

The Whaler's Dues

Jethro Tull

Money speaks, soft hearts lose, the truth only whispers
It's the whaler's dues I've been running on diesel been running on coal
Running on borrowed time, if truth's to be told
Two whales in the ocean, cruising the night
Search for each other before we turn out their light Been accused of deep murder on the North Atlantic swell
But I have three hungry children and a young wife as well
And behind stand generations of hard hunting men
Who raised a glass to the living and went killing again Are you with me? No
Are you with me? No Money speaks, soft hearts lose, the truth only whispers
Now pay the whaler's dues Can you forgive me? No Money speaks, soft hearts lose, the truth only whispers
Now pay the whaler's dues Now I'm old and I sit land-locked in a back-country jail
To reflect on all of my sins and the death of the whale
Send me back down the ages, put me to sea once again
When the oceans were full, yes and men would be men Can you forgive me? No
Can you forgive me? No
Can you forgive me? No

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