

Jethro Tull, It All Trickles Down

There's a dragon-tail swishing behind tonight.
Poison's rising. I'm up too tight.
I might not be responsible
for the things that I might do.

My tanks are full and my dogs are loose.
Bees in my bonnet. Stew in juice.
Saut-simmer, shallow-fry
when it all trickles down to you.
It all trickles down.
Yes it all trickles down.
Well it all trickles down,
from me to you.

My day was rough, don't care about yours.
I put muddy feet on your polished floor.
A goose to cook, a job that I'm
well qualified to do.
And it all trickles down.
Yes it all trickles down.
Well it all trickles down
from me to you.

Would be the one, would be the tea on toast.
Would be the Son, would be the Holy Ghost.
If this is not believable
then you've just had one too few.

Would be the mad Jack to your Queen of Spades.
A little Mac in your burger trade.
One dead-cert consequence --
it all trickles down to you.
And it all trickles down.
Yes it all trickles down.
Well it all trickles down
from me to you.

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