

Something's On The Move
Jethro Tull

Intro:

Bm D
Bm E D

Am C
She wore a black tiara
Am D C
rare gems upon her fingers
Am C
and she came from distant waters
C G
where northern lights explode
Am C
to celebrate the dawning
Am D C
of the new wastes of winter
Am F
gathering royal momentum
C D E F G Am
on the icy road.

With chill mists swirling
like petticoats in motion
sighted on horizons
for ten thousand years
the lady of the ice sounds
a deathly distant rumble
to Titanic-breaking children lost
in melting crystal tears.

G A Bm
Oh, sunshine --- take me now away from here
G A Bm
I m a needle on a spiral in a groove.
G A
And the turntable spins
D E
as the last waltz begins
G
And the weather-man says
A Bm D Bm E D
something s on the move.

Capturing black pieces
in a glass-fronted museum

the white queen rolls
on the chessboard of the dawn
squeezing through the valleys
pausing briefly in the corries
the Ice-Mother mates
and a new age is born.

Oh, sunshine --- take me now away from here
I m a needle on a spiral in a groove.
And the turntable spins
as the last waltz begins
And the weather-man says
something s on the move.

Driving all before her
un-stoppable, un-straining
her cold creaking mass
follows reindeer down.
Thin spreading fingers seek
to embrace the sill-warm bundles
that huddle on the doorsteps
of a white London Town.

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