

For Michael Collins, Jeffrey and Me

Jethro Tull

Watery eyes of the last sighing seconds,
blue reflections mute and dim
beckon tearful child of wonder
to repentance of the sin.
And the blind and lusty lovers
of the great eternal lie
go on believing nothing
since something has to die.
And the ape's curiosity
money power wins,
and the yellow soft mountains move under him.
I'm with you L.E.M.
though it's a shame that it had to be you.
The mother ship is just a blip
from your trip made for two.
I'm with you boys,
so please employ just a little extra care.
It's on my mind I'm left behind
when I should have been there.
Walking with you. And the limp face hungry viewers
fight to fasten with their eyes
like the man hung from the trapeze
whose fall will satisfy.
And congratulate each other
on their rare and wondrous deed
That their begrudged money bought
to sow the monkey's seed.
And the yellow soft mountains
they grow very still
witness as intrusion the humanoid thrill.
I'm with you L.E.M.
though it's a shame that it had to be you.
The mother ship is just a blip
from your trip made for two.
I'm with you boys,
so please employ just a little extra care.
It's on my mind I'm left behind
when I should have been there.
Walking with you.

