

# 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.

