## Jethro Tull, Bends Like A Willow

She's catching the wind: the gentlest of breezes.

It's a sensitive passage she's sailing -

Through stormy straits, navigates my unfathomable failings.

She rises before me, reading me clearly.

Empty nest left pressed in the pillow.

She can shift, she can sway

and bend like a willow.

I'm swept in the riptide. Caught in a fish trap.

Gift - wrapped in my soft self centre.

Summer sun leaves me as one who can only taste winter.

She's a good, a good God - send: she can bend like a willow.

With a fully armed angel to cover me quickly.

I'm cool under enemy fire.

If I fall, she can crawl right under the wire.

When I'm caustic and cold she might dare to be bold -

ease me round to her warm way of thinking:

fill me up from the cup of love that she's drinking.

And I find given time. I can bend like a willow.

She bends like a willow.