

# Left Right

## Jethro Tull

The master playwright  
Urges you to play right, play wrong  
Life is long and every night's the first night  
The wardrobe mistress  
Urges you to dress left, dress right  
What a mess when your underpants are too tight  
Who's on the stage door  
To help you find the way in, way out?  
It's not a sin to be knowing that you don't know  
When you breathe your last line  
Will you make your exit stage left, stage right?  
Well, you might decide while there's still time  
You have an angel on your shoulder  
But you wear the old God's horns  
And you dance around the maypole  
While the vicar makes a toast  
To the pagan celebration  
And extends an invitation to us all  
So he can save us when we fall, oh  
Who's your leading lady?  
Will you help to get her off the bus?  
It's best to pass the test before you get too lazy  
Strike up the orchestra  
Take your cues on the up-beat, beat down  
Anyone who says he doesn't like the sound

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