

Jethro Tull, Thick As A Brick Part 2

See there! A man born - and we pronounce him fit for peace.
There's a load lifted from his shoulders with the discovery of his disease.
We'll take the child from him put it to the test
Teach it to be a wise man how to fool the rest.

In the clear white circles of morning wonder,
I take my place with the lord of the hills.
And the blue-eyed soldiers stand slightly discoloured
In neat little rows sporting canvas frills.
With their jock-straps pinching, they slouch to attention,
While queueing for sarnies at the office canteen.
Saying -- how's your granny and
Good old Ernie: he coughed up a tenner on a premium bond win.

The legends worded in the ancient tribal hymn lie cradled in the seagull's call.
And all the promises they made are ground beneath the sadist's fall.
The poet and the wise man stand behind the gun, behind the gun
And signal for the crack of dawn. Light the sun. Light the sun.

Do you believe in the day?
Do you? Believe in the day!
The Dawn Creation of the Kings has begun.
Soft Venus lonely maiden brings the ageless one.

Do you believe? Believe in the day!
Do you believe in the day?
The fading hero has returned to the night
And fully pregnant with the day,
Wise men endorse the poet's sight.
Do you believe in the day?
Do you? Believe in the day!

Let me tell you the tales of your life,
Of your love and the cut of the knife
The tireless oppression the wisdom instilled,
The desire to kill or be killed.
Let me sing of the losers who lie in the street as the last bus goes by.
The pavements are empty: the gutters run red - while the fool toasts his god in the sky.

So come all ye young men who are building castles!
Kindly state the time of the year
And join your voices in a hellish chorus.
Mark the precise nature of your fear.

Let me help you to pick up your dead
As the sins of the father are fed
With the blood of the fools and
The thoughts of the wise
And from the pan under your bed.
Let me make you a present of song
As the wise man breaks wind and is gone
While the fool with the hour-glass is cooking his goose
And the nursery rhyme winds along.

So! Come all ye young men who are building castles!
Kindly state the time of the year
And join your voices in a hellish chorus.
Mark the precise nature of your fear.
See! The summer lightning casts its bolts upon you
And the hour of judgement draweth near.
Would you be the fool
Stood in his suit of armour
Or the wiser man who rushes clear.

So! Come on ye childhood heroes!
Won't you rise up from the pages
of your comic-books your super-crooks
And show us all the way.
Well! Make your will and testament.
Won't you? Join your local government.
We'll have Superman for president
Let Robin save the day.

So! Where the hell was Biggles when you needed him last Saturday?
And where were all the sportsmen who always pulled you through?
They're all resting down in Cornwall -
Writing up their memoirs for a paper-back edition of the Boy Scout Manual.

So you ride yourselves over the fields
And you make all your animal deals
And your wise men don't know how it feels
To be thick as a brick.