Aqualung

Jethro Tull

Sitting on a park bench
Eyeing little girls
With bad intent
Snot 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... oh, aqualungSun 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
Goes down to the bog 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 start away uneasy
You poor old sot
You see it's only meDo you still remember
December's foggy freeze
When the ice that
Clings on to your beard was
Screaming agony
And you snatch your rattling last breaths
With deep-sea diver sounds
And the flowers bloom like
Madness in the spring
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
Goes down to the bog and
Warms his feetFeeling alone
The army's up the road
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Feeling like a dead duck
Spitting out pieces of his broken luck... oh, aqualungwo-o-o aqualungggggg...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/