

# Jethro Tull

## "The Dog-Ear Years"

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Rusted and ropy  
Dog-eared old copy  
Vintage and classic  
Or just plain Jurassic  
All words to describe me

Relaxed in the knowledge  
That happily present  
Are all things to sustain me  
Nurture and claim me  
Roll back the mileage

Oh, you have settled beside me  
To the far and the wide of me  
A matter of choosing  
Of finding and losing  
On the rough ride with me

Take whiskey with water  
Kick stones down the gutter  
Think back to long days with  
Stale breath recycled in my face

Rattling through airways  
Plastic on cold trays  
Watching through windows  
Deep landscapes below  
Another time and space

There must come some time  
To walk through the night line  
Hands tight, heads high  
These are the dog-ear years

Don't turn back, don't linger  
For God's sake keep moving  
Primitive shadows sidle beside

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Or just plain Jurassic

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The dog-ear years  
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