Tull Jethro "Life Is A Long Song"

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When you're fallen awake and you take stock of the new day

And you hear your voice croak as you choke on what you need to say.

Well don't you fret, don't you fear,

I will give you good cheer.

Life's a long song.

Life's a long song.

Life's a long song.

If you wait then your plate I will fill.

As the verses unfold and your soul suffers the long day,

And the twelve o'clock gloom spins the room, you struggle on your way.

Well don't you sigh, don't you cry,

Lick the dust from your eye.

Life's a long song.

Life's a long song.

Life's a long song.

We will meet in the sweet light of dawn.

As the Baker Street train spills your pain all over your new dress,

And the symphony sounds underground but you [wanted?] duress.

Well don't you squeal as the hell

Grinds you under the wheels.

Life's a long song.

Life's a long song.

Life's a long song.

But the tune ends too soon for a song.

But the tune ends too soon for a song

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