

Crossfire

Jethro Tull

Spring light in a hazy May
and a man with a gun at the door
Someone's crawling on the roof above ---
all the media here for the show
I've been waiting for our friends to come
Like spiders down ropes to free-fall
A thirty round clip for a visiting card ---
admit one to the embassy ball

Caught in the crossfire on Princes Gate Avenue
In go the windows and out go the lights
Call me a doctor. Fetch me a policeman
I'm down on the floor in one hell of a fight

I'm just a soul with an innocent face ---
a regular boy dressed in blue
conducting myself in a proper way
as befitting the job that I do
They came down on me like a ton of bricks
Swept off my feet, knocked about
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait
for the hard men to get me out

Calm reason floats from the street below
and the slow fuse burns through the night
Everyone's tried to talk it through
but they can't seem to get the deal right
Somewhere there are Brownings in a two-hand hold ---
cocked and locked, one up the spout
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait
for the hard men to get me out