

Fire at Midnight

Jethro Tull

I believe in fires at midnight
When the dogs have all been fed
A golden toddy on the mantle
A broken gun beneath the bed
Silken mist outside the window
Frogs and newts slip in the dark
Too much hurry ruins a body
I'll sit easy, fan the spark
Kindled by the dying embers
Of another working day
Go upstairs, take off your makeup
Fold your clothes neatly away
Me, I'll sit and write this love song
As I all too seldom do
Build a little fire this midnight
It's good to be back home with you
Kindled by the dying embers
Of another working day
Go upstairs, take off your makeup
Fold your clothes neatly away
Me, I'll sit and write this love song
As I all too seldom do
Build a little fire this midnight
It's good to be back home with you, back home with you
It's good to be back home with you
Home with you, with you

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