

Cross-Eyed Mary

Jethro Tull

Who would be a poor man, a beggarman, a thief - if he had a rich man in his hand.

And who would steal the candy from a laughing baby's mouth if he could take it from the money man.

Cross-eyed Mary goes jumping in again.

She signs no contract but she always plays the game.

She dines in Hampstead village on expense accounted gruel, and the jack-knife barber drops her off at school.

Laughing in the playground gets no kicks from little boys: would rather make it with a leaching grey.

Or maybe her attention is drawn by Aqualung who watches through the railings as they play.

Cross-eyed Mary finds it hard to get along.

She's a poor man's rich girl and she'll do it for a song.

She's the rich man stealer but her favour's good and strong: she's the Robin Hood of Highgate- helps the poor man get along.