

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>