Jethro Tull

I'll see you at the Weighing-In,
When your life's sum-total's made.
And you set your wealth in Godly deeds
Against the sins you've laid.
And you place your final burden
On your hard-pressed next of kin:
Send the chamber-pot back down the line
To be filled up again.

And the hard-headed miracle worker
Who bathes his hands in blood,
Will welcome you to the final "nod"
And cover you with mud.
And he'll say, "You really should make the deal,"
As he offers round the hat.
"Well, you'd better lick two fingers clean
He'll thank you all for that."
As you slip on the greasy platform,
And you land upon your back,
You make a wish and you wipe your nose
Upon the railway track.
While the high-strung locomotive,
With furnace burning bright,
Lumbers on you wave goodbye
And the sparks fade into night.

And as you join the Good Ship Earth,
And you mingle with the dust,
You'd better leave your underpants
With someone you can trust.
And when the Old Man with the telescope
Cuts the final strand
You'd better lick two fingers clean,
Before you shake his hand.