

One Brown Mouse

Jethro Tull

Smile your little smile take some tea with me awhile.
Brush away that black cloud from your shoulder.
Twitch your whiskers. Feel that you're really real.
Another tea-time another day older.

Puff warm breath on your tiny hands.
You wish you were a man
who every day can turn another page.
Behind your glass you sit and look
at my ever-open book:
One brown mouse sitting in a cage.

Do you wonder if I really care for you,
Am I just the company you keep?
Which one of us exercises on the old treadmill,
Who hides his head, pretending to sleep?

Smile your little smile take some tea with me awhile.
And every day we'll turn another page.
Behind our glass we'll sit and look
at our ever-open book:
One brown mouse sitting in a cage.