

# The Dog-ear Years

## Jethro Tull

Rusted and ropy  
Dog-eared old copy  
Vintage and classic  
Or just plain Jurassic  
All words to describe me  
Relaxed in the knowledge  
That happily present  
Are all things to sustain me  
Nurture and claim me  
Roll back the mileage  
Oh, you have settled beside me  
To the far and the wide of me  
A matter of choosing  
Of finding and losing  
On the rough ride with me  
Take whiskey with water  
Kick stones down the gutter  
Think back to long days with  
Stale breath recycled in my face  
Rattling through airways  
Plastic on cold trays  
Watching through windows  
Deep landscapes below  
Another time and space  
There must come some time  
To walk through the night line  
Hands tight, heads high

These are the dog-ear years  
Don't turn back, don't linger  
For God's sake keep moving  
Primitive shadows sidle beside  
Rusted and ropy  
Dog-eared old copy  
Vintage and classic  
Or just plain Jurassic  
All words to describe me  
Relaxed in the knowledge  
That happily present

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Nurture and claim me  
Roll back the mileage  
Take whiskey with water  
Kick stones down the gutter  
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Stale breath recycled in my face  
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Plastic on cold trays  
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Deep landscapes below  
Another time and space  
The dog-ear years  
The dog-ear years

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