

# Crossfire

## Jethro Tull

Spring lights in a hazy May  
And a man with a gun at the door  
Someone's crawling on the roof above  
All the media here for the show I've been waiting for our friends to come  
Like spiders down ropes to free-fall  
A thirty round clip for a visiting cards  
Admit one to the embassy ball Caught in the crossfire on Princes Gate Avenue  
In go the windows, out go the lights  
So call me a doctor, fetch me a policeman  
I'm down on the floor in one hell of a fight I'm just a soul with an innocent face  
A regular boy dressed in blue  
Conducting myself in a proper way  
As befitting the job that I do They came down on me like a ton of bricks  
Swept off my feet, knocked about  
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait  
For the hard men to get me out I'm caught in the crossfire on Princes Gate Avenue  
In go the windows, out go the lights  
So call me a doctor, fetch me a policeman  
I'm down on the floor in one hell of a fight Calm reason floats from the street below  
And the slow fuse burns through the night  
Everyone's tried to talk it through  
But they can't seem to get the deal right Somewhere there are Brownings in a two-hand holds  
Cocked and locked, one up the spout  
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait  
For the hard men to get me out I'm caught in the crossfire on Princes Gate Avenue  
In go the windows, out go the lights  
So call me a doctor, fetch me a policeman  
I'm down on the floor in one hell of a fight In go the windows  
So call me a doctor, fetch me a policeman  
I'm down on the floor Caught in the crossfire, Princes Gate Avenue  
In go the windows  
So call me a doctor, fetch me a policeman  
Down on the floor Caught in the crossfire, Princes Gate Avenue  
In go the windows  
Caught in the crossfire

Lyrics provided by

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