Crew Nights

Jethro Tull

Tearing 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 earmarked with a drumstick, 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 a-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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