

Steel Monkey

IAN ANDERSON - VOCALS, GUITAR, DRUM PROGRAMME AND PERCUSSION • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITAR • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR

Farm On The Freeway

IAN ANDERSON - VOCALS, FLUTE, KEYBOARDS • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITAR • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR • DOANE PERRY - DRUMS

Jump Start

IAN ANDERSON - VOCALS, FLUTE, GUITARS • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITAR • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR • GERRY CONWAY - DRUMS

She Said She Was A Dancer

IAN ANDERSON - VOCAL, GUITAR, KEYBOARDS • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITAR • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR • GERRY CONWAY - DRUMS

Dogs In The Midwinter

IAN ANDERSON - VOCAL, FLUTE, DRUM PROGRAMME • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITAR • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR

Budapest

IAN ANDERSON - VOCAL, ACOUSTIC GUITARS, DRUM PROGRAMME AND PERCUSSION •
MARTIN BARRE - ELECTRIC AND ACOUSTIC GUITARS • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR • GERRY CONWAY - DRUMS

Mountain Men

IAN ANDERSON - VOCAL, FLUTE, KEYBOARDS, GUITAR • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITARS • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR • DOANE PERRY - DRUMS

The Waking Edge

IAN ANDERSON - VOCAL, KEYBOARDS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITAR • DAVID PEGG - BASS GUITAR • GERRY CONWAY - DRUMS

Raising Steam

IAN ANDERSON - VOCALS, GUITAR, KEYBOARDS, DRUM PROGRAMME • MARTIN BARRE - LEAD GUITAR • DAVID PEGG - BASS

BONUS TRACK

Part Of The Machine

JETHRO TULL ARE: IAN ANDERSON, MARTIN BARRE, DAVID PEGG
PRODUCED BY IAN ANDERSON
ENGINEERED BY IAN ANDERSON, MARTIN BARRE, DAVID PEGG, ROBIN BLACK, TIM MATYEAR
RECORDED JUST ROUND THE CORNER FROM THE KITCHEN
IN THE ROOM BEHIND THE DOOR WHICH USED TO BE PAINTED WHITE BUT ISN'T ANYMORE
RE-MIX ENGINEER (STEEL MONKEY): STEPHEN TAYLOR (AT FARMYARD STUDIOS).
PRE-PRODUCTION AND SOME DRUM TRACKS RECORDED AT: BLACK BEAN STUDIO
MARTIN WOULD LIKE TO THANK PAUL HAMER (HAMER GUITARS).
IAN AND DAVE WOULD LIKE TO THANKS ALMOST EVERYBODY ELSE.
CHRYSALIS RECORDS CAN ONLY THANK THEMSELVES (FOR ALLOWING US TO SIGN ANOTHER CONTRACT).
CALLIGRAPHY AND HERALDRY BY ANDREW JAMESON.
ART DIRECTION BY JOHN PASCHE

72434-73413-2-8

JETHRO

TULL



CREST OF A KNAVE

Yes – the album that won the Grammy for Best Hard Rock/Metal!



'Said She Was A Dancer'? Hard Rock? 'Farm On The Freeway'? Metal? Well, hardly, chaps, but thanks for the accolade to the voting members of the *National Academy Of Recording Arts And Sciences* who voted for Tull in the (practically speaking) category of *Best Nice Bunch Of Guys Who Haven't Won A Grammy Before*.



Not exactly stirring the hostile and bilious juices of the media for being nominated in the category in the first place, I can only suppose that no-one – including our record Company, Chrysalis Records – thought there was even a remote chance that we would actually win the wretched thing. But poor old Alice Cooper, accepting the prize on our behalf since Chrysalis felt unable to shell out for the airfares for us to come to the awards, had to endure the chorus of boos and sneers from media and Metallica fans alike as the winner was announced.

The hard work and dedication from Chrysalis promo guy, **Kevin Sutter**, had paid off with a certified gold album and two heavy rotation videos on the fledgeling MTV. 'Steel Monkey', with its passing nod to the great ZZ Topsters, opened the album with its rapid-fire sequenced piano intro, while the best Classic Tull song ever – 'Budapest' – provided both brain and brawn on record and subsequent live performance alike.



The first Tull record to be mastered on digital media, ***Crest*** combined the best of **Martin's** guitar and my flute in the harmony and unison phrasing evident in songs like 'Farm On The Freeway' and 'Jumpstart'.



