

A Gift of Roses

Jethro Tull

I count the hours, you count the days
Together, we count the minutes in this Passion Play
Walk dusty miles and I ride that train
On a first class ticket, just to be with you again
Picking up tired feet back from a far horizon
Cleaned up and brushed down, dressed to look the part
Fresh from God's garden, I bring a gift of roses
To stand in sweet spring water and press them to your heart
Like the Kipling cat, I walk alone
Never inviting trouble, never casting the stone
But this badge of honor is of tarnished tin
Light your guiding beacon to bring this fisher in

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