

Wounded, Old And Treacherous

Jethro Tull

A walk on the quiet side late in the day
Don't mean to get in anybodys way
The Gods seem willing, sun's in the sky
Old crows cawing as the straight crows fly
There was a time when love was the law
There was a time for the tooth and the claw
Last rites given, no holds barred
Heaven express on my credit card
Now let me draw the jungle line
I won't cross yours if you don't cross mine
Won't make trouble, I don't need no fuss
But I'm wounded, old and I'm treacherous
Allow me to draw the jungle line
You cross it once, you cross some friends of mine
They won't make trouble, they don't need no fuss
But they're wounded, old and they're treacherous
In the crisp of evening on sacred ground
Ghosts of fathers pushing moonbeams round
Big cats prowling inside your head
They left for China, better left for dead
Let me draw the jungle line
I won't cross yours if you don't cross mine
I won't make trouble, I don't need no fuss
But I'm wounded, old and I'm treacherous
A walk on the quiet side, late in the day
Don't mean to get in anybodys way
The Gods seem willing, sun's in the sky
Old crows cawing as the straight crows fly
There was a time when love was the law
There was a time for the tooth and the claw
Last rites given, no holds barred
Heaven express on my credit card
Living mountains gonna shake that town
Big mother calling you from underground
She don't want trouble, she don't need no fuss
But she's wounded, old and she's treacherous