

Jethro Tull

"Pussy Willow"

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In the half tone light of a young morning
She sighs and shifts on her pillow
And across her face dancing, the first shadows fly
To kiss the pussy willow

In her fairytale world, she's a lost soul singing
In a sad voice nobody hears
She waits in her castle of make believing
For her white knight to appear

Pussy willow, down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep, from the young woman eyes
Runs for the train, see eight o'clock's coming
Cutting dreams down to size again

Pussy willow, down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep, from the young woman eyes
Runs from the train, hear her typewriter humming
Cutting dreams down to size again

She longs for the East and a pale dress flowing
An apartment in old Mayfair
Or to fish the spey spinning, the first run of spring
Or to die for a cause somewhere

Pussy willow, down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep, from the young woman eyes
Runs from the train, hear her typewriter humming
Cutting dreams down to size again

Pussy willow, pussy willow
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