Broadford Bazaar

Jethro Tull

Dirty white caravans down our road, sailing.
Vivas, Cortinas, weaving in their wake.
With hot, red-faced drivers, horns flattened, fists whaling,
Putting trust in blind corners as they overtake.And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor-car."
There's home-dyed woolens, and wee plastic (Cuillins?)
(blessed?) (Cuchulains?)
[Cuchulain == mythical Irish hero --- wee plastic Cuchulains?]The day of the Broadford Bazaar.
Out of the north, no oil-rigs are drifting.
And jobs for the many are down to the few.
Blue-bottle choppers, they visit no longer.
Like flies to the jampots, they were just passing through.And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor-car"
Where once stood oil-rigs so phallic
There's only swear-words in Gaelic
To say at the Broadford bazaar.All kinds of people come down for the opening.
Crofters and cottiers, white (wild?) settlers galore.
[Crofter == farmer renting land]
[Cottier == farmer renting land]
And up on the hill, there's an old sheep that's dying,
But it had two new lambs born just a fortnight before.And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor-car."
We'll take pounds, francs and dollars from the well-heeled,
And stamps from the Green Shield.
The day of the Broadford Bazaar.

Songwriters
IAN ANDERSONPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/