

Jethro Tull, The Zealot Gene

Half of us are in the apple
Half of us are in the pie
All of us are in the pudding
When the last bus has gone by

Someone has to take the high road
Someone has to make the bed
No-one has the right to tell you
To lie down when all is said

The black and white, the stereotype
The polarising pitch at play
While some of us sit in between
Interminable shades of grey

No need to walk the tightrope
Set out on that great divide
The balance scales may tremble
But the featherweights are on our side

Carrying the Zealot gene
Right or left, no in between
Beware, beware the Zealot gene
Naked flame near gasoline

The populist with dark appeal
The pandering to hate
Which xenophobic scaremongers
Deliver on a plate

To tame the pangs of hunger
And satisfy the lust
Slave to ideology
Moderation bites the dust

Bee buzzing in your bonnet
And a wasp right up the bum
A V-8 under hood
A cocked hammer under thumb

Ear-splitting twitter thunder
And a screaming banshee wail
You got too many opinions
And a tom cat by the tail

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