

Tull Jethro

"Rover"

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I chase your every footstep
and I follow every whim.
When you call the tune I'm ready
to strike up the battle hymn.
My lady of the meadows,
My comber of the beach.
You've thrown the stick for your dog's trick
but it's floating out of reach.
The long road is a rainbow and the pot of gold lies
there.
So slip the chain and I'm off again
You'll find me everywhere. I'm a Rover.

As the robin craves the summer
to hide his smock of red,
I need the pillow of your hair
in which to hide my head.

I'm simple in my sadness,
resourceful in remorse.
Then I'm down straining at the lead
holding on a windward course.

Strip me from the bundle
of balloons at every fair:
colourful and carefree
Designed to make you stare.
But I'm lost and I'm losing
the thread that holds me down.
And I'm up hot and rising
in the lights of every town

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