

# Strange Avenues

## Jethro Tull

Strange avenues where you lose all sense of direction  
And everywhere is main street, in the winter sun  
The wino sleeps, cold coat lined with the money section  
Looking like a record cover from 1971  
And here am I, warm feet and a limo waiting  
Shall I make us both feel good? And would a dollar do?  
But in your streets, I have no credit rating  
And it might not take a lot, to be alone just like you  
Heading up and out now, from your rock island  
Really good to have had you here with me  
And somewhere in the crowd I think I hear a young girl whisper, whisper  
"Are you ever lonely, just like me?"

Lyrics provided by

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