

Aqualung

Jethro Tull

Sitting on a park bench
Eyeing little girls with bad intent.
Snot is running down his nose
Greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.
Hey aqualung!
Drying in the cold sun
Watching as the frilly panties run.
Hey aqualung!
Feeling like a dead duck
Spitting out pieces of his broken luck.

Sun streaking cold
An old man wandering lonely.
Taking time
The only way he knows.
Leg hurting bad,
As he bends to pick a dog-end
He goes down to the park and
Warms his feet.
Feeling alone
The army's up the road
Salvation a la mode and
A cup of tea.
Aqualung my friend
Don't ya start away uneasy
You poor old sod
You see it's only me.

Do you still remember
December's foggy freeze
And the ice that clings on to your beard
Is screaming agony
And you snatch your rattling last breaths
With deep-sea diver sounds,
And the flowers bloom like
Madness in the spring.

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