

# Back Door Angels

## Jethro Tull

In and out of the front door, ran twelve back-door angels.  
Their hair was a golden-brown ---  
They didn't see me wink my eye.  
`tis said they put we men to sleep with just a whisper,  
And touch the heads of dying dogs --- and make them linger.  
They carry their candles high --- and they light the dark hours.  
And sweep all the country clean with pressed and scented wild-flowers.  
They grow all their roses red, and paint our skies blue ---  
Drop one penny in every second bowl ---  
Make half the beggars lose,  
Why do the faithful have such a will to believe in something?  
And call it the name they choose,  
Having chosen nothing.  
Think I'll sit down and invent some fool ---  
Some grand court jester.  
And next time the die is cast, he'll throw a six or two.  
In and out of the back-door, ran one front-door angel,  
Her hair was a golden-brown ---  
She smiled and I think she winked her eye.

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