

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.