

# General Crossing

## Jethro Tull

It's an old profession  
Of subtle artillery.  
Rough wheels meshing ---  
Button out, button in. The tall general will mine  
A few bridges tonight,  
Stroking soft machinery.  
Fanfare at dawn  
Courting green steel  
Lined up for world war one  
(two, three, four). It's an old profession  
Of subtle artillery.  
Rough wheels meshing ---  
On a landscape with no trees. The tall general points  
To the distance ---  
Disconnects his power supply.  
Writes a stiff note to his nearest  
And dearest ---  
He takes the battle plan  
And contemplates his fly. The tall general  
Flies by the seat of history.  
The tall general  
Is crossing.  
The tall general  
He thinks inevitability.  
The tall general  
Is definitely crossing.  
With spit and with polish ---  
Time for desperate measures.  
The pain in the forehead  
From holding up to the pressures  
Of life on the rim  
Of the convenient alliance.  
Out on the rim ---  
Let me out on the rim. The tall general will walk  
Across the compound  
With his briefcase and i.d.  
Later they'll post him  
Seemingly missing ---  
He's gone to be a generalski.

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