

Requiem

Jethro Tull

Well, I saw a bird today, flying from a bush and the wind blew it away
And the black-eyed mother sun scorched the butterfly at play
Velvet veined, I saw it burn
With a wintry storm-blown sigh, a silver cloud blew right on by
And, taking in the morning, I sang, "Oh Requiem"
Well, my lady told me, "Stay"
I looked aside and walked away along the strand
But I didn't say a word, as the train time-table blurred
Close behind the taxi stand
Saw her face in the tear-drop black cab window
Fading in the traffic watched her go
And taking in the morning, heard myself singing, "Oh Requiem"
Here I go again, it's the same old story

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