

Something's on the Move

Jethro Tull

She wore a black tiara
Rare gems upon her fingers
And she came from distant waters
Where northern lights explode

To celebrate the dawning
Of the new wastes of winter
Gathering royal momentum
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.

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.

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.

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.