

Old Ghosts

Jethro Tull

Hair stands high on the cat's back like
A ridge of threatening hills
Sheepdogs howl, make tracks and growl
Their tails hanging low And young children falter in their games
At the altar of life's hide-and-seek
Between tall pillars, where sunday-night killers
In grey raincoats peek I'll be coming again like an old dog in pain
Blown through the eye of the hurricane
Down to the stones where old ghosts play Misty colours unfold a backcloth cold
Fine tapestry of silk
I draw around me like a cloak
And soundless glide a-drifting On eddies whirled in beech leaves furled
Brown and gold they fly
In the warm mesh of sunlight
Sifting now from a cloudless sky I'll be coming again like an old dog in pain
Blown through the eye of the hurricane
Down to the stones where old ghosts play Yes I'll be coming again like an old dog in pain
Blown through the eye of the hurricane
Down to the stones where old ghosts play

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