

# Heavy Horses

## Jethro Tull

Iron-clad, feather-feet pounding the dust  
On October's day, towards evening  
Sweat embossed veins standing proud to the plough  
Salt on a deep chest, seasoning  
Last of the line at an honest day's toil  
Turning the deep sod under  
Flint at the fetlock, chasing the bone  
Flies at the nostrils plunder  
The Suffolk, the Clydesdale, the Percheron vie  
With the shire on his feathers, floating  
Hauling soft timber into the dusk  
To bed on a warm straw coating  
Heavy horses move the land under me  
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free  
And now you're down to the few and there's no work to do  
The tractor's on its way  
Let me find you a filly for your proud stallion seeds  
To keep the old line going  
And we'll stand you abreast at the back of the woods  
Behind the young trees growing  
To hide you from eyes that mock at your girth  
You're eighteen hands at the shoulder  
And one day when the oil barons have all dripped dry  
And the nights are seen to draw colder  
They'll beg for your strength, your gentle power  
Your noble grace and your bearing  
And you'll strain once again to the sound of the gulls  
In the wake of the deep plough, sharing  
Heavy horses move the land under me  
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free  
And now you're down to the few and there's no work to do  
The tractor's on its way  
Standing like tanks on the brow of the hill  
Up into the cold wind facing  
In stiff battle harness, chained to the world  
Against the low sun racing  
Bring me a wheel of oaken woods  
A rein of polished leather  
A heavy horse and a tumbling sky

Brewing heavy weather  
Bring a song for the evening  
Clean brass to flash the dawn  
Across these acres glistening  
Like dew on a carpet lawn  
In these dark towns, folk lie sleeping  
As the heavy horses thunder by  
So wake the dying city  
With the living horseman's cry  
At once the old hands quicken  
Bring pick and wisp and curry comb  
Thrill to the sound of all the  
Heavy horses coming home  
Iron-clad, feather-feet pounding the dust  
On October's day, towards evening  
Sweat embossed veins standing proud to the plough  
Salt on a deep chest, seasoning  
Bring me a wheel of oaken woods  
A rein of polished leather  
A heavy horse and the tumbling sky  
Brewing heavy weather  
Heavy horses move the land under me  
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free  
And now you're down to the few and there's no work to do  
The tractor's on its way  
Oh, heavy horses move the land under me  
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free  
And now you're down to the few and there's no work to do  
The tractor's on its way  
Oh, heavy horses move the land under me  
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free  
And now you're down to the few and there's no work to do  
The tractor's on its way  
Now heavy horses move the land under me  
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free

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