

Jethro Tull, Living In These Hard Times

The bomb's in the china. The fat's in the fire.
There's no turkey left on the table.
The commuter's return on the six o'clock flyer
brings no bale of hay for the stable.
Well, the light, it is failing along the green belt
as we follow the hard road signs.
Semi-detached in our suburban-ness ---
we're living in these hard times.

Well the fly's in the milk and the cat's in the stew.
Another bun in the oven --- oh, what to do?
We'll laugh and we'll sing and try to bring
a pound from your pocket.
Good day to you.
Oh, these hard times.

The politicians sat on the wall
and traded with the union game.
Someone slapped a writ on our deficit ---
not a penny left to our name.
Oh, the times are hard and the credits lean,
and they toss and they turn in sleep.
And the line they take is the line they make ---
but it's not the line they keep.

The cow jumped over yesterday's moon
and the lock ran away with the key.
You know what you like, and you like what you know
but there is no jam for tea.
Well the light it is failing along the green belt
as we follow the hard road signs.
Semi-detached in our suburban-ness ---
we're living in these hard times.