

Tull Jethro

"One White Duck 010 Nothing At All"

Visit "[One White Duck 010 Nothing At All](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A one, two, three.

There's a haze on the skyline, to wish me on my way -

And there's a note on the telephone - some roses on a tray.

And the motorway's stretching right out to us all, as I pull on my old

wings - One White Duck on your wall.

Isn't it just too damn real? One White Duck on your wall.

One Duck on your wall.

I'll catch a ride on your violin - strung upon your bow.

And I'll float on your melody - sing your chorus soft and low.

There's a picture-view postcard to say that I called.

You can see from the fireplace, One White Duck on your wall.

Isn't it just too damn real? One White Duck on your wall.

One Duck on your wall.

So fly away Peter and fly away Paul - from the finger-tip ledge of

contentment.

The long restless rustle of high heel boots calls.

And I'm probably bound to deceive you after all.

Something must be wrong with me and my brain - if I'm so patently

unrewarding.

But my dreams are for dreaming and best left that way
- and my zero to your

power of ten equals nothing at all.

There's no double-lock defense; there's no chain on my
door.

And I'm available for consultation,

But remember your way in is also my way out, and
love's four-letter word is

no compensation.

Well, I'm the Black Ace dog handler: I'm a waiter on
skates - so don't you

jump to your foreskin conclusion -

Because I'm up to my deaf ears in cold breakfast trays
-

To be cleared before I can dine on your sweet Sunday
lunch confusion

Visit [Tull Jethro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.