

Roots to Branches

Jethro Tull

Words get written, words get twisted
Old meanings move in the drift of time
Lift the flickering torches, see gentle shadows change
The features of the faces cut in unmoving stoneBad mouth on a prayer day
Hope no one's listening
Roots down in the wet clay
Branches glisteningTrue disciples carrying that message
To color just a little with their personal touch
Home-spun fancy weavers and naked half believers
Crusades and creeds descend like fiery flakes of snowBad mouth on a prayer day
Hope no one's listening
Roots down in the wet clay
Branches glisteningRoots to branches
Roots to branches
Roots to branchesIn wet and windy priest holes, grand in vast cathedrals
High on lofty minarets or in a temples of doom
I hope the old man's got his face on
He'd better be some quick change artist
Suffer little children to make their minds up soonBad mouth on a prayer day
Hope no one's listening
Roots down in the wet clay
Branches glisteningRoots to branches
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