

Two Fingers

Jethro Tull

I'll see you at the Weighing In
When your life's sum-total's made
And you set your wealth in godly deeds
Against the sins you've laid And you place your final burden
On your hard-pressed next of kin
Send the chamber-pot back down the line
To be filled up again And the hard-headed miracle worker
Who bathes his hands in blood
Will welcome you to the final nod
And cover you with mud And he'll say, "You really should make the deal"
As he offers round the hat
You'd better lick two fingers clean
He'll thank you all for that As you slip on the greasy platform
And you land upon your back
You make a wish and you wipe your nose
Upon the railway track While the high-strung locomotive
With furnace burning bright
Lumbers on, you wave goodbye
And the sparks fade into night And as you join the good ship Earth
And you mingle with the dust
You'd better leave your underpants
With someone you can trust And when the old man with the telescope
Cuts the final strand
You'd better lick two fingers clean
Before you shake his hand

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