

Black Sunday

Jethro Tull

Tomorrow is the one day I would change for a Monday
With freezing rains melting and no trains running
And sad eyes passing in windows flimsy
And my seat rocking from legs not quite matching
Got passport, credit cards, a plane that I'm catching
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

The taxi that takes me will be moving so quickly
My suitcases simply too full for the closing
Of pants, shirts and kisses all packed in a hurry
Two best-selling paperbacks chosen at random
No sign of sales persons to whom I might hand them
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

And down at the airport are probably waiting
A few thousand passengers, overbooked seating
Time long suspended in transit lounge traumas
Connections broken and Special Branch watching
Conspicuously standing in holiday clothing
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

Pick up my feet and kick off my lethargy
Down to the gate with the old mood upon me
Get out and chase the small immortality
Born in the minute of my next returning
Impatient feet tapping and cigarette burning
Homecoming one day too soon

Back at the house there's a gray sky a-tumbling
Milk bottles piling on door steps a-crumbling
Curtains all drawn and cold water plumbing
Notepaper scribbles I read unbelieving
Saying how sorry, how sad was the leaving
One day too soon

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