Heavy horses - Jethro Tull

Iron-clad feather-feet pounding the dust
On october?s day, towards evening
Sweat embossed veins standing proud to the plough
Salt on a deep chest, seasoning
Last of the line at an honest day?s toil
Turning the deep sod under
Flint at the fetlock, chasing the bone
Flies at the nostrils plunder.

The suffolk, the clydesdale, the percheron vie
With the shire on his feathers floating
Hauling soft timber into the dusk
To bed on a warm straw coating.

Heavy horses, move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding --- slipping and sliding free
Now you?re down to the few
And there?s no work to do
The tractor?s on it?s way.

Let me find you a filly for your proud stallion seed
To keep the old line going.
And we?ll stand you abreast at the back of the woods
Behind the young trees growing
To hide you from eyes that mock at your girth,
You?re eighteen hands at the shoulder

And one day when the oil barons have all dripped dry
And the nights are seen to draw colder
They?ll beg for your strength, your gentle power
Your noble grace and your bearing
And you?ll strain once again to the sound of the gulls
In the wake of the deep plough, sharing.

Standing like tanks on the brow of the hill
Up into the cold wind facing
In stiff battle harness, chained to the world
Against the low sun racing
Bring me a wheel of oaken wood
A rein of polished leather
A heavy horse and a tumbling sky
Brewing heavy weather.

Bring a song for the evening
Clean brass to flash the dawn
Across these acres glistening
Like dew on a carpet lawn
In these dark towns folk lie sleeping
As the heavy horses thunder by
To wake the dying city
With the living horseman?s cry

At once the old hands quicken ---
Bring pick and wisp and curry comb ---
Thrill to the sound of all
The heavy horses coming home.

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