

Tull Jethro

"Part One"

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Really don't mind if you sit this one out
My words but a whisper, your deafness D a shout
I may make you feel but I can't make you think
Your sperm's in the gutter, your love's in the sink
So you ride yourselves over the fields
And you make all your animal deals
And your wise men don't know how it feels
To be Thick as a Brick
And the sand castle virtues are all swept away
In the tidal destruction, the moral melee
The elastic retreat rings the close of play
As the last wave uncovers the newfangled way
But your new shoes are worn at the heels
And your suntan does rapidly peel
And your wise men don't know how it feels
To be Thick as a Brick
And the love that I feel is so far away
I'm a bad dream that I just had today
And you shake your head
And say that it's a shame
Spin me back down the years and the days of my youth

Draw the lace and black curtains and shut out the whole truth

Spin me down the long ages, let them sing the song

See there, a son is born, and we pronounce him fit to fight

There are blackheads on his shoulders, and there he pees himself in the night

We'll make a man of him, put him to trade

Teach him to play Monopoly, not to sing in the rain

The poet and the painter casting shadows on the water

As the sun plays on the infantry returning from the sea

The doer and the thinker, no allowance for the other

As the failing light illuminates the mercenary's creed

The home fire burning, the kettle almost boiling

But the master of the house is far away

The horses stamping, their warm breath clouding

In the sharp and frosty morning of the day

And the poet lifts his pen, while the soldier sheaths his sword

And the youngest of the family is moving with authority

Building castles by the sea, he dares the tardy tide

To wash them all aside

The cattle quietly grazing at the grass down by the river

Where the swelling mountain water moves onward to the sea

The builder of the castles renews the age-old purpose

And contemplates the milking girl whose offer is his need

The young men of the household have all gone into
service

And are not to be expected for a year

The innocent young master, thoughts moving ever
faster

Has formed the plan to change the man he seems

And the poet sheaths his pen while the soldier lifts his
sword

And the oldest of the family is moving with authority

Coming from across the sea, he challenges the son

Who puts him to the run

What do you do when the old man's gone ?

Do you want to be him ?

And your real self sings the song

Do you want to free him ?

No one to help you get up steam

And the whirlpool turns you way off beam

I've come down from the upper class to mend your
rotten ways

My father was a man of power, whom everyone obeyed

So come on all you criminals ! I've got to put you
straight

Just like I did with my old man, twenty years too late

Your bread and water's going cold, your hair is short
and neat

I'll judge you all and make damn sure that no one
judges me

You curl your toes in fun, as you smile at everyone

You meet the stares, you're unaware that your doings

aren't done

And you laugh most ruthlessly, as you tell us what not
to be

But how are we supposed to see where we should run ?

I see you shuffle in the courtroom, with your rings upon
your fingers

And your downy little sidies and your silver-buckle
shoes

Playing at the hard case, you follow the example

Of the comic-paper idol, who lets you bend the rules

So, come on you childhood heroes, won't you rise up
from the pages

Of your comic-books, your super crooks, and show us
all the way ?

Well, make your will and testament, won't you join your
local government ?

We'll have Superman for president, let Robin save the
day

You put your bet on number one and it comes up every
time

The other kids have all backed down and they put you
first in line

And so you finally ask yourself just how big you are

And you take your place in a wiser world of bigger
motor cars

(And you wonder who to call on ...)

So, where the hell was Biggles when you needed him
last Saturday ?

And where are all the sportsmen who always pulled you
through ?

They're all resting down in Cornwall, writing up their
memoirs

For a paperback edition of the boy scout manual

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