Wind-Up (New Stereo Mix)

Jethro Tull

When I was young and they packed me off to school
And taught me how not to play the game
I didn't mind if they groomed me for success
Or if they said that I was just a fool
So I left there in the morning
With their God tucked underneath my arm
Their half-assed smiles and the book of rulesAnd I asked this God a question
And by way of firm reply
He said "I'm not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays"
So to my old headmaster and to anyone who cares
Before I'm through I'd like to say my prayers
I don't believe you
You had the whole damn thing all wrong
He's not the kind you have to wind up on SundaysWell, you can excommunicate me on my way to Sunday school
And have all the bishops harmonize these linesHow do you dare tell me that I'm my father's son
When that was just an accident of birth
I'd rather look around me, compose a better song
'Cause that's the honest measure of my worth
In your pomp and all your glory you're a poorer man than me
As you lick the boots of death born out of fearWhen I was young and they packed me off to school
And taught me how not to play the game
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Or if they said that I was just a fool
So I left there in the morning
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And have all the bishops harmonize these linesI don't believe you
You had the whole damn thing all wrong
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays

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