

Jethro Tull

"Mayhem Maybe"

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When we're working nights, the village round
the old church becomes scary town.
All curtained windows and bolted doors
but never a eye to see
as us fairy folks sweep from the hill.
Never caught us and never will.
Pulling roses and daffodils
mayhem in the high degree.

The blacksmith chased us all to ground.
They searched all night we were never found.
The tinker boys and the sheriff's men
shaking the tallest tree.
And we sat and watched the women hide.
Laughed so much we split our sides.
Scattered horses that they would ride
mayhem in the high degree.
We crossed through fields of midnight green
often heard but seldom seen.
Tore along hedges, stripping leaves
no-one could quite agree
whether we came from north or south.
We stole the screams from out their mouths
and go where no man would allow
mayhem in the high degree.

Like scaly carp and feathered swan
to nature's world we do belong.
We ride the thin winds of the night
and set dark spirits free.
We terrify the mare and foal.
The fox stood still and far too bold.
So we strung him up, brush neatly folded;
mayhem, maybe.

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