

Jethro Tull

"One White Duck = Nothing At All"

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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?
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?

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