

# Jethro Tull

## "Roots To Branches"

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Words get written, words get twisted  
Old meanings move in the drift of time  
Lift the flickering torches, see gentle shadows change  
The features of the faces cut in unmoving stone

Bad mouth on a prayer day  
Hope no one's listening  
Roots down in the wet clay  
Branches glistening

True disciples carrying that message  
To color just a little with their personal touch  
Home-spun fancy weavers and naked half believers  
Crusades and creeds descend like fiery flakes of snow

Bad mouth on a prayer day  
Hope no one's listening  
Roots down in the wet clay  
Branches glistening

Roots to branches  
Roots to branches  
Roots to branches

In wet and windy priest holes, grand in vast cathedrals  
High on lofty minarets or in a temples of doom  
I hope the old man's got his face on  
He'd better be some quick change artist  
Suffer little children to make their minds up soon

Bad mouth on a prayer day  
Hope no one's listening  
Roots down in the wet clay  
Branches glistening

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