

Jethro Tull

"Rover"

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I chase your every footstep
and I follow every whim.
When you call the tune I'm ready
to strike up the battle hymn.
My lady of the meadows ---
My comber of the beach ---
You've thrown the stick for your dog's trick
but it's floating out of reach.
The long road is a rainbow and the pot of gold lies
there.
So slip the chain and I'm off again ---
You'll find me everywhere. I'm a Rover.

As the robin craves the summer
to hide his smock of red,

I need the pillow of your hair
in which to hide my head.
I'm simple in my sadness,
resourceful in remorse.
Then I'm down straining at the lead ---
holding on a windward course.

Strip me from the bundle
of balloons at every fair:
colourful and carefree ---
Designed to make you stare.
But I'm lost and I'm losing
the thread that holds me down.
And I'm up hot and rising
in the lights of every town.

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