A Change Of Horses

Jethro TullÂ´s Ian Anderson

Last lights wink out on this pale and sultry night.
Stars signal long past two AM.
I feel the lateness in the hour
and I'm fifty long years from home.A new dawn glimmers. Time for a change of horses.
It's time to chart new courses
and head for safer houses.
No more empty towers of this unholy Babylon.
Some four hundred thousand hours have come and gone.I smell, in the air, a new meadow morning.
Fresh-flowering grasses stirring
and no pressure free-falling.
Thin mists to bring and light airs to call.And we treasure all, all that we left behind us.
No pointed cold and dark regrets.
No nameless blame to lay.
Resolute, the optimist, I ride fresh horse and spur it on.
Four hundred thousand hours have come and gone.

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