

## **Jethro Tull**

### **"Mother England Reverie"**

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I have no time for Time Magazine or Rolling Stone.  
I have no wish for wishing wells or wishing bones.  
I have no house in the country I have no motor car.  
And if you think I'm joking, then I'm just a one-line  
joker in a public bar.  
And it seems there's no-body left for tennis; and I'm  
a one-band-man.  
And I want no Top Twenty funeral or a hundred grand.

There was a little boy stood on a burning log,  
rubbing his hands with glee. He said, "Oh Mother  
England,  
did you light my smile; or did you light  
this fire under me?  
One day I'll be a minstrel in the gallery.  
And paint you a picture of the queen.  
And if sometimes I sing to a cynical degree ---  
it's just the nonsense that it seems."

So I drift down through the Baker Street valley,  
in my steep-sided un-reality.  
And when all is said and all is done --- I couldn't wish  
for a better one.  
It's a real-life ripe dead certainty ---  
that I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

Talking to the gutter-stinking, winking in the same  
old way.  
I tried to catch my eye but I looked the other way.

Indian restaurants that curry my brain ---  
newspaper warriors changing the names they  
advertise from the station stand.  
Circumcised with cold print hands.

Windy bus-stop. Click. Shop-window. Heel.  
Shady gentleman. Fly-button. Feel.  
In the underpass, the blind man stands.  
With cold flute hands.  
Symphony match-seller, breath out of time ---  
you can call me on another line.

Didn't make her --- with my Baker Street Ruse.  
Couldn't shake her --- with my Baker Street Bruise.  
Like to take her --- but I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

(I can't get out!)

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