

Crazed Institution

Jethro Tull

Just a little touch of make-up, just a little touch of bull
Just a little 3-chord trick embedded in your platform soul
You can wear a gold Piaget on your semaphore wrist
You can dance the old adage with a dapper new twist
And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium
Live and die upon your cross of platinum
Join the crazed institution of the stars
Be the man that you think you really are
(Know)
Crawl inside your major triad, curl up and laugh
As your agent scores another front page photograph
Is it them or is it you throwing dice inside the loo
Awaiting someone else to pull the chain
Well, grab the old bog-handle, hold your breath and light a candle
Clear your throat and pray for rain
To irrigate the corridors that echo in your brain
Filled with empty nothingness, empty hunger pains
And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium
Live and die upon your cross of platinum
Join the crazed institution of the stars
Be the man that you think you really are
(Know)

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