

Jethro Tull "A Passion Play"

Visit "[A Passion Play](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"do you still see me even here?
(the silver cord lies on the ground.)
"and so Im dead, the young man said --- over the hill
(not a wish away).
My friends (as one) all stand aligned although their
taxis came
Too late.
There was / a rush along the fulham road.
There was / a hush in the passion play.
Such a sense of glowing in the aftermath / ripe with rich
attainments
All imagined / sad misdeeds in disarray / the sore
thumb screams aloud,
Echoing out of the passion play.
All the old familiar choruses come crowding in a
different key:
Melodies decaying in sweet dissonance.
There was a rush / along the fulham road / into the
ever-passion play.
And who comes here to wish me well?
A sweetly-scented angel fell.
She laid her head upon my disbelief and bathed me
with her ever-smile.
And with a howl across the sand I go escorted by a
band of gentlemen
In leather bound -- no-one (but someone to be found).
All along the icy wastes there are faces smiling in the
gloom.
Roll up roll down,
Feeling unwound? -- step into the viewing room.
The cameras were all around.
Weve got you taped -- you're in the play.
Heres your i.d.
(ideal for identifying one and all.)
Invest your life in the memory bank -- ours the interest
and we
Thank you.
The ice-cream lady wet her drawers, to see you in the
passion play.
Take the prize for instant pleasure
Captain of the cricket team
Public speaking in all weathers

A knighthood from a queen.
All your best friends telephones never cooled from the
heat of your hand.
There's / a line in a front-page story / 13 horses that
also-ran.
Climb in your old umbrella.
Does it have a nasty tear in the dome?
But / the rain only gets in sometimes and / the sun
never leaves you alone.
Lover of the black and white -- it's your first night.
The passion play / goes all the way / spoils your insight.
Tell me / how the babys made / how the ladys laid / why
the old
Dog howls in sadness.
And your little sisters immaculate virginity wings away
on the bony
Shoulders of a young horse named george who stole
surreptitiously
Into her geography revision.
(the examining body examined her body.)
Actor of the low-high q, lets hear your view.
Peek at the lines upon your sleeves since your memory
wont do.
Tell me / how the babys graded / how the ladys faded /
why the old dogs
Howl with madness.
All of this and some of that's the only way to skin the
cat.
And now youve lost a skin or two -- you're for us and we
for you.
The dressing room is right behind
Weve got you taped -- you're in the play.
How does it feel to be in the play?
How does it feel to play the play?
How does it feel to be the play?
Man of passion rise again, we wont cross you out -- for
we do love
You like a son -- of that there's no doubt.
Tell us / is it you who are here for our good cheer?
Or / are we here / for the glory / for the story / for the
gory satisfaction
Of telling you how absolutely awful you really are?
There was / a rush along the fulham road.
There was / a hush in the passion play.

Visit [Jethro Tull](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.