

Wicked Windows

Jethro Tull

I reviewed my past through wicked windows framed in silver
And hung in toughened glass, upon my face, around and over
Now and then, memories of men who loved me
No stolen kiss could match their march on hot coals for me I have walked a line both faint and narrow, hard to
follow
Caught up in circumstance, harsh truth for history to mellow
Through my eyes, loyalties and obligation magnified
Obedience, the better fellow Better not remember me, don't miss my passing
Fierce winter fails to ruffle my icy sleep
We never quite vanish, no wet soft surrender
Still waiting, bad blood running in close families I laughed like any child although you might find that strange
And Christmas was my favorite holiday
Christmas was my favorite holiday I am not alone in seeing the world through wicked windows
While others hide likewise behind this vulnerable squinting
It's in the stare, it's in the silent scrutinizing
Strip you bare, I offer you no more disguising Better not remember me, don't miss my passing
Fierce winter fails to ruffle my icy sleep
We never quite vanish, no wet soft surrender
Same bad blood running in new families

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