

## European Legacy

Jethro Tull

She smiles at me  
From beyond the eastern sea-shore.  
Flashing jeweled eyes,  
She hoists her skirts so high.  
Nouvelle cuisine or an oyster bar  
It's really up to her.  
I'll write every check she brings to me.  
I shoot on sight  
It's my European legacy.

Round the castle walls  
About the Highlands and the Islands  
The faint reminders stand.  
Visitors who took a hand  
A thousand years ago, or so  
Stranded high and dry by tides  
Washed up a new identity.  
The channel's wide  
But it's their European legacy.

I strain my eyes  
Against the southern light advancing.  
On whiter cliffs I'm high.  
The sea birds roll and tumble as they fly.  
I hear distant mainland music echo  
In my island ears.  
My feet begin to move instinctively  
To the warmer beat of my European legacy.

She smiles at me  
From beyond the eastern sea-shore.  
Flashing jeweled eyes,  
She hoists her skirts so high.  
Nouvelle cuisine or an oyster bar  
It's really up to her.  
I'll write every cheque she brings to me.  
She shoots on sight  
It's her European legacy.