

Jethro Tull, Wind Up

When I was young and they packed me off to school
And taught me how not to play the game,
I didn't mind if they groomed me for success,
Or if they said that I was a fool.

So I left there in the morning
With their God tucked underneath my arm -
Their half-assed smiles and the book of rules.

And I asked this God a question
And by way of firm reply,
He said - I'm not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.

So to my old headmaster (and to anyone who cares):
Before I'm through I'd like to say my prayers -

I don't believe you:
You had the whole damn thing all wrong -
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.
Well you can excommunicate me on my way to Sunday school
And have all the bishops harmonize these lines -

How do you dare tell me that I'm my Father's son
When that was just an accident of Birth.
I'd rather look around me - compose a better song
'cos that's the honest measure of my worth.
In your pomp and all your glory you're a poorer man than me,
As you lick the boots of death born out of fear.

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