

Tull Jethro

"Wind Up"

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When I was young, and they packed me off to school
and taught me how not to play the game.
I didn't mind if they groomed me for success,
or if they said that I was just a fool.
So I left there in the morning with their God tucked
underneath my arm
their half-assed smiles and the book of rules.
And I asked this God a question and by way of firm
reply,
He said 'I'm not the kind you have to wind up on
Sundays.'
So to my old headmaster (and to anyone who cares)
before I'm through I'd like to say my prayers
I don't believe you, you had the whole damn thing all
wrong
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.
Well you can excommunicate me on my way to Sunday
school
and have all the bishops harmonize these lines.
How do you dare tell me that I'm my fathers son
when that was just an accident of birth.
I'd rather look around me compose a better song
'cos that's the honest measure of my worth.
In your pomp and all your glory you're a poorer man
than me,
as you lick the boots of death born out of fear

(when I was young...
...and the book of rules)
(Well you can excommunicate me...
...these lines)
(when I was young...
...these lines)

I don't believe you, you had the whole damn thing all
wrong
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays

