

Slipstream
Jethro Tull

Well the lush separation unfolds you --
and the products of wealth
push you along on the bow wave
of the spiritless undying selves.
And you press on God's waiter your last dime --
as he hands you the bill.
And you spin in the slipstream --
timeless -- unreasoning --
paddle right out of the mess
paddle right out of the mess