

Jethro Tull, Critique Oblique (A Passion Play)

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 dog howls in 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 madness.

All of this and some of that's the only way to skin the cat.
And now you've lost a skin or two, you're for us and we for you.
The dressing room is right behind,
We've got you taped, you're in 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?

There was a rush along the Fulham Road.
There was a hush in the Passion Play.