

Aqualung (Mixed and Mastered By Steven Wilson)

Jethro Tull

Sitting on a park bench
Eyeing little girls
With bad intent
Snot running down his nose
Greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes
Drying in the cold sun
Watching as the frilly panties run
Feeling like a dead duck
Spitting out pieces of his broken luck
Sun streaking cold
An old man wandering lonely
Taking time
The only way he knows
Leg hurting bad,
As he bends to pick a dog end
Goes down to a bog to
Warm his feet
Feeling alone
The army's up the rode
Salvation a la mode and
A cup of tea
Aqualung my friend
Don't start away uneasy
You poor old sod
You see it's only me
Do you still remember
December's foggy freeze
When the ice that
Clings on to your beard is
Screaming agony
And you snatch your rattling last breaths
With deep-sea diver sounds,
And the flowers bloom like
Madness in the spring
Sun streaking cold
An old man wandering lonely
Taking time
The only way he knows
Leg hurting bad,
As he bends to pick a dog end
Goes down to a bog to
Warm his feet
Feeling alone
The army's up the rode

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