

Tull Jethro

"A Stitch In Time"

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I work in dark factories,
A cog in a big wheel,
Driving grey satanic mills
And weaving sad stories.
And faceless masters,
Oh, they pay me plenty:
Crumbs from their luncheon bags
Harsh wine from bottles of empties.

[Chorus:]

"A stitch in time saves nine,"
Sang cock-robin from the wall.
"It's an early bird catches the worm;
Show a little pride before you fall."
So I flew to the south sun
With birds of a feather,
To drink in the warm nights
And tell of fine weather.

[Repeat Chorus]

Listen all you young folk:
Your lives on the time-table.
Clocking on twenty-one;

Fly while you're able.

[Repeat Chorus]

[Repeat Chorus]

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