

Part Of The Machine

Jethro Tull

Everybody's jumpin' on the circus train
Well, some jump high, some jump off again
And the razzmatazz is rolling, women folk unveiled
All truths to light, all crosses nailed
Aiming high where the eagle circles
Where he keeps his tail feathers clean
And wonders, am I still a free bird
Or just a part of the machine
They hitch their covered wagons and they roll out west
Politics in the pockets of their Sunday best
Shakin' hands, kissin' babies for all that they're worth
Oh, they promise you gold, promise heaven on earth
Still, that old bald eagle circle
It's not the first time that he's seen
His reflection in the eyes of innocence
He's become just another part of the machine
Part of the machine
I wish I had an eagle like you to look up to
He could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky
Up above the whole machine
Smart guys aren't runnin', they're home and dry
Up in the mountains where the eagle flies
They wouldn't take that job offered on a plate
They got to fly with the eagle and he won't wait
Lookin' down on the smoke and the factories
Till the truth creeps up unseen
They see themselves in the faces of their children
And realize they too are part of the machine
Part of the machine
I wish I had an eagle like you to wake up to
He could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky
Hey, let's be part of the machine, part of the machine
Part of the machine, part of the machine
I wanna be part of your machine
I wanna be part of your machine
Part of your machine, part of your machine

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