

Wind-Up

Jethro Tull

When I was young and they packed me off to school
And they taught me how not to play the game
Oh, 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 under my arm
Their half assed smiles and the book of rules Then 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" And to my old headmaster and to anyone who cares
Before I'm through I'd like to say my prayers
Oh, I don't believe you, you had the whole damn thing all wrong And he's not the kind you have to wind-up on
Sunday
Well, you can excommunicate me on my way to Sunday school
And have all the Bishops harmonize these lines How do you dare tell me that I'm my father's son
When that was just an accident of birth?
Oh, I'd rather look around me, compose a better song 'Cos that's the honest measure of my worth
And in your pomp and all your glory, you're a poorer man than me
As you lick the boots of death born out of fear When I was young and they packed me off to school
And they taught me how not to play the game
Oh, I didn't mind if they groomed me for success
Or if they said that I was just a fool And so I left there in the morning
With their God under my arm
The half assed smiles and the book of rules And you can excommunicate me on my way to Sunday school
And have all the Bishops harmonize these lines When I was young and they packed me off to school
And they taught me how not to play the game
Oh, I didn't mind if they groomed me for success
Or if they said that I was just a fool And so to my old headmaster and to anyone who cares
Before I'm through I'd like to say my prayers
And you can excommunicate me on my way to Sunday school
And have all the Bishops harmonize these lines I don't believe you, you had the whole damn thing all wrong
And he's not the kind you have to wind-up on a Sunday

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