

Tundra

Jethro Tull

Short Arctic desert day ---
and someone left their snow-shoes in the tundra.
Look around every which way
but I can't see just where the footprints go.
Is it a casual disappearance? ---
Plucked from the middle atmosphere
like straw wind-blown.
No speck on the horizon ---
no simple message scrawled
upon the snow.

Unearthly visitation ---
someone left their snow-shoes in the tundra.
Hungry buzzard flier
circling round and round
rattling death's tambourine.

Have to run it down the cold wire ---
late insertion in tomorrow's lost and found.
Should I spread out searching?
But I'm a little thin upon the ground.

So I raise my lips to coax
the last drop of brandy from the bottle.
Rest my feet and contemplate
the mystery that's haunting
this Siberian space.

Show-shoes they bind me down ---
I'm just one more parasite of the surface layer.
I begin to get the feeling
I've been on this stage before
and I'm the only player.

One more Arctic desert day ---
another set of shoes out in the tundra snow.
I make my fade to white-out
and you can't see me where my footprints go.