From a Pebble Thrown

Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson

Take me on the ghost train
20p and there you are
Scary in the tunnel night
White knuckle fingers on the safety bar
Which way to blue skies?
Phantoms pop from cupboard doors
Mocking, manic laughter shrieks
Dark promises of blood and goreInterventions at every turn
Opportunities thrown wide and far
Journeys I might never take
TomTom thinks he knows just where we are
Ripples from a pebble thrown make tsunami on a foreign shore
I would slip right off this high-rise hell
But the elevator stops at every floorTwelve, going on sixteen
Such a rush to grow old and wise
Endless possibilities
Follow, soaring where the eagle flies
Which way to blue skies?
Mummy said don't go out alone
I hear bad name-calling, derisory
So, choose direction, and turn the stone

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