Minstrel In The Gallery

Jethro Tull

The Minstrel in the Gallery looked down upon the smiling faces.
He met the gazes - observed the spaces between the old men's cackle.
He brewed a song of love and hatred - oblique suggestions - and he waited.
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters - static-humming panel-beaters - freshly day-glo'd factory cheaters (salaried and collar-scrubbing).
He titillated men-of-action - belly warming, hands still rubbing on the parts they never mention.
He pacified the nappy-suffering, infant-bleating one-line jokers - T.V. documentary makers (over-fed and undertakers).
Sunday paper backgammon players - family-scarred and women-haters.
Then he called the band down to the stage and he looked at all the friends he'd made.

The Minstrel in the Gallery looked down upon the smiling faces.
He met the gazes - observed the spaces in between the old men's cackle.
And he brewed a song of love and hatred - oblique suggestions - and he waited.
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters - static-humming panel-beaters.

The Minstrel in the Gallery looked down on the rabbit-run.
And threw away his looking-glass - saw his face in everyone.
Hey!

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The Minstrel in the Gallery looked down on the rabbit-run.
And he threw away his looking-glass and saw his face in everyone.
Hey!
The Minstrel in the Gallery. Yes!
Looked down upon the smiling faces.
He met the gazes. Yeah!
Mm. The Minstrel in the Gallery.

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