

# Part of the Machine

## Jethro Tull

Everybody's jumpin' on the circus train  
Well, some jump high, some jump off again  
And the razzmatazz is rolling, women folk unveiled  
All truths to light, all crosses nailed Aiming high where the eagle circles  
Where he keeps his tail feathers clean  
And wonders, am I still a free bird  
Or just a part of the machine They hitch their covered wagons and they roll out west  
Politics in the pockets of their Sunday best  
Shakin' hands, kissin' babies for all that they're worth  
Oh, they promise you gold, promise heaven on earth Still, that old bald eagle circle  
It's not the first time that he's seen  
His reflection in the eyes of innocence  
He's become just another part of the machine  
Part of the machine I wish I had an eagle like you to look up to  
He could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky  
Up above the whole machine Smart guys aren't runnin', they're home and dry  
Up in the mountains where the eagle flies  
They wouldn't take that job offered on a plate  
They got to fly with the eagle and he won't wait Lookin' down on the smoke and the factories  
Till the truth creeps up unseen  
They see themselves in the faces of their children  
And realize they too are part of the machine  
Part of the machine I wish I had an eagle like you to wake up to  
He could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky  
Hey, let's be part of the machine, part of the machine Part of the machine, part of the machine  
I wanna be part of your machine  
I wanna be part of your machine  
Part of your machine, part of your machine

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