

# Rocks On The Road

Jethro Tull

There's a black cat down on the quayside.  
Ship's lights, green eyes glowing in the dark.  
Two young cops handing out a beating:  
know how to hurt and leave no mark.

Down in the half-lit bar of the hotel  
there's a call for the last round of the day.  
Push back the stool, take that elevator ride.  
Fall in bed and kick my shoes away. Kick my shoes away kick my shoes away  
Rocks on the road.

Can't sleep through the wild sound of the city.  
Hear a car full of young boys heading for a fight.  
Long distance telephone keeps ringing out engaged:  
wonder who you're talking with tonight.  
Who you talking with tonight? Who you talking with tonight?  
Rocks on the road.

Tired plumbing wakes me in the morning.  
Shower runs hot, runs cold playing with me.  
Well, I'm up for the down side, life's a bitch  
and all that stuff:

so come and shake some apples from my tree.  
Have to pay for my minibar madness.  
Itemised phone bill overload.  
Well now, how about some heavy rolling?  
Move these rocks on the road.

Crumbs on the breakfast table.  
And a million other little things to spoil my day.  
Now how about a little light music  
to chase it all away?  
To chase it all away.