

The Dog-Ear Years

Jethro Tull

Rusted and ropy
Dog-eared old copy
Vintage and classic
Or just plain Jurassic
All words to describe me
Relaxed in the knowledge
That happily present
Are all things to sustain me
Nurture and claim me
Roll back the mileage
Oh, you have settled beside me
To the far and the wide of me
A matter of choosing
Of finding and losing
On the rough ride with me
Take whiskey with water
Kick stones down the gutter
Think back to long days with
Stale breath recycled in my face
Rattling through airways
Plastic on cold trays
Watching through windows
Deep landscapes below
Another time and space
There must come some time
To walk through the night line
Hands tight, heads high
These are the dog-ear years
Don't turn back, don't linger
For God's sake keep moving
Primitive shadows sidle beside
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Dog-eared old copy
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Or just plain Jurassic
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