

# Jethro Tull

## "One White Duck"

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A one, two, three.

There's a haze on the skyline, to wish me on my way -  
And there's a note on the telephone - some roses on a  
tray.

And the motorway's stretching right out to us all, as I  
pull on my old  
wings - One White Duck on your wall.  
Isn't it just too damn real? One White Duck on your wall.  
One Duck on your wall.

I'll catch a ride on your violin - strung upon your bow.  
And I'll float on your melody - sing your chorus soft and  
low.

There's a picture-view postcard to say that I called.  
You can see from the fireplace, One White Duck on  
your wall.  
Isn't it just too damn real? One White Duck on your wall.  
One Duck on your wall.

So fly away Peter and fly away Paul - from the finger-tip  
ledge of  
contentment.  
The long restless rustle of high heel boots calls.

And I'm probably bound to deceive you after all.  
Something must be wrong with me and my brain - if I'm  
so patently  
unrewarding.  
But my dreams are for dreaming and best left that way  
- and my zero to your  
power of ten equals nothing at all.

There's no double-lock defense; there's no chain on my  
door.  
And I'm available for consultation,  
But remember your way in is also my way out, and  
love's four-letter word is  
no compensation.

Well, I'm the Black Ace dog handler: I'm a waiter on  
skates - so don't you  
jump to your foreskin conclusion -

Because I'm up to my deaf ears in cold breakfast trays  
-  
To be cleared before I can dine on your sweet Sunday  
lunch confusion.

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