Thick As a Brick (Edit No. 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.
See there! A son is born
and we pronounce him fit to fight.
There are black-heads on his shoulders,
and he pees himself in the night.
We'll make a man of him
put him to trade
teach him to play Monopoly
and not to sing in the rain.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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