

# Jethro Tull, One White Duck

There's a haze on the skyline, to wish me on my way.  
And there's a note on the telephone some roses on a tray.  
And the motorway's stretching right out to us all,  
as I pull on my old wings one white duck on your wall.  
Isn't it just too damn real? One white duck on your wall.  
One duck on your wall.  
I'll catch a ride on your violin strung upon your bow.  
And I'll float on your melody sing your chorus soft and low.  
There's a picture-view postcard to say that I called.  
You can see from the fireplace, one white duck on your wall.  
Isn't it just too damn real? One white duck on your wall.  
One duck on your wall. One duck on your wall.

So fly away Peter and fly away Paul  
from the finger-tip ledge of contentment.  
Well, the long restless rustle of high-heeled boots calls.  
And I'm probably bound to deceive you after all.

Something must be wrong with me and my brain  
if I'm so patently unrewarding.  
But my dreams are for dreaming and best left that way  
and my zero to your power of ten equals nothing at all.

There's no double-lock defense; there's no chain on my door.  
I'm available for consultation,  
But remember your way in is also my way out,  
and love's four-letter word is no compensation.

Well, I'm the Black Ace dog-handler: I'm a waiter on skates  
so don't you jump to your foreskin conclusion.  
Because I'm up to my deaf ears in cold breakfast trays  
to be cleared before I can dine on your sweet Sunday lunch confusion.