

Halloween, Locomotive Breath

[Jethro Tull]

In the shuffling madness
Of the locomotive breath
Runs the all time loser
Headlong to his death
And he feels the piston scraping
Steam breaking on his brow
Old Charlie stole the handle
And the train, it won't stop going
No way to slow down, oh

He sees his children jumping off
At stations one by one
His woman and his best friend
In bed and having fun
And oh, 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 to slow down, oh
No way to slow down

He hears the silence howling
When he catches angels as they fall
And the all time winner
Has got him by the balls
Oh, and he picks up Gideon's Bible
And it's open at page one
I think God, he stole the handle
And the train, it won't stop going

No way to slow down
No way to slow down
No way to slow down
No way to slow down