

# Jethro Tull, Jack In The Green

Have you seen Jack-In-The-Green?  
With his long tail hanging down.  
He quietly sits under every tree ---  
in the folds of his velvet gown.  
He drinks from the empty acorn cup  
the dew that dawn sweetly bestows.  
And taps his cane upon the ground ---  
signals the snowdrops it's time to grow.

It's no fun being Jack-In-The-Green ---  
no place to dance, no time for song.  
He wears the colours of the summer soldier ---  
carries the green flag all the winter long.

Jack, do you never sleep ---  
does the green still run deep in your heart?  
Or will these changing times,  
motorways, powerlines,  
keep us apart?  
Well, I don't think so ---  
I saw some grass growing through the pavements today.

The rowan, the oak and the holly tree  
are the charges left for you to groom.  
Each blade of grass whispers Jack-In-The-Green.  
Oh Jack, please help me through my winter's night.  
And we are the berries on the holly tree.  
Oh, the mistlethrush is coming.  
Jack, put out the light.