

Jethro Tull

"Too Old To Rock N Roll: To Young To Die"

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Aqualung

Sitting on a park bench
eyeing little girls
with bad intent.
Snot running down his nose
greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.
Drying in the cold sun
Watching as the frilly panties run.
Feeling like a dead duck
spitting out pieces of his broken luck.

Sun streaking cold
an old man wandering lonely.
Taking time
the only way he knows.
Leg hurting bad,
as he bends to pick a dog end
goes down to a bog to
warm his feet.

Feeling alone
the army's up the rode
salvation a la mode and
a cup of tea.
Aqualung my friend
don't start away uneasy
you poor old sod
you see it's only me.

Do you still remember
December's foggy freeze
when the ice that
clings on to your beard is
screaming agony.
And you snatch your rattling last breaths
with deep-sea diver sounds,
and the flowers bloom like
madness in the spring.

