

Ian Anderson, A Hand Of Thumbs

My hand of thumbs is shaking
I am so glad to meet you
All tongue-tied and twisted
My lips stuck like glue

More than a lifetime to say, "How are you?"
More than an ocean to cross becalmed.
Less than a second to sink in silence.
Yours truly, I remain disarmed.

Saw you peeping from the corner.
Your eyes seemed to call hello.
I'm all too easily mistaken,
My feet unsteady as they go.

Was I a suave and confident trickster
I would sweep you up and carry you down
To raspberry meadows under diamond skies
and just mess around. Just mess around.