

# Crew Nights

## Jethro Tull

Tear it down in double quick time  
To get the 'A' truck shifted 'bout midnight  
The locker rooms are empty but the strobo tuners  
Still spin with their pitching lights And someone with a yellow pass  
Gives out precise directions as to where and when And here am I with a drumstick  
While young girls set to rendezvous and be recognized again  
Tomorrow is an off day  
'Be in Baltimore by Thursday' is the only law There's a suite down at the hotel  
Reserved for making merry with connecting doors  
The lighting man's already improvised a bar  
And printed invitations to the ball Off-duty cops line corridors wearing tour T-shirts proudly  
And the band may even call Crew nights, no flashlights or folding knives  
Best boots and road suits and nine lives Feeling that it might be wrong to  
Temporarily belong to the P.A. man  
Some angel from the midwest is regretting being  
Undressed with no suntan His polaroid is snapping  
The head carpenter is rapping on the gates of dawn  
Sitting lonely with a warm beer  
The girl with dental braces wishes that she hadn't gone Crew nights, no bar fights or Reader's Wives  
Thin walls and late calls and nine lives Crew nights, no flashlights or folding knives  
Best boots and road suits and nine lives

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