

Jethro Tull

"A Gift Of Roses"

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I count the hours... you count the days.
Together, we count the minutes in this Passion Play.
Walk dusty miles. And I ride that train
on a first class ticket, just to be with you again.

Picking up tired feet. Back from a far horizon.
Cleaned up and brushed down. Dressed to look the
part.
Fresh from God's garden, I bring a gift of roses...

To stand in sweet spring water and press them to your
heart.

Like the Kipling cat, I walk alone -
Never inviting trouble, never casting the stone.
But this badge of honour is of tarnished tin.
Light your guiding beacon to bring this fisher in.

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