Doane Perry made his drumming debut here – not on the whole album – but on a couple of tracks – while Gerry Conway returned briefly to the fold for some drum additions elsewhere.

The keyboards were all mine on this record and were (necessarily) kept simple and atmospheric. Apart from two tracks the record was recorded and mixed in my home studio with **Matin Barre** playing most of the guitar parts and searing solos through a 15 Watt single 12"" speaker Marshall mini combo amp. Very Metal touch, that.....

The album cover artwork was by an Heraldic design artist specializing in creating crests and seals for eminent gentlepersons bent upon consigning themselves to posterity with a personal touch to decorate the mantle or letterhead. With tongues in cheek, we invented some motifs more suitable to the task. Black cat, flute and other emblems made up the crest and gave us a nice tour T-shirt too.

Many years later, ***Crest Of A Knave*** remains one of my personal favourite albums and with pleasure, I dedicate this remaster to Martin Barre, longstanding Tull guitar player whose brilliant playing gives this record so much of its special qualities.

Ian Anderson
2004









TWO

STEEL MONKEY

As the moon slips up, and the sun sets down,
I'm a nighttime jockey, and I'm heaven-bound.
Do the workhood shuffle, loose brains from brawn.
I'm a monkey puzzle and the lid is on.

Can you guess my name? Can you guess my trade?
I'm going to catch you anyway.
You might be right. I'll give you guesses three.
Feel me climbing up your knee.

Guess what I am. I'm a steel monkey.

Now some men hustle and some just think.
And some go running before you blink.
Some look up and some look down
from three hundred feet above the ground.

Can you guess my name? And can you guess my trade?
Well, I won't rest before the world is made.
Arm in arm the angels fly.
Keep me from falling out the sky.

Steel monkey.

I work in the thunder and I work in the rain.
I work at my drinking, and I feel no pain.
I work on women, if they want me to.
You can have me climb all over you.

Now, have you guessed my name?
And have you guessed my trade?
I'm cheap at the money I get paid.
In the sulphur city, where men are men,
we bolt those beams then climb again.

Steel monkey.

FARM ON THE FREEWAY

Nine miles of two-strand topped with barbed wire
laid by the father for the son.
Good shelter down there on the valley floor,
down by where the sweet streams run.
Now they might give me compensation...
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.
Now all I have got is a cheque and a pickup truck.
I left my farm on the freeway.

They're busy building airports on the south side...
Silicon chip factory on the east.
And the big road's pushing through along the valley floor.
Hot machine pouring six lanes at the very least.
Now, they say they gave me compensation...
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.
Now all I have left is a broken-down pickup truck.
Looks like my farm is a freeway.

They forgot they told us what this old land was for.
Grow two tons the acre, hos, between the stones.
This was no Southfork, it was no Ponderosa.
But it was the place that I called home.
They say they gave me compensation...
That's not what I'm chasing. I was a rich man before yesterday.
And what do I want with a million dollars and a pickup truck?
When I left my farm under the freeway.

JUMP START

In the dark of the city backwoods,
something stirs three skips away.
Law and order in darkest Knightsbridge.
Crime and punishment at play.
Hey, Mr. Policeman won't you come on over.
Hook me up to the power lines of your love.
Jump start, or you me away.

And through the bruised machinery,
the smoking haze of industry.
Another day with ball and chain.
I do my time, then home again.
Hey, Mrs. Maggie won't you come on over.
Hook me up to the power lines of your love.
Jump start, or you me away.

Well, should I blame the officers? Or maybe...
I should blame the priest?
Or should I blame the poor foot soldier
who's left to make the most from least?
Hey, Jack Ripper won't you come on over.
Hook me up to the power lines of your love.
Jump start, or you me away.

You can blame the newsman talking at you
on the satellite T.V.
And if you're fighting for your shipyards,
you might as well just blame the sea.
Hey, Mr. Weatherman come on over.
Hook me up to the power lines of your love.
Jump start, or you me away.

SAID SHE WAS A DANCER

She said she was a dancer. If I believed it, it was my business
She surely knew a thing or two about control.
Next to the bar we hit the samovar. She almost slipped right through my fingers.

THREE

It was snowing outside and in her soul.

Well, maybe you're a dancer, and maybe I'm the King of Old Siam.
I thought it through... best to let the illusion roll.
I wouldn't say I've never heard that tale before,
my frozen little seforita,
but if your dream is good, why not share it when the nights are cold?

Hey Moscow, what's your story? Lady, take your time, don't hurry.
Maybe a student of the agricultural plan.
Hey Moscow, what's your name? If you don't want to say, don't worry.
It would probably be hard for me to make it scan.

With her phrase book in her silk soft hand
she spoke in riddles while the vodka listened.
I said, "Let me look up love, if I might be so bold."
She was the nearest thing to Rock and Roll
that side of the velvet curtain
that separates eastern steel from western gold.

Hey Miss Moscow, what's your story?
You needn't speak aloud, just whisper.
Am I just the closest thing to an Englishman?
You've seen me in your magazines, or maybe on state television.
I've your Pepsi-Cola, but you won't take me out the can.
She said she was a dancer — so she did.

She said she was a dancer. If I believed it, it was my business.
It felt like a merry dance that I was being led.
So I stole one kiss. It was a near miss.
She looked at me like I was Jack the Ripper.
She leaned in close. "Goodnight," was all she said.
So I took myself off to bed.

JETHRO

TULL

FOUR

DOGS IN THE MIDWINTER

You ever had a day like I had today,
when things are stacked up bad?
You look around and every face you see
seems guaranteed to send you mad.
And you peer into those hallowed institutions,
And they bark at you from every side.
But the bite goes wide.

I see them running with their tails hanging low
like dogs in the midwinter.
The prophets and the wise men and the hard politicos
are all dogs in the midwinter.
Let the breath from the mountain still the pain,
clear water from the fountain run sweeter than the rain.
Dogs in the midwinter.

The boss man and the tax man and the moneylenders growl...
like dogs in the midwinter.
The weaker of the herd can feel their eyes and hear them howl
like dogs in the midwinter.
Though the fox and the rabbit are at peace,
cold doggies in the manger turn last suppers into feasts.
Dogs in the midwinter.

You ever had a day like I had today —
dogs in the midwinter.
You look around and every face you see —
dogs in the midwinter.
And you peer into those hallowed institutions.
And they bark at you from every side.
But the bite goes wide.

We're all running on a tightrope, wearing slippers in the snow...
we're all dogs in the midwinter.
The ice is ever thinner. Be careful how you go
like dogs in the midwinter.
And it's hard to find true equilibrium
when you're looking at each other down the muzzle of a gun.
Dogs in the midwinter.

BUDAPEST

I think she was a middle-distance runner...
(the translation wasn't clear).
Could be a budding stately hero.
International competition in a year.
She was a good enough reason for a party...
(well, you couldn't keep up on a hard track mile)
while she ran a perfect circle.
And she wore a perfect smile
in Budapest...hot night in Budapest.
a-

We had to cozzy up in the old gymnasium...
dusting off the mandolins and checking on the gear.
She was helping out at the back-stage...
stopping hearts and chilling beer.
Yes, and her legs went on for ever.
Like staring up at infinity
through a strip of cotton panty
along a skin of satin sea.
Hot night in Budapest.

You could cut the heat,
peel it back with the wrong side of a knife.
Feel it blowing from the sidefills.
Feel like you were playing for your life (if not the money).
Hot night in Budapest.

She bent down to fill the ice box
and stuffed some more warm white wine in
like some weird unearthly vision
wearing only T-shirt, pants and skin.
You know, it rippled, just a hint of muscle.
But the boss and me were heading west
so we left her to the late crew
and a hot night in Budapest.

JETHRO

TULL

FIVE

It was a hot night in Budapest.

She didn't speak much English language...
(she didn't speak much anyway).
She wouldn't make love, but she could make good sandwich
and she poured sweet wine before we played.

Hey, Budapest, cha, cha, cha. Let's watch her now.

I thought I saw her at the late night restaurant.
She would have sent blue shivers down the wall.
But she didn't grace our table.
In fact, she wasn't there at all.
Yes, and her legs went on forever.
Like staring up at infinity.
Her heart was spinning to the west-lands
and she didn't care to be
that night in Budapest.
Hot night in Budapest.

