

Solitaire

Jethro Tull

Brain storming, habit forming, battle warning
Weary winsome actor spewing spineless chilling lines
The critics falling over to tell themselves he's boring
And really not an awful lot of fun Well, who the hell can he be when he's never had V.D.
And he doesn't even sit on toilet seats?
Court jesting, never resting, he must be very cunning
To assume an air of dignity and bless us all with his oratory prowess His lame brained antics and his jumping in
the air
And every night his act's the same
And so it must be all a game of chess he's playing
But you're wrong, Steve, you see, it's only solitaire

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