

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

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