

Heat

Jethro Tull

When the rats are running
And the boys are gunning
For heads on a tin plate
You can hear the footfall
Softly in the back yard.
And the black jack is called
Face up on the last card.

You'd better call your witness
In your dirty business.
Trop tard sera le cri.
Better run while you can
Better set the tall sail.
Better make deep cover
Before the boys have you nailed.

There's just one chance to get away
I'll catch up with you another day.
I'll close my eyes and count to ten
And come right after you again.

Grab your credit cards
Cash in on your resources.
Take your passport from the drawer,
Don't stop to change the horses.

Get out of the heat.
Now can you feel the pressure?
Have you got the measure
Of being a wanted man?
Cold drink in your hand
Hot sweat on your brow.
And there's no understanding
Going to help you now.

Grab your credit cards
Cash in on your resources
Take your passport from the drawer,
Don't stop to change the horses.
Notify all parties
Of an earlier vacation.
No use trying to board the train
After it's left the station.

Get out of the heat.