

# Jethro Tull, Rare & Precious Chain

Rare and precious chain --  
Do I have to tell you, tell you once again?  
Under red lights, on soft nights, it all comes back to you.  
Rare and precious chain --  
Binds me to your soul round gently pulsing veins.  
Shackled tight, feel love's bite coming back to you.

No gold of fools.  
No hostage taking.  
No engagement rules.  
To leave you forsaken.

Tiny beads of sweat --  
Thin diamond glistening, glistening around your neck,

Forgotten rooms, dark catacombs  
They all come back to you.

No crock of glittering prizes.  
No sharply worded telegram.  
No excuses for the word-weary.  
No excuses for who I am.

It's a rare and precious chain.  
Around your neck I place it, place it once again.  
Drawn finger tight, feel love's bite coming back to you.  
Under red lights, on soft nights, it all comes back to you.  
Rare and precious chain.