

Jethro Tull "Minstrel In The Gallery"

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The minstrel in the gallery
Looked down upon the smiling faces
He met the gazes, observed the spaces
Between the old men's cackle

He brewed a song of love and hatred
Oblique suggestions and he waited
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters
Static-humming, panel-beaters
Freshly day, glowed factory cheaters
Salaried and collar-scrubbing

He titillated men of action
Belly warming, hands still rubbing
On the parts they never mention
He pacified the nappy-suffering
Infant-bleating, one-line jokers
TV documentary makers, overfed and undertakers

Sunday paper, backgammon players
Family-scarred and women-haters
Then he called the band down to the stage
And he looked at all the friends he'd made

The minstrel in the gallery
Looked down upon the smiling faces
He met the gazes, observed the spaces
In-between the old men's cackle

And he brewed a song of love and hatred
Oblique suggestions and he waited
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters
Static-humming, panel-beaters

The minstrel in the gallery
Looked down on the rabbit-run
And he threw away his looking-glass
He saw his face in everyone

He titillated men of action
Belly warming, hands still rubbing
On the parts they never mention

Salaried and collar-scrubbing

He pacified the nappy-suffering
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Looked down upon the smiling faces

[Incomprehensible]
The minstrel in the gallery

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