

Jethro Tull

"Back-Door Angels"

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In and out of the front door, ran twelve back-door angels.

Their hair was a golden-brown ---
they didn't see me wink my eye.

'Tis said they put we men to sleep with just a whisper,
And touch the heads of dying dogs --- and make them linger.

They carry their candles high --- and they light the dark hours.

And sweep all the country clean with pressed and scented wild-flowers.

They grow all their roses red, and paint our skies blue -

--

drop one penny in every second bowl ---

make half the beggars lose,
why do the faithful have such a will to believe in something?

And call it the name they choose,
having chosen nothing.

Think I'll sit down and invent some fool ---
some Grand Court Jester.

And next time the die is cast, he'll throw a six or two.

In and out of the back-door, ran one front-door angel,

Her hair was a golden-brown ---

she smiled and I think she winked her eye.

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