

# Minstrel In the Gallery

## Jethro Tull

The minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down upon the smiling faces  
He met the gazes, observed the spaces  
Between the old men's cackleHe brewed a song of love and hatred  
Oblique suggestions and he waited  
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters  
Static-humming, panel-beaters  
Freshly day, glowed factory cheaters  
Salaried and collar-scrubbingHe titillated men of action  
Belly warming, hands still rubbing  
On the parts they never mention  
He pacified the nappy-suffering  
Infant-bleating, one-line jokers  
TV documentary makers, overfed and undertakersSunday paper, backgammon players  
Family-scarred and women-haters  
Then he called the band down to the stage  
And he looked at all the friends he'd madeThe minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down upon the smiling faces  
He met the gazes, observed the spaces  
In-between the old men's cackleAnd he brewed a song of love and hatred  
Oblique suggestions and he waited  
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters  
Static-humming, panel-beatersThe minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down on the rabbit-run  
And he threw away his looking-glass  
He saw his face in everyoneHe titillated men of action  
Belly warming, hands still rubbing  
On the parts they never mention  
Salaried and collar-scrubbingHe pacified the nappy-suffering  
Infant-bleating, one-line jokers  
TV documentary makers  
Overfed and undertakersSunday paper, backgammon players  
Family-scarred and women-haters  
Then he called the band down to the stage  
And he looked at all the friends he'd madeThe minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down on the rabbit-run  
And threw away his looking-glass  
He saw his face in everyoneThe minstrel in the gallery  
Looked down upon the smiling faces[Incomprehensible]

The minstrel in the gallery

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