

# I Don't Want To Be Me

Jethro Tull

Got a grand house out in the country.  
Marble pillars holding the door.  
Empty bottles lining the wall from the night before.  
Got a Roller out in the garage.  
But the wheels are stuck to the floor.  
Got no reason to go anywhere--no friends call anymore.  
I don't want to be me, I don't want to be me,  
I know it's hard to see, But I don't want to be me.

Had me playing down at the palace.  
I was declared the belle of the ball.  
Made the boys take my goods and chattels away--  
now I'm staring at an empty hall.  
I don't want to be me.

Pardon me--I'm on my way.  
Pardon me but I'm going.  
Taking on the simple life and I feel the grass roots growing.  
I'm going to ride the ragged road--  
diamond spurs jangling into the sunset.  
No circuits running overload--Well maybe I'm not done yet.

Now there's nothing left in the cupboard  
and three bears' been eating my soup.  
My life is one big critical mess if you take a look.  
And the butler's off in Ibiza on expense account gone berserk.  
But I can't check out of this crazy world  
without being a jerk--I don't want to be me.