

Singing All Day

Jethro Tull

Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing Ooh, my, my, my
Ooh, my, my, my Went down to the station to look for her there
Looked through the crowds for a glimpse of her hair
Nothing to see but the crowds keep a-staring at me My, my,
Ooh, my, my, my Down in the street, tryin' to remember
Shuffling my feet outside a menswear
Is that her in the fur coat?
No, it's not December yet My, my, my
Ooh, my, my, my
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing Back to the house, maybe she'll phone me
Singing my song, feeling so lonely
I'll sing very softly, so if the phone rings
I can hear it, I can hear it Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing Ooh, my, my, my
Ooh, my, my, my

Songwriters

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