

# Broadford Bazaar

## Jethro Tull

Dirty white caravans down narrow roads sailing  
Vivas, Cortinas, weaving in their wake  
With hot, red-faced drivers, horns' flattened fifths wailing  
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  
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 jam pots, 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 cottar's, white settlers galore  
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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>