

Slipstream

Jethro Tull

Well the lush separation enfolds you --
And the products of wealth
Push you along on the bow wave
Of their 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.

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