

Tull Jethro

"Singing All Day"

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Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Ooh, my, my, my.
Ooh, my, my, my.

We're down to the station to look for her there.
To look through the crowds for a glimpse of her hair.
Nothing to see but the crowds keep staring
At me, my, my.
Ooh, my, my, my.

Down to the street, trying to remember
Shuffling our feet outside the menswear.
Is that her in the fur coat? No, it's not December.
Yeah, my, my, my.
Ooh, my, my, my.

Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.

Back to the house. Maybe she'll phone me.
Singing my songs, feeling so lonely.
I sing very softly so if the phone rings
I can hear it.
I can hear it.

Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Ooh, my, my, my.
Ooh, my, my, my

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