

# Jethro Tull

## "Thick As A Brick"

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Really don't mind if you sit this one out.  
My words but a whisper -- your deafness a shout.  
I may make you feel but I can't make you think.  
Your sperms in the gutter -- your loves in the sink.  
So you ride yourselves over the fields and  
You make all your animal deals and  
Your wise men don't know how it feels to be thick as a  
brick.  
And the sand-castle virtues are all swept away in  
The tidal destruction  
The moral melee.  
The elastic retreat rings the close of play as the last  
wave uncovers  
The newfangled way.  
But your new shoes are worn at the heels and  
Your suntan does rapidly peel and  
Your wise men don't know how it feels to be thick as a  
brick.

And the love that I feel is so far away:  
Im a bad dream that I just had today -- and you  
Shake your head and  
Say it's a shame.

Spin me back down the years and the days of my  
youth.  
Draw the lace and black curtains and shut out the whole  
truth.  
Spin me down the long ages: let them sing the song.

See there! a son is born -- and we pronounce him fit to  
fight.  
There are black-heads on his shoulders, and he pees  
himself in the night.  
Well  
Make a man of him  
Put him to trade  
Teach him  
To play monopoly and  
To sing in the rain.

The poet and the painter casting shadows on the water

--

As the sun plays on the infantry returning from the sea.  
The do-er and the thinker: no allowance for the other --  
As the failing light illuminates the mercenary's creed.  
The home fire burning: the kettle almost boiling --  
But the master of the house is far away.  
The horses stamping -- their warm breath clouding  
In the sharp and frosty morning of the day.  
And the poet lifts his pen while the soldier sheaths his  
sword.

And the youngest of the family is moving with  
authority.  
Building castles by the sea, he dares the tardy tide to  
wash them all aside.

The cattle quietly grazing at the grass down by the  
river  
Where the swelling mountain water moves onward to  
the sea:  
The builder of the castles renews the age-old purpose  
And contemplates the milking girl whose offer is his  
need.  
The young men of the household have  
All gone into service and  
Are not to be expected for a year.  
The innocent young master -- thoughts moving ever  
faster --  
Has formed the plan to change the man he seems.  
And the poet sheaths his pen while the soldier lifts his  
sword.

And the oldest of the family is moving with authority.  
Coming from across the sea, he challenges the son  
who puts him to the run.

What do you do when  
The old man's gone -- do you want to be him? and  
Your real self sings the song.  
Do you want to free him?  
No one to help you get up steam --  
And the whirlpool turns you 'way off-beam.

Later.  
I've come down from the upper class to mend your  
rotten ways.  
My father was a man-of-power whom everyone obeyed.  
So come on all you criminals!  
I've got to put you straight just like I did with my old  
man --  
Twenty years too late.

Your bread and waters going cold.  
Your hair is too short and neat.  
Ill judge you all and make damn sure that no-one  
judges me.

You curl your toes in fun as you smile at everyone --  
you meet the stares.  
Youre unaware that your doings aren't done.  
And you laugh most ruthlessly as you tell us what not to  
be.  
But how are we supposed to see where we should run?  
I see you shuffle in the courtroom with  
Your rings upon your fingers and  
Your downy little sidies and  
Your silver-buckle shoes.  
Playing at the hard case, you follow the example of the  
comic-paper idol  
Who lets you bend the rules.

So!  
Come on ye childhood heroes!  
Wont you rise up from the pages of your comic-books  
Your super crooks  
And show us all the way.  
Well! make your will and testament. wont you?  
Join your local government.  
Well have superman for president  
Let robin save the day.

You put your bet on number one and it comes up every  
time.  
The other kids have all backed down and they put you  
first in line.  
And so you finally ask yourself just how big you are --  
And take your place in a wiser world of bigger motor  
cars.  
And you wonder who to call on.

So! where the hell was biggles when you needed him  
last saturday?  
And where were all the sportsmen who always pulled  
you though?  
They're all resting down in cornwall --  
Writing up their memoirs for a paper-back edition  
Of the boy scout manual.

Later.  
See there! a man born -- and we pronounce him fit for  
peace.  
There's a load lifted from his shoulders with the  
discovery of his disease.

Well  
Take the child from him  
Put it to the test  
Teach it  
To be a wise man  
How to fool the rest.

Quote  
We will be geared to the average rather than the  
exceptional  
God is an overwhelming responsibility  
We walked through the maternity ward and saw 218  
babies wearing nylons  
Cats are on the upgrade  
Upgrade? hipgrave. oh, mac.

Later  
In the clear white circles of morning wonder,  
I take my place with the lord of the hills.  
And the blue-eyed soldiers stand slightly discoloured  
(in neat little rows)  
Sporting canvas frills.  
With their jock-straps pinching, they slouch to attention,  
While queueing for sarnies at the office canteen.  
Saying -- hows your granny and  
Good old ernie: he coughed up a tenner on a premium  
bond win.  
The legends (worded in the ancient tribal hymn) lie  
cradled  
In the seagulls call.  
And all the promises they made are ground beneath  
the sadists fall.  
The poet and the wise man stand behind the gun,  
And signal for the crack of dawn.  
Light the sun.

Do you believe in the day? do you?  
Believe in the day! the dawn creation of the kings has  
begun.  
Soft venus (lonely maiden) brings the ageless one.  
Do you believe in the day?  
The fading hero has returned to the night -- and fully  
pregnant with the day,  
Wise men endorse the poets sight.  
Do you believe in the day? do you? believe in the day!

Let me tell you the tales of your life of  
Your love and the cut of the knife  
The tireless oppression  
The wisdom instilled  
The desire to kill or be killed.

Let me sing of the losers who lie in the street as the last  
bus goes by.  
The pavements ar empty: the gutters run red -- while  
the fool  
Toasts his God in the sky.

So come all ye young men who are building castles!  
Kindly state the time of the year and join your voices in  
a hellish chorus.  
Mark the precise nature of your fear.  
Let me help you pick up your dead as the sins of the  
father are fed  
With  
The blood of the fools and  
The thoughts of the wise and  
From the pan under your bed.  
Let me make you a present of song as  
The wise man breaks wind and is gone while  
The fool with the hour-glass is cooking his goose and  
The nursery rhyme winds along.

So! come all ye young men who are building castles!  
Kindly state the time of the year and join your voices in  
a hellish chorus.  
Mark the precise nature of your fear.  
See! the summer lightning casts it's bolts upon you  
And the hour of judgement draweth near.  
Would you be  
The fool stood in his suit of armour or  
The wiser man who rushes clear.  
So! come on ye childhood heroes!  
Wont your rise up from the pages of your comic-books  
Your super-crooks and  
Show us all the way.  
Well! make your will and testament.  
Wont you? join your local government.  
Well have superman for president  
Let robin save the day.  
So! where the hell was biggles when you needed him  
last saturday?  
And where were all the sportsmen who always pulled  
you through?  
They're all resting down in cornwall -- writing up their  
memoirs  
For a paper-back edition of the boy scout manual.

Of course  
So you ride yourselves over the fields and  
You make all your animal deals and  
Your wise men don't know how it feels to be thick as a  
brick.

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