

Only Solitaire

Jethro Tull

Brain-storming, habit-forming, battle-warning weary
Winsome actor spewing, spineless chilling lines
The critics falling over to tell themselves, he's boring
And really not an awful lot of fun Well, who the hell can he be when he's never had V.D.
And he doesn't even sit on toilet seats?
Court-jesting, never-resting, he must be very cunning
To assume an air of dignity And bless us all with his oratory prowess
His lame-brained antics and his jumping in the air
And every night, his acts the same
And so it must be all a game of chess, he's playing But you're wrong, Steve
You see, it's only solitaire

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