

## Crew Nights

Jethro Tull

Tear it down in double quick time  
To get the eighth truck shifted 'bout midnight  
The locker rooms are empty but the (Strobo Tickers?) (strobe bo  
ats?)  
Still spin with their pitching lights  
And someone with a yellow pass  
Gives out precise directions as to where and when

And here am I with a drumstick,  
While young girls set to rendezvous, and be recognized again  
Tomorrow is an off-day,  
Be in Baltimore by Thursday is the only law.  
There's a suite down at the hotel  
Reserved for making merry with connecting doors.  
The lighting man's already improvised a bar,  
And printed invitations to the ball.  
Off duty cops line corridors wearing Tull (two?) T-  
shirts proudly  
On the band's (...) wall

Crew nights, no flashlights or folding knives,  
Best boots and road suits and nine lives.

Feeling that it might be wrong to  
Temporarily belong to the P.A. man (men?)  
Some angel from the midwest is regretting being  
Undressed with no suntan  
His polaroid is snapping  
The head carpenter is rapping on  
The gates of dawn

Sitting lonely with a warm beer  
The girl with dental braces wishes that she hadn't gone.

Crew nights, no bar fights or (feeders?) (veeders?) wives  
Thin walls and late (blade?) calls and nine lives.

Crew nights, no flashlights or folding knives,  
Best boots and road suits and nine lives.