

Jethro Tulls Ian Anderson "Confessional"

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[Gerald the Banker]

I made my millions, stashed the pile in Swiss bank
havens, lost the lot
when Inland Revenue got wise. So, I did my time, my
time for what?

[Gerald the Homeless]

On the streets, a pretty pickle. I met a man who lifted
me.
Took me home for slap and tickle, in civil partnership,
pledged to me.

[Gerald the Chorister]

Enough of twisted overkill, Hellfire, damnation, voices
shrill.
I was rumbled, de-frocked and tumbled from grace
and favour, caught hand in till.

[Gerald the Military Man]

Invalided out of theatre. Civilian rehabilitation.
My time now given to help my brothers find cold feet,
lost building nations.

[Gerald: A Most Ordinary Man]

Sold the shop, flicked off the power switch. In silent
siding, Mallard must stay.
Carriages and sleek coal tender packed in boxes, sold
on eBay. Sold on eBay.

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