

# Jethro Tull, Wounded, Old And Treacherous

A walk on the quiet side, late in the day --  
Don't mean to get in anybody's way.  
The Gods seem willing: sun's in the sky.  
Old crows cawing as the straight crows fly.  
There was a time when love was the law.  
There was a time for the tooth and the claw.  
Last rites given, no holds barred.  
Heaven Express on my credit card.

Now let me draw the jungle line --  
I won't cross yours if you don't cross mine.  
Won't make trouble, I don't need no fuss.  
But I'm wounded, old and I'm treacherous.

Allow me to draw the jungle line --  
you cross it once, you cross some friends of mine.  
They won't make trouble, they don't need no fuss  
but they're wounded, old and they're treacherous.

In the crisp of evening, on sacred ground --  
Ghosts of fathers pushing moonbeams round.  
Big cats prowling inside your head --  
They left for China; better left for dead.

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But I'm wounded, old and I'm treacherous.

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living mountains going to shake that town --  
big mother calling you from underground.  
She don't want trouble, she don't need no fuss.  
But she's wounded, old and treacherous.