

# Slipstream

Jethro Tull

Well the lush separation unfolds you  
And the products of wealth  
Push you along on the bow wave  
Of their spiritless undying selves.  
And you press on God's waiter your last dime  
As he hands you the bill.  
And you spin in the slipstream  
Tideless, unreasoning  
Paddle right out of the mess.