

Life Is a Long Song

Ian Anderson

When you're falling awake
And you take stock of the new day
And you hear your voice croak
As you choke on what you need to say,
Well, don't you fret, don't you fear,
I will give you good cheer.
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song.
If you wait then your plate I will fill.
As the verses unfold and your soul
Suffers the long day
And the twelve o'clock gloom
Spins the room, you struggle on your way,
Well, don't you sigh, don't you cry,
Lick the dust from your eye.
We'll meet in the sweet light of dawn.
As the Baker Street train spills your pain
All over your new dress
And the symphony sounds underground
Puts you under duress,
Well, don't you squeal as the heel
Grinds you under the weels.
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song,
Life's a long song,
But the tune ends too soon for us all.