

## Back-Door Angels

Jethro Tull

In and out of the front door,  
Ran twelve back-door angels.  
Their hair was a golden-brown  
They didn't see me wink my eye.

'Tis said they put we men to sleep  
With just a whisper,  
And touch the heads of dying dogs  
And make them linger.

They carry their candles high  
And they light the dark hours.  
And sweep all the country clean  
With pressed and scented wild-flowers.

They grow all their roses red,  
And paint our skies blue  
Drop one penny in every second bowl  
Make half the beggars lose,

Why do the faithful have such a will  
To believe in something?  
And call it the name they choose,  
Having chosen nothing.

Think I'll sit down and invent some fool  
Some Grand Court Jester.  
And next time the die is cast,  
He'll throw a six or two.

In and out of the back-door ran  
One front-door angel,  
Her hair was a golden-brown  
She smiled and I think she winked her eye.