

Left Right

Jethro Tull

The master playwright
Urges you to play right, play wrong
Life is long and every night's the first night
The wardrobe mistress
Urges you to dress left, dress right
What a mess when your underpants are too tight
Who's on the stage door
To help you find the way in, way out?
It's not a sin to be knowing that you don't know
When you breathe your last line
Will you make your exit stage left, stage right?
Well, you might decide while there's still time
You have an angel on your shoulder
But you wear the old God's horns
And you dance around the maypole
While the vicar makes a toast
To the pagan celebration
And extends an invitation to us all
So he can save us when we fall, oh
Who's your leading lady?
Will you help to get her off the bus?
It's best to pass the test before you get too lazy
Strike up the orchestra
Take your cues on the up-beat, beat down
Anyone who says he doesn't like the sound

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