

Tull Jethro

"Mayhem Maybe"

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From the working nights the village round the old
church becomes scary town.

[All curtains?], windows and bolted doors, but never a
eye to see.

As us fairy folks [???] the hill, never caught us and
never will,

Pulling roses and daffodils. Mayhem in the high
degree.

The blacksmith chased us all to ground.

He searched all night; we were never found.

The tinker boys of the sheriff's men shaking the tallest
tree.

And we sat and watched the women hide, laughed so
much we split our sides,

Scattered horses that they would find. Mayhem in the
high degree

We crossed through fields and midnight green, often
heard but seldom seen,

Tore along hedges and the leaves. No one could quite
agree

Whether we came from north or south. We stole the
streets from out their mouths

and go where no man would allow. Mayhem in the high
degree.

[???]

We ride the thin winds of the night and set our spirits
free

We terrify the [men enfold?], the fox is still far too bold

So we strung him up [???] neatly folded. Mayhem,
maybe

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