

Down at the End of Your Road

Jethro Tull

I am your neighbor. I seem most respectable,
But underneath I'm an iniquitous toad.
So many dreadful mishaps have befallen you
down at the end of your road.
And I live down the end of your road.

I'm working on ways to remove you from paradise,
from your striped lawn and your new swimming pool.
I place broken bottles in your geraniums
sabotage your gardening tools.
And I live down the end of your road.

By day I am a real estate gentleman.
I deal in fine properties cheap at the price.
After dark, I plan my most devious practices
which you might think are not very nice.

Designing a system to reverse your plumbing
welling up, as you sit on your private throne.
Will come up all kinds of vile and despicable nasties
you would rather not have in your home.
And I live down the end of your road.

Dispensed loathsome creatures in your drawing room,
Sent doggy poo-poops in your morning mail.
Rat's heads and lark's wings should set your tums turning
and your houses will soon be for sale.
And I live down the end of your road.
Yes, I live down the end of your road.
Well, I live down the end of your road.
I live down the end of your road.
I live down the end of your road.
I live down the end of your road.