

# Jethro Tull

## "Orion"

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Orion, won't you give me your star sign  
Orion, get up on the sky-line  
I'm high on my hill and I feel fine  
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

Orion, light your lights, come guard the open spaces  
From the black horizon to the pillow where I lie  
Your faithful dog shines brighter than its Lord and  
master  
Your jeweled sword twinkles as the world rolls by

So come up singing above the cloudy cover  
Stare through at people who toss fitful in their sleep  
I know you're watching as the old gent by the station  
Scuffs his toes on old fag packets lying in the street

Orion, won't you give me your star sign  
Orion, get up on the sky-line  
I'm high on my hill and I feel fine  
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

And silver shadows flick across the closing bistro  
Sweet waiters link their arms and patter down the  
street  
Their words lost blowing on cold winds in darkest  
Chelsea  
Prime years fly fading with each young heart's beat

Orion, won't you make me a star sign  
Orion, get up on the sky-line  
I'm high on your love and I feel fine  
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

And young girls shiver as they wait by lonely bus stops  
After sad parties no one to take them home  
To greasy bed sitters and make a late night play  
For lost virginity a thousand miles away

Orion, won't you make me a star sign  
Orion, get up on the sky-line  
I'm high on your love and I feel fine  
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

Love is sky-line, Orion

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