Jethro Tull "Songs From The Wood"

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Let me bring you songs from the wood To make you feel much better than you could know Dust you down from tip to toe Show you how the garden grows

Hold you steady as you go Join the chorus if you can It'll make of you an honest man

Let me bring you love from the field Poppies red and roses filled with summer rain To heal the wound and still the pain That threatens again and again

As you drag down every lovers' lane Life's long celebration's here I'll toast you all in penny cheer

Let me bring you all things refined Galliards and lute songs served in chilling ale Greeting well-met fellow, hail I am the wind to fill your sail

I am the cross to take your nail A singer of these ageless times With kitchen prose and gutter rhymes

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