

A Passion Play

Jethro Tull

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Colors, I've none dark or light, red, white or blue
Cold is my touch freezing
Summons by name, I am the overseer over youOverseerGiven this command to watch over our miserable sphere
Fallen from grace, called on
To bring sun or rain, occasional corn from my oversight grewOverseerFell with mine angels from a far better
place
Offering services for the saving of face
Now you're here, you may as well admire, all whom living has retired
From the benign reconciliationLegends were born surrounding mysterious lights
Seen in the sky flashing
I just lit a fag and then took my leave in the blink of an eyeOverseer, overseerPassionate play join round the
maypole in dance
Primitive rite wrongly
Summoned by name, I am the overseer over youOverseer, overseer

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