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Tull Jethro "Uniform"

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See black, see yellow with little notebooks drawn See grey stripes bowling down the street Silver streaks and T-shirts so precisely torn Strange foreign chaps in white bed-sheets **Uniforms**

See golden halo'd men of high renown prance to the politicians beat Well-tailored in unswerving elegance with shoes by Gucci on their feet **Uniforms**

How do you know who the hell you are? Wake up each day under a different star Dressed to the nines, meet yourself going home like a clone, smartly dressed in your pressed uniform

White battle dress on green pitch, proud eleven Beneath the swelling box so neat the teeming millions of the future fly-the spinning cricket ball to cheat They're all uniform

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