

Apogee

Jethro Tull

Sailing round the true blue sphere
Is it too late to bale out of here?
Well, there has to be some better way
To turn back the night, spin on to yesterdayThe old man and his crew
After all these years, it's apogee
Pilot training and remorse
Spirit friends fly too, at apogee
ApogeeApogee, solar bright
Apogee through the night, night, night
Apogee, overground
Don't think, I'll be coming downScreened for a stable mate
With nerves of ice we flew at apogee
No creativity allowed
To pass through stainless veins of steel at apogee
ApogeeApogee, put the kettle on
Tight lipped, soldier on, on, on
High point, communicate
Don't forget to urinateSo glad they put this window in
How to explain, how to begin?
Mr.Tennyson and Wordsworth there
Waiting for me in the cold, thin airBeware a host of unearthly daffodils
Drifting golden, turned up loud
Turned up loudThe wrong stuff's loose in here
I'm climbing up the walls at apogee
So hoist the skull and bones
Death and glory's free at apogee
ApogeeApogee, solar bright
Apogee through the night
Apogee, overground
Don't think, I'll be coming downA stranger wind, a solar breeze
I'm walking out upon the starry seas
See pyramids, see standing stones
Pink cotton undies and blue telephonesGoodbye, cruel world that was my home and oh
There's cleaner space out here to roam
Put my feet up on the moons of Mars
Sit back, relax and count the starsTwo, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one
Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty
Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five

Thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, forty
Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four

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