

**The Chequered Flag (Dead Or Alive)**  
**Jethro Tull**

INTRO G C G

G D/F#  
The disc brakes drag, the chequered flag  
C Bb Am Em  
sweeps across the oil-slick track.  
G D/F#  
The young man s home; dry as a bone.  
C Bb Am Em  
His helmet off, he waves: the crowd waves back.  
A7 D Bm F#m  
One lap victory roll. Gladiator soul.  
B7 C  
The taker of the day in winning has to say,  
G Bm C A7  
Isn t it grand to be playing to the stand,  
D  
dead or alive.  
G Bm C A7  
Isn t it grand to be playing to the stand,  
D  
dead or alive.  
rest the same

The sunlight streaks through the curtain cracks,  
touches the old man where he sleeps.  
The nurse brings up a cup of tea ---  
two biscuits and the morning paper mystery.  
The hard road s end, the white god s-send  
is nearer everyday, in dying the old man says,  
Isn t it grand to be playing to the stand,  
dead or alive.

The still-born child can t feel the rain  
as the chequered flag falls once again.  
The deaf composer completes his final score.  
He ll never hear the sweet encore.  
The chequered flag, the bull s red rag,  
the lemming-hearted hordes  
running ever faster to the shore singing,  
Isn t it grand to be playing to the stand,  
dead or alive.