

# Velvet Green

## Jethro Tull

Walking on velvet green, Scot's pine growing  
Isn't it rare to be taking the air?  
Singin', walking on velvet greenWalking on velvet green, distant cows lowing  
Never a care, with your legs in the air  
Loving, walking on velvet greenWon't you have my company? Yes, take it in your hands  
Go down on velvet green with a country man  
Who's a young girl's fancy and an old maid's dream  
Tell your mother that you walked all night on velvet greenOne dusky half hour's ride up to the North  
There lies your reputation and all that you're worth  
Where the scent of wild roses turns the milk to cream  
Tell your mother that you walked all night on velvet greenAnd the long grass blows in the evening cool  
And August's rare delights may be April's fool  
But think not of that my love, I'm tied against the seam  
And I'm growing up to meet you down on velvet greenNow I may tell you that it's love and not just lust  
And if we live the lie, let's lie in trust  
On golden daffodils, to catch the silver stream  
That washes out the wild oat seed on velvet greenWe'll dream as lovers under the stars  
Of civilizations raging afar  
And the ragged dawn breaks on your battle scars  
As you walk home cold and alone upon velvet greenWalking on velvet green, Scot's pine growing  
Isn't it rare to be taking the air?  
Singin', walking on velvet greenWalking on velvet green, distant cows lowing  
Never a care, with your legs in the air  
Loving, walking on velvet green

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