

Jethro Tull

"Singing All Day"

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Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing,
oo, my, my, my,
oo, my, my, my.

Went down to the station to look for her there,
looked through the crowds for a glimpse of her hair,
nothing to see but the crowds keep a-staring at me,
my, my,
oo, my, my, my.

Down in the street, try'n' to remember,
shuffling my feet outside a menswear,
is that her in the fur coat?

No it's not December yet,
my, my, my,
oo, my, my, my.

Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.

Back to the house, maybe she'll phone me,
singing my song, feeling so lonely.
I'll sing very softly, so if the phone rings
I can hear it, I can hear it.

Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing,
oo, my, my, my,
oo, my, my, my.

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