

# Jethro Tull

## "Lost In Crowds"

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I get lost in crowds: if I can, I remain invisible  
to the hungry mouths. I stay unapproachable.  
I wear the landscape of the urban chameleon.  
Scarred by attention. And quietly addicted to  
innocence.

So, who am I? Come on: ask me, I dare you.  
So, who am I? Come on: question me, if you care to.  
And why not try to interrogate this apparition?  
I melt away to get lost in this quaint condition.

At starry parties where, amongst the rich and the  
famous  
I'm stuck for words: or worse, I blather with the best  
of them.  
I see their eyes glaze and they look for the drinks tray.  
Something in the drift of my conversation bothers  
them.

So, who am I? Come on: ask me, etc.

In scary airports, in concourses over-filled,  
I am detached in serious observation.  
As a passenger, I become un-tethered when  
I get lost in clouds: at home with my own quiet  
company.

Herald Tribune or USA Today. Sauvignon Blanc or oaky  
Chardonnay.  
Asleep for the movie. Awake for the dawn  
dancing on England and hedgerows  
embossed on a carpet of green. I descend and  
forgive me - I mean to get lost in crowds.

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