

Broadford Bazaar

Jethro Tull

Dirty white caravans down our road, sail.
Vivas, Cortinas, weaving in their wake.
With hot, red-faced drivers, horns flattened, fists wailing,
Putting trust in blind corners as they overtake.

And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor car.''
There's home-dyed woolens, and wee plastic Coulines
[Coulines - mountains on Isle of Skye]
The day of the Broadford Bazaar.

Out of the north, no oil-rigs are drifting.
And jobs for the many are down to the few.
Bluebottle choppers, they visit no longer.
Like flies to the jampots, they were just passing through.

And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor car''

Where once stood oil rigs so phallic
There's only swear-words in Gaelic
To say at the Broadford bazaar.

All kinds of people come down for the opening.
Crofters and cotters, wild settlers galore.
[Crofter - farmer renting land]
[Cotter - one who performed labour in exchange for the right to
live in a cottage]
And up on the hill, there's an old sheep that's dying,
But it had two new lambs born just a fortnight before.

And it's ``All come willing now,
Spend a shilling now,
Stack up the back of your new motor car.''
We'll take pounds, francs and dollars from the well-heeled,
And stamps from the Green Shield.
The day of the Broadford Bazaar.