

Part of the Machine

Jethro Tull

Everybody's jumping on the circus train.
Some jump high, some jump off again.
And the razzmatazz is rolling, women folk unveiled.
All truths to light, all crosses nailed.
Aiming high where the eagle circles,
where he keeps his tail feathers clean.
And wonders "Am I still a free bird?
Or just a part of the machine".

They hitch their covered wagons and they roll out west.
Politics in the pockets of their Sunday best.
Shaking hands, kissing babies, for all that they're worth.
they promise you gold, promise heaven on earth.
Still, that old bald eagle circles,
it's not the first time that he's seen
his reflection in the eyes of innocence.
He's become just another part of the machine,
part of the machine.

I wish I had an eagle like you
to look up to.
He could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky
up above the whole machine.
Part of the machine.
Part of the machine.

Smart guys aren't running they're home and dry.
Up in the mountains where the eagle flies.
They wouldn't take that job offered on a plate.
They got to fly with the eagle, and he won't wait.
Looking down on the smoke and the factories
till the truth creeps up unseen.
They see themselves in the faces of their children
and realize they too are part of the machine.
Part of the machine.

I wish I had an eagle like you
to wake up to.
He could be my wings to fly
in a big bird sky, hey
let's be part of the machine.
Part of the machine. Part of the machine.
Part of the machine. Part of the machine.
Part of your machine. Part of your machine.
Part of your machine. Part of your machine.