The Turnpike Inn

Ian Anderson

Go no farther: access denied down
byways, freeways of the past.
The superhighway tollhouse humbly
begs your pause, so just hold fast.
A word in ear, free marketeer suggests
you ponders, and takes your choice.
For right of passage, freight or message,
change your horses, raise your voice
in protest at the pretty penny
taken for your mortal sins.
But dally now in sweet surrender, drown
sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.
Beware the brigand, pistols drawn,
who offers life for modest fee
and ends his days like poor John Austin,
last man on the Tyburn Tree.
The palest ale, the stoutest porter
fortify the heart, the breast.
Weary head on eider pillow, horse
blanket over, down to rest.
Though we too steal from honest wage,
come lie with us, good kith and kin
and dally now in sweet surrender,
drown sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.
Drown sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.
Drown your sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.
Drown sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.
Though we too steal from honest wage,
come lie with us, good kith and kin
and dally now in sweet surrender,
drown sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.
Drown sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.
Drown sorrows at the Turnpike Inn.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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