

Jethro Tull, Acres Wild

I'll make love to you
in all good places
under black mountains
in open spaces.

By deep brown rivers
that slither darkly
through far marches
where the blue hare races.

Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
northern father's western child.

Where the dance of ages is playing still
through far marches of acres wild.

I'll make love to you
in narrow side streets
with shuttered windows,
crumbling chimneys.

Come with me to the weary town ---
discos silent under tiles
that slide from roof-tops, scatter softly
on concrete marches of acres wild.

By red bricks pointed
with cement fingers
Flaking damply from sagging shoulders.

Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
northern father's western child.

Where the dance of ages is playing still
through far marches of acres wild.