MOUNTAIN MEN

The poacher and his daughter
throw soft shadows on the water in the night.
A thin moon slips behind them
as they pull the net with no betraying light.
And later on the coast road, I meet them
and the old man winks a smile.
And who am I to fast deny the right
to take a fish once in a while?
I walk with them, they walk me back
when I ship out on the Sunday from the kyle.
And from the church I hear them singing
as the ship moves sadly from the pier.
Oh, poacher's daughter, Sunday best,
two hundred brave souls share the farewell tear.

There's a house on the hillside,
where the drifting sands are born.
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
back to the land where I came from.
Where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Did my tour, did my duty. I did all they asked of me.
Died in the trenches and at Alamein
...died to the Falklands on T.V.
Going back to the mountain kings
where the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Long generations from the Isles
sent to tread the foreign miles
where the spiral ages meet.
Felt naked dust beneath their feet.
Future saw called winds to blow
and the past and present hard-eyed crow
flew hunting high and circling low over blackened plains of Eden.

There's a child and a woman praying for an end to the mystery.
Hoping for a word in a letter
for wind-blown from across the sea
to where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

There's a house on the hillside, where the drifting sands are born.
Lay down and let the slow tide wash me
back to the land where I came from.
Where the mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.
Where the real mountain men are kings
and the sound of the piper counts for everything.

Feel the naked dust beneath my toes
while the future sun calls winds to blow
and the past and present black-eyed crow
flies hunting high and circling low
between dream mountains of our Eden.

THE WAKING EDGE

As I wake up in a room somewhere...
dawn light not yet shining.
There's just a thin horizon between me and her...
the edge of a half-dream glowing.

Well, you know, I felt her in my dream last night.
Strange how the sheets are warm beside me.
Now, how do I catch the waking edge?
As it slips to the far and wide of me.

Didn't I try to hold it down?
Freeze on the picture, hang sharp on the sound.
Catch the waking edge
another time.

Familiar shadows in my hotel room
are still here for the taking.
They seem to linger on as the street lights fade
and the empty dawn is breaking.

Private movie showing in my head...
which button do I press for re-run?
And how do I catch the waking edge?
The edge of a dream about someone.

Well, you know, I felt her in my dream last night...
now the sheets are cold beside me.

RAISING STEAM

Over high plains, through the snow...
roll those tracks out, don't you know
I'm raising steam.
Thin vein creeping, hot blood flow...
spill a little where the new towns grow.
I got my whole life hanging in a sack,
heading out into that wide world wide.
You got your locomotive sitting on your track
and I don't care which way I ride.
I may not be coming back.

Left a lady with a heart
all of pieces come apart
raising steam.
That engine up front must
have a heart big enough for the both of us.
Riding shotgun on the sunset, stare it in the eye,
rocking on my heels out to the west.
Funny how the whole world, historically,
feels the urge to chase the sun to rest.
We may not be coming back.

Let me be your engineer...
have you smiling ear to ear
raising steam.
And will you tell me how it feels
when you're up and rolling on your driving wheels?
I got my whole life hanging in a sack,
heading out into that wide world wide.
I'll be your locomotive blowing off its stack
and I don't care which way I ride.
I may not be coming back.
Raising steam.

1 Steel Monkey
2 Farm On The Freeway
3 Jump Start
4 She Said She Was A Dancer
5 Dogs In The Midwinter
6 Budapest
7 Mountain Men
8 The Waking Edge
9 Raising Steam
BONUS TRACK
10 Part Of The Machine

All songs composed by Ian Anderson
All songs published by The Ian Anderson Group of Companies
under license to Chrysalis Music Ltd.

Personnel:
IAN ANDERSON: flute, guitars, keyboards, drum programming, percussion, vocals
MARTIN BARRE: electric guitar
DAVE PEGG: electric bass, acoustic bass
Guest musicians:
DOANE PERRY: (drums on tracks 2 and 7)
GERRY CONWAY: (drums on tracks 3, 4, 6 and 8)
RIC SANDERS: (violin on tracks 6 and 8)

Digitally Remastered ℗ © 2005 Chrysalis Records Ltd.
Manufactured by Capitol Records Inc., 1750 Vine Street, Hollywood, California 90028.
All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction is a violation of applicable laws.
Printed in U.S.A.

Release Co-ordination: Tim Chacksfield.
Photographs: Martyn Goddard
Re-issue design: Hugh Gilmour / The Red Room @ EMI

