

Scenario

Jethro Tull

In long years of ancient time
Stood alone a friend of mine
Reflected by the ever-burning sigh
Of a God who happened by And in the dawn, there came the song
Of some sweet lady singing in his ear
Your God has gone and from now on
You'll have to learn to hate the things you fear We want to know are we inside the womb?
Of passion plays in thy righteousness consumed?
Or just in lush contentment of our souls? And so began the age of man
And they left his body in the sand
Their glasses raised to a God on high
Who smiled upon them from the sky So take the stage
Spin down the ages
Loose the passion Spill the rage upon your son
Who holds the gun up to your head
The play's begun And God, the director, smells a rat
Pulls another rabbit from His hat
Sniffs the air and He says ``Well, that's that, I'm going"

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