

Thick as a Brick (part 1)

Jethro Tull

Really don't mind if you sit this one out. My words but a whisper your deafness a SHOUT.

I may make you feel but I can't make you think.

Your sperm's in the gutter your love's in the sink.

So you ride yourselves over the fields and

You make all your animal deals and

Your wise men don't know how it feels

To be thick as a brick. And the sand-castle virtues are all swept away in

The tidal destruction

The moral melee.

The elastic retreat rings the close of play

As the last wave uncovers

The newfangled way.

But your new shoes are worn at the heels and

Your suntan does rapidly peel and

Your wise men don't know how it feels

To be thick as a brick. And the love that I feel, is so far away

I'm a bad dream that I just had today and you

Shake your head and

Say it's a shame. Spin me back down the years

and the days of my youth.

Draw the lace and black curtains

and shut out the whole truth.

Spin me down the long ages, let them sing the song.

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