

Heavy Horses

Jethro Tull

Iron-clad, feather-feet pounding the dust
On Octobers day, towards evening
Sweat embossed veins standing proud to the plough
Salt on a deep chest, seasoningLast of the line at an honest days toil
Turning the deep sod under
Flint at the fetlock, chasing the bone
Flies at the nostrils plunderThe 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 coatingHeavy horses move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free
And now youre down to the few and theres no work to do
The tractors on its wayLet me find you a filly for your proud stallion seeds
To keep the old line going
And well stand you abreast at the back of the woods
Behind the young trees growingTo hide you from eyes that mock at your girth
Youre eighteen hands at the shoulder
And one day when the oil barons have all dripped dry
And the nights are seen to draw colderTheyll beg for your strength, your gentle power
Your noble grace and your bearing
And youll strain once again to the sound of the gulls
In the wake of the deep plough, sharingHeavy horses move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free
And now youre down to the few and theres no work to do
The tractors on its wayStanding 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 racingBring me a wheel of oaken woods
A rein of polished leather
A heavy horse and a tumbling sky
Brewing heavy weatherBring a song for the evening
Clean brass to flash the dawn
Across these acres glistening
Like dew on a carpet lawnIn these dark towns, folk lie sleeping
As the heavy horses thunder by
So wake the dying city
With the living horsemans cryAt 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 Octobers 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 youre down to the few and theres no work to do
The tractors on its way Oh, heavy horses move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free
And now youre down to the few and theres no work to do
The tractors on its way Oh, heavy horses move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free
And now youre down to the few and theres no work to do
The tractors on its way Now heavy horses move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding, slipping and sliding free

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