

Acres Wild

Jethro Tull

I'll make love to you in all good places
Under black mountains in open spaces
By deep brown rivers, oh, that slither darkly
Through far marches where the blue hare races
Come with me to the winged isle
Northern father's western child
Where the dance of ages is playing still
Through far marches of acres wild
I'll make love to you in narrow side streets
With shuttered windows and crumbling chimneys
Come with me to the weary town
Discos silent under tiles
That slide from roof-tops, scatter softly
On concrete marches of acres wild
By red bricks pointed, oh, with cement fingers
Flaking damply from sagging shoulders
Come with me to the winged isle
Northern father's western child
Where the dance of ages is playing still
Through far marches of acres wild

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