

Jethro Tull

"Only Solitaire"

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Brain storming,
Habit forming,
Battle warning,
Weary, winsome actor spewing
Spineless chilling lines.

The critics falling over
To tell themselves hes boring
And really not an awful lot of fun.

Well, who the Hell can he be
When hes never had V.D.
And he doesnt even sit on toilet seats.

Court jesting,
Never resting,
He must be very cunning
To assume an air of dignity
And bless us all
With his oratory prowess,
His lame brain antics,
And his jumping in the air
And every night his acts the same
And so it must be all a game of chess hes playing.

(But youre wrong, Steve. You see, its only solitaire.)

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