Confessional

Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson

[Gerald the Banker]
I made my millions, stashed the pile in Swiss bank havens, lost the lot
when Inland Revenue got wise. So, I did my time, my time for what?[Gerald the Homeless]
On the streets, a pretty pickle. I met a man who lifted me.
Took me home for slap and tickle, in civil partnership, pledged to me.[Gerald the Chorister]
Enough of twisted overkill, Hellfire, damnation, voices shrill.
I was rumbled, de-frocked and tumbled from grace and favour, caught hand in till.[Gerald the Military Man]
Invalided out of theatre. Civilian rehabilitation.
My time now given to help my brothers find cold feet, lost building nations.

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