Back-door Angels

Jethro Tull

In and out of the front door,
ran twelve back-door angels.
Their hair was a golden-brown
they didn't see me wink my eye.
'Tis said they put we men to sleep
with just a whisper,
And touch the heads of dying dogs
and make them linger.
They carry their candles high
and they light the dark hours.
And sweep all the country clean
with pressed and scented wild-flowers.
They grow all their roses red,
and paint our skies blue
drop one penny in every second bowl
make half the beggars lose,
why do the faithful have such a will
to believe in something?

And call it the name they choose,
having chosen nothing.

Think I'll sit down and invent some fool
some Grand Court Jester.
And next time the die is cast,
he'll throw a six or two.
In and out of the back-door ran
one front-door angel,
Her hair was a golden-brown
she smiled and I think she winked her eye.

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