

Locomotive Breath

Jethro Tull

In the shuffling madness
Of the locomotive breath
Runs the all time loser
Headlong to his death
Oh, he feels the pistons screaming
Steam breaking on his brow
Old Charlie stole the handle
And the train it won't stop going
No way it could slow down
He sees his children jumpin' off
At stations one by one
His woman and his best friend
In bed and having fun
So he's crawling down the corridor
On his hands and knees
Old Charlie stole the handle
And the train it won't stop going
No way it could slow down
He hears the silence howling
Catches angels as they fall
And the all time winner
Has got him by the balls
Oh, he picks up Gideon's Bible
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I thank God, he stole the handle
And the train it won't stop going
No way it could slow down
No way it could slow down
No way it could slow down
No way it could slow down

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