

# Ears of Tin

Jethro Tull

In the last hours of a sunset rendezvous  
Chill breeze against tide,  
That carries me from you.  
Got a job in a southern city  
Got some lead-free in my tank.  
Now I must whisper goodbye  
I'm bound for the mainland.

Island in the city, cut by a cold sea.  
People moving on an ocean.  
Groundswell of humanity.  
Now the sun breaks through rain  
As I climb Glen Shiel  
On the trail of those old cattlemen  
Who drove their bargain south again.  
And in the eyes of those five,  
Five sisters of Kintail  
There's a wink of seduction from the mainland.

Island in the city, cut by a cold sea.  
People moving on an ocean.  
Groundswell of humanity.  
Storm-lashed on the high-rise,  
Their words are spray to the wind.  
Blown like silent laughter.  
Falling on ears of tin.  
Take my heart and take my brawn.  
Take by stealth or take by storm  
Set my brain to cruise.  
I can see the glow of the suburb lights.  
I'm fresh from the out-world  
Singing the mainland blues.

There was a girl where I came from.  
Seems a long time, long time, long time gone by.  
Wears the west wind in her hair.  
She calls from the hill, yeah,  
She calls in my mainland blues.

There's a coast road that winds  
To heaven's door  
Where a fat ferry floats  
On muted diesel roar.  
And there's a light on the hillside  
And there's a flame in her eyes,  
But how cold the lights burn on the mainland.

Island in the city, cut by a cold sea.  
People moving on an ocean.  
Groundswell of humanity.  
Storm-lashed on the high-rise  
Their words are spray to the wind.  
Blown like silent laughter.  
Falling on ears of tin  
In my mainland blues.