

# Locomotive Breath

## Jethro Tull

In the shuffling madness  
Of the locomotive breath,  
Runs the all, time loser,  
Headlong to his death. He feels the piston scraping  
Steam breaking on his brow  
Old Charlie stole the handle and  
The train it won't stop going  
No way to slow down. He sees his children jumping off  
At the stations one by one.  
His woman and his best friend In bed and having fun.  
He's crawling down the corridor  
On his hands and knees  
Old Charlie stole the handle and The train it won't stop going  
No way to slow down.  
He hears the silence howling  
Catches angels as they fall.  
And the all-time winner  
Has got him by the balls.  
He picks up Gideons Bible  
Open at page one God He stole the handle and  
The train won't stop going  
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