

Jethro Tull, Minstrel In The Gallery (Edited Version)

The minstrel in the gallery
looked down upon the smiling faces.
He met the gazes observed the spaces
between the old men's cackle.
He brewed a song of love and hatred,
oblique suggestions and he waited.
He polarized the pumpkin-eaters,
static-humming panel-beaters,
freshly day-glow'd factory cheaters
(salaried and collar-scrubbing).
He titillated men-of-action
belly warming, hands still rubbing
on the parts they never mention.
He pacified the nappy-suffering, infant-bleating,
one-line jokers, T.V. documentary makers
(overfed and undertakers).
Sunday paper backgammon players
family-scarred and women-haters.
Then he called the band down to the stage
and he looked at all the friends he'd made.

The minstrel in the gallery
looked down on the rabbit-run.
And threw away his looking-glass -
saw his face in everyone.