

# Jethro Tull, Passion Play Extract

Lover of the black and white it's your first night.  
The Passion Play, goes all the way, spoils your insight.  
Tell me how the baby's made, how the lady's laid,  
why the old dogs howl with sadness.

And your little sister's immaculate virginity  
wings away on the bony shoulders of a young horse named George  
who stole surreptitiously into her geography revision.  
(The examining body examined her body.)

Actor of the low-high Q, let's hear your view.  
Peek at the lines upon your sleeves since your memory won't do.  
Tell me, how the baby's graded, how the lady's faded,  
why the old dogs howl with sadness.

The dressing room is right behind.  
We've got you taped, you're in the play.  
How does it feel to be in the play?  
How does it feel to play the play?  
How does it feel to be the play?

Man of passion rise again, we won't cross you out;  
for we do love you like a son, of that there's no doubt.  
Tell us, is it you who are here for our good cheer?  
Or are we here for the glory,  
for the story,  
for the gory satisfaction of telling you how absolutely awful you really are?