

Jethro Tull

"Dun Ringill"

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Clear light on a slick palm
As I misdeal the day
Slip the night from a shaved pack
Make a marked card play

Call twilight hours down
From a heaven home
High above the highest bidder
For the good Lord's throne

In the wee hours I'll meet you
Down by Dun Ringill
Oh, and we'll watch the old Gods play
By Dun Ringill
By Dun Ringill

We'll wait in stone circles
Till the force comes through
Lines joint in faint discord
And the storm watch brews

A concert of kings
As the white sea snaps
At the heels of a soft prayer
Whispered

In the wee hours I'll meet you
Down by Dun Ringill
Oh, and I'll take you quickly
By Dun Ringill
Oh, by Dun Ringill
By Dun Ringill

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