

Jethro Tull

"Flying Colours"

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Shout if you will, but that just won't do.
I, for one, would rather follow softer options.
I'll take the easy line; another sip of wine,
and if I ignore the face you wore it's just a way of
mine to keep from flying colours.

Don't lay your bait while the whole world waits
around to see me shoot you down --- It's all so second-
rate.

When we can last for days on a loving night;
or for hours at least on a warm whisper given.
You always pick the best time to rise to the fight.
To break the hard bargain that we've driven.
Once again we're flying colours.

I thought we had it out the night before,
and settled old scores, but not the hard way.
Was it a glass too much? Or a smile too few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match --- did we

want them to?
In a fancy restaurant we were all aglow
keeping cool by mutual permission.
How did the conversation get to where we came to
blows?
We were set up in a red condition
and again we're flying colours.

Shout --- but you see it still won't do.
With my colours on I can be just as bad as you.
Have I had a glass too much? Did I give a smile too
few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match --- did we
want them to?
We act our parts so well, like we wrote the play.
All so predictable and we know it.

We'll settle old scores now, and settle the hard way.
You may not even live to outgrow it!
Once again we're flying colours.

