

# Mayhem Maybe

## Jethro Tull

When [Incomprehensible] workin' nights, the village round  
The old church becomes scary town  
All curtained windows and bolted doors  
But never an eye to seeAs us fairy folks sweep from the hill  
Never caught us and never will  
Pulling roses and daffodils  
Mayhem in the high degreeThe blacksmith chased us all to ground  
They searched all night we were never found  
The tinker boys and the Sheriff's men  
Shaking the tallest treeAnd we sat and watched the women hide  
Laughed so much we split our sides  
Scattered horses that they would ride  
Mayhem in the high degreeWe crossed through fields of midnight green  
Often heard but seldom seen  
Tore down hedges, stripping leaves  
No one could quite agreeWhether we came from North or South  
We stole the screams from out their mouths  
And go where no man would allow  
Mayhem in the high degreeLike scaly carp and feathered swan  
To nature's world we do belong  
We ride the thin winds of the night  
And set dark spirits freeWe terrify the mare and foal  
The fox stood still and far too bold  
Huh, so we strung him up, brush neatly folded  
Mayhem, maybe

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