

The Rattlesnake Trail

Jethro Tull

I wear a hair shirt round my shoulder.
Got a cold stew in my spoon.
And I'm falling on my head, lifting feet of lead
Now it's got me baying at the moon.
Well, there's a race on for tomorrow.
I'm stretching out for what might have been.
Going to come out from the night,
Got my second sight
Play rough you know what I mean.
I'm going for the kill.
I'm going tooth and nail
Up that dusty hill on the rattlesnake trail.

Got the law laid down to the left of me.
Got the real world to the right.
Heading up through the middle
With my cat and my fiddle
Yeah, looking for a fight.
Going to ride hard in bandit country
On the blind side of the bend.
Keep my nose to the wind
While the rabbit's skinned
bed down at the journey's end.
(Be a rattlesnake.)

I'm going for the kill.
I'm going tooth and nail
Up that dusty hill
On the rattlesnake trail.
The rattlesnake trail.
I'm going on the rattlesnake trail.

Going to be with wolves in winter
Run in angry packs by day.
But when you give a dog a bone,
He has to be alone
Growl, keep the other dogs away.
See that thin moon on the mountain.
See that cold star in the sky.
Going to bring them down
Shake them to the ground
Put that apple in the pie.
(Be a rattlesnake.)
I'm going for the kill.
I'm going tooth and nail
Up that dusty hill
On the rattlesnake trail.
The rattlesnake trail.
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