

Locomotive Breath

Jethro Tull

In the shuffling madness
of Locomotive Breath
Runs the all-time loser
Headlong to his death
Oh He feels the pistons scraping
Steam Breaking on his brow
Old Charlie stole the handle
And the train it won't stop going no way to slow down

He sees his children jumping off
At stations one by one
His woman and his best friend
In bed and having fun
Oh he's crawling down the corridor
On his hands and knees
Old Charlie stole the handle
And the train it won't stop going no way to slow down

He hears the silence howling
Catches angels as they fall
And the all-time winner
Has got him by the balls
Oh he picks up gideon's Bible
Open at page one
I thank god He stole the handle
And the train it won't stop going no way to slow down...