

Tull Jethro

"Part Two"

Visit "[Part Two](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

See there, a man is born, and we pronounce him fit for
peace

There's a load lifted from his shoulders with the
discovery of his disease

We'll take the child from him, put it to the test

Teach it to be a wise man, how to fool the rest

(We will be gearing toward the average rather than the
exceptional)

(God's an overwhelming responsibility)

(We walked through the maternity ward and saw 218
babies wearing nylons)

(It says here that cats are on the upgrade, upgrade ?)

In the clear white circles of morning wonder

I take my place with the lord of the hills

And the blue-eyed soldiers stand slightly discolored

In neat little rows, sporting canvas frills

With their jock-straps pinching, they slouch to attention

Whilst queueing for sarnies at the office canteen

Singing, "How's your grannie ?", and good old Ernie

He coughed up a tenner on a premium bond win

The legends worded in the ancient tribal hymn

Lie cradled in the seagull's call

And all the promises they made are ground beneath

the sadist's fall

The poet and the wise man stand behind the gun

And signal for the crack of dawn, light the sun

Do you believe in the day ?

The dawn creation of the kings has begun

Soft Venus lonely maiden brings the ageless one

Do you believe in the day ?

The fading hero has returned to the night

And fully pregnant with the day, wise men endorse the
poet's sight

Do you believe in the day ?

Let me tell you the tales of your life

Of your love and the cut of the knife

The tireless oppression the wisdom instilled

The desire to kill or be killed

Let me sing of the losers who lie

In the street as the last bus goes by

The pavements are empty, the gutters run red

While the fool toasts his god in the sky

So, come all ye young men who are building castles

Kindly state the time of the year

And join your voices in a hellish chorus

Mark the precise nature of your fear

Let me help you to pick up your dead

As the sins of the fathers are fed

With the blood of the fools and the thoughts of the wise

And from the pan under your bed
Let me make you a present of song
As the wise man breaks wind and is gone
While the fool with the hour-glass is cooking his goose
And the nursery rhyme winds along
So, come all ye young men who are building castles
Kindly state the time of the year
And join your voices in a hellish chorus
Mark the precise nature of your fear
See, the summer lightning casts its bolts upon you
And the hour of judgement draweth near
Would you be the fool stood in the suit of armour
Of the wiser man who rushes clear ?
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
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
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

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.