

## Tull Jethro

### "Back Door Angels"

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In and out of the front door, ran twelve back-door  
angels.

Their hair was a golden-brown - they didn't see me  
wink my eye.

'Tis said they put we men to sleep with just a whisper,

And touch the heads of dying dogs - and make them  
linger.

They carry their candles high - and they light the dark  
hours.

And sweep all the country clean with pressed and  
scented wild-flowers.

[Instrumental]

They grow all their roses red, and paint our skies blue -

Drop one penny in every second bowl - make half the  
beggars lose.

Why do the faithful have such a will to believe in  
something?

And call it the name they choose, having chosen  
nothing.

[Instrumental]

Think I'll sit down and invent some fool - some Grand  
Court Jester.

And next time the die is cast, he'll throw a six or two.

In and out of the back-door, ran one front-door angel,

Her hair was a golden-brown -

She smiled, and I think she winked her eye

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