

Jethro Tull

"Living In These Hard Times"

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The bomb's in the china, the fat's in the fire
There's no turkey left on the table
The commuters return on the six o'clock flier
There's no bale of hay for the stable

Well, the light it is failing along the green belt
As we follow the hard road signs
Semi-detached in our suburban mess
We're living in these hard times

Well, the fly's in the milk and the cat's in the stew
Another bun in the oven, oh, what to do?
We laugh and we sing and try to bring
A pound from your pocket, good day to you
Oh, these hard times

The politician sat on the wall
And prayed with the union game
Someone slapped the wrists on our deficit
Not a penny left to our name

Oh, the times are hard and the credit's lean
And they toss and they turn in sleep
And the line they take is the line they make
But it's not the line they keep

Well the fly's in the milk and the cat's in the stew
Another bun in the oven, oh, what to do?
We laugh and we sing and try to bring
A pound from your pocket, good day to you
Oh, these hard times

The cow jumped over yesterday's moon
And the lock ran away with the key
You know what you like and you like what you know
But there is no jam for tea

Well the light it is failing along the green belt
As we follow the hard road signs
Semi-detached in our suburban mess
We're living in these hard times

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Another bun in the oven, oh, what to do?
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