

# Slipstream

## Jethro Tull

Well, the lush separation enfolds you  
And the products of wealth  
Push you along on the bow wave  
Of the spiritless, undying selves And you press on god's waiter your last dime  
As he hands you the bill  
And you spin in the slipstream, timeless, unreasoning  
Paddle right out of the mess and you paddle right out of the mess

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