

Tull Jethro

"Aqualung"

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Sitting on a park bench
eyeing up little girls with bad intent.
Snot running down his nose
greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.
Drying in the cold sun
Watching as the frilly panties run.
Feeling like a dead duck
spitting out pieces of his broken luck.
Sun streaking cold
an old man wandering lonely.
Taking time
the only way he knows.
Leg hurting bad,
as he bends to pick a dog end
goes down to a bog to
warm his feet.
Feeling alone
the army's up the rode
salvation a la mode and
a cup of tea.
Aqualung my friend

don't start away uneasy

you poor old sod

you see it's only me.

Do you still remember

December's foggy freeze

when the ice that

clings on to your beard is

screaming agony.

And you snatch your rattling last breaths

with deep-sea diver sounds,

and the flowers bloom like

madness in the spring

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