

# Journeyman

Jethro Tull

Spine-tingling railway sleepers  
Sleepy houses lying four-square and firm.  
Orange beams divide the darkness

Rumbling fit to turn the waking worm.  
Sliding through Victorian tunnels  
Where green moss oozes from the pores.  
Dull echoes from the wet embankments  
Battlefield allotments. Fresh open sores.

In late night commuter madness  
Double-locked black briefcase on the floor,  
Like a faithful dog with master  
Sleeping in the draught beside the carriage door.  
To each Journeyman his own home-coming  
Cold supper nearing with each station stop.  
Frosty flakes on empty platforms  
Fireside slippers waiting. Flip. Flop.

Journeyman night-tripping on the late fantastic  
Too late to stop for tea at Gerard's Cross  
And hear the soft shoes on the footbridge shuffle  
As the wheels turn biting on the midnight frost.  
On the late commuter special  
Carriage lights that flicker, fade and die  
Howling into hollow blackness  
Dusky diesel shudders in full cry.  
Down redundant morning papers  
Abandon crosswords with a cough  
Stationmaster in his wisdom  
Told the guard to turn the heating off.