

Jethro Tull, Gold-Tipped Boots, Black Jacket And

I'm banered and bruised. I got lines I can't use.
My head won't deliver. Well, I'm sold down the river.
But I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
Well, I'm turning again.
And I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.

Well, I've been second to none:
this horse was ready to run.
Now I'm has-been and used:
disarmed and de-fused
but I'm turning again.
And I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.

I'm egg over-easy
and I'm washing-up squeezy.
Appliance for sale:
fat wind in my sail
and I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
Well, I'm turning again.
Yes, `n' I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.
Well, I'm turning again.