

## A Gift of Roses

Jethro Tull

I count the hours... you count the days.  
Together, we count the minutes in this Passion Play.  
Walk dusty miles. And I ride that train  
on a first class ticket, just to be with you again.

Picking up tired feet. Back from a far horizon.  
Cleaned up and brushed down. Dressed to look the part.  
Fresh from God's garden, I bring a gift of roses...  
To stand in sweet spring water and press them to your heart.

Like the Kipling cat, I walk alone -  
Never inviting trouble, never casting the stone.  
But this badge of honour is of tarnished tin.  
Light your guiding beacon to bring this fisher in.