

# Jethro Tull, One White Duck/010 = Nothing At All

There's a haze on the skyline, to wish me on my way.  
And there's a note on the telephone --- some roses on a  
tray.

And the motorway's stretching right out to us all,  
as I pull on my old wings --- one white duck  
on your wall.

Isn't it just too damn real?

I'll catch a ride on your violin --- strung upon your bow.  
And I'll float on your melody --- sing your chorus soft  
and low.

There's a picture-view postcard to say that I called.  
You can see from the fireplace, one white duck  
on your wall.

Isn't it just too damn real?

So fly away Peter and fly away Paul --- from the  
finger-tip ledge of contentment.

The long restless rustle of high-heeled boots calls.  
And I'm probably bound to deceive you after all.

Something must be wrong with me and my brain ---  
if I'm so patently unrewarding.

But my dreams are for dreaming and best left that  
way --- and my zero to your power of ten equals  
nothing at all.

There's no double-lock defense; there's no chain on my door.  
I'm available for consultation,  
But remember your way in is also my way out, and  
love's four-letter word is no compensation.

Well, I'm the Black Ace dog-handler: I'm a waiter on  
skates --- so don't you jump to your foreskin conclusion.  
Because I'm up to my deaf ears in cold breakfast trays ---  
to be cleared before I can dine on your sweet Sunday  
lunch confusion.