

Flight From Lucifer (Stereo Mix)

Jethro Tull

Flee the icy Lucifer. Oh he's an awful fellow!
What a mistake! I didn't take a feather from his pillow.
Here's the everlasting rub: neither am I good or bad.
I'd give up my halo for a horn and the horn for the hat I once had.
I'm only breathing. There's life on my ceiling.
The flies there are sleeping quietly.
Twist my right arm in the dark.
I would give two or three for
one of those days that never made
impressions on the old score.
I would gladly be a dog barking up the wrong tree.
Everyone's saved we're in the grave.
See you there for afternoon tea.
Time for awaking the tea lady's making
a brew-up and baking new bread.
Pick me up at half past none
there's not a moment to lose.
There is the train on which I came.
On the platform are my old shoes.
Station master rings his bell.
Whistles blow and flags wave.
A little of what you fancy does you good (Or so it should).
I thank everybody
for making me welcome.
I'd stay but my wings have just dropped off.

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