

# A Gift Of Roses

## Jethro Tull

I count the hours, you count the days  
Together, we count the minutes in this Passion Play  
Walk dusty miles and I ride that train  
On a first class ticket, just to be with you again  
Picking up tired feet back from a far horizon  
Cleaned up and brushed down, dressed to look the part  
Fresh from God's garden, I bring a gift of roses  
To stand in sweet spring water and press them to your heart  
Like the Kipling cat, I walk alone  
Never inviting trouble, never casting the stone  
But this badge of honor is of tarnished tin  
Light your guiding beacon to bring this fisher in

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