17

Jethro Tull

I remember when we had a lot of things to do
Impressed by all the words we read
And the heroes that we knewClimb on to your dream
A dream of our own making
To find a place that we could later lose
To whatever time would bringWe were 17
And the cake man was affecting you
Moving you to greater things
In a lesser way you had to proveThe clock struck summertime
You were going round in circles now
Wishing you were seventeen
At twenty-one, it was a long time goneAnd now here you are
You're locked in your own excuse
The circle's getting smaller every day
You're busy planning the next fifty yearsSo stay the way you are
And keep your head down to the same old ground
Just paint your picture boy until you find
A closed circle's better than an open lineYes stay the way you are
I got a circle that's the same as yours
It may be bigger, but I've more to lose
Who is the luckier man, me or you?

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