Dark Ages

Jethro Tull

Darlings are you ready for the long winter's fall?
Said the lady in her parlor
Said the butler in the hall
Is there time for another?Cried the drunkard in his sleep not likely
Said the little child, what's done
The lord can keep
And the vicar stands a-prayingAnd the television dies
As the white dot flickers and is gone
And no-one stops to cry
The big jet rumbles over runway milesThat scar the patchwork green
Where slick tycoons and rich buffoons
Have opened up the seam
Of golden nights and champagne flightsAd-man overkill and in the haze consumer crazed
We take the sugar pill
Jagged fires mark the picket lines
The politicians weep and mealy-mouthedThrough corridors of power on tip-toe creep
Come and see bureaucracy make its final heave
And let the new disorder through
While senses take their leaveFamilies screaming line the streets
And put the windows through an corner shops
Where keepers kept the country's life-blood blue
Take their pick and try the trickWith loaves and fishes shared
And the vicar shouts as the lights go out
And no-one really cares dark ages
Shaking the dead closed pagesBetter not read
Cold rages burn in your head

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