

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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