# Swing It Far

## Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson

I was no good on the rugger field.
Pushing and kicking, brutish boys bothered me.
Sensitive and caring seemed the lighter, brighter way to be.Mr Jennings, good housemaster, seemed instinctively to understand.
Touched me with his gentle presence.
Under bedclothes, underhand. Underhand.
Overnight, he did a runner, threatened with harsh expose.
I fell to pieces, dropped out of classes into life's endless melee.
Endless melee.Parents listened, didn't get it. Poof and Jesse, Daddy said.
Mummy tried but fussed and fretted, skeletons best left under bed.
Under the bed.Camden Market in the winter,
a cold stone's throw from Kentish Town.
Got a minute? Just the ticket!
Meet the boys and mess around.
And mess around.
Independence far from suburbia.
Doss down and dirty, tucked up tight.
How's your father? Not too chipper?
Serves the bugger flippin' right.
Flippin' right.Parents listened, didn't get it. Poof and Jesse, Daddy said.
Mummy tried but fussed and fretted, skeletons best left under bed.
On the streets a rude survival, hot like-minded overtures.
Sad departure, sweet arrival. If you don't like it, right up yours!There comes a point when deep conviction bears down hard on who you are.
Pointless to don cloak of denial,
get the lead out and swing it far... swing it far...
swing it far... swing it far... swing it far... swing it...

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