

## **Jethro Tulls Ian Anderson**

# **"What-ifs, Maybes And Might-have-beens"**

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We all must wonder, now and then,  
If things had turned out - well - just plain different.  
Chance path taken, page unturned or brief encounter,  
blossomed, splintered.  
Might I have been the man of courage, brave upon  
life's battlefield,  
Captain Commerce, high-flown banker, hedonistic,  
down-at-heel?  
A Puritan of moral fibre, voice raised in praise  
magnificent?  
Or rested in assured repose, knowing my lot in quiet  
content.

What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens fly, soft petals  
on a breeze.  
What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens.  
Why-nots, Perhaps and Wait-and-sees.

Suppose bold woman, quite unsuited, brave in  
adventure, sojourns wicked.  
Velvet touch and lips soft-centred, tossing hair, teeth  
bared in laughing.  
Imagine idyll Summers never-ending, Winter nights  
beside fire roaring.  
Touched by madness, filled with fondness, kissed by  
love, love without name.

What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens fly, soft petals  
on a breeze.  
What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens.  
Why-nots, Perhaps and Wait-and-sees.

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... two

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