

From a Dead Beat to an Old Greaser

Jethro Tull

From a dead beat to an old greaser, here's thinking of you.

You won't remember the long nights; coffee bars;

Black tights and white thighs in shop windows where blonde assistants fully-fashioned a world made of
dummies (with no mummies or daddies to reject them).

When bombs were banned every sunday and the shadows played f.b.i. and tired young sax-players sold their
instruments of torture --- sat in the station sharing wet dreams of charlie parker, jack
Ac, ren'e magritte, to name a few of the heroes who were too wise for their own good --- left the young brood to
go on living without them. old queers with young faces --- who remember your nam
Ough you're a dead beat with tired feet; two ends that don't meet. to a dead beat from an old greaser. think you
must have me all wrong. I didn't care, friend. I wasn't there, friend, if it's th
Ce of pint that you need, ask me again.

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