

Gold-Tipped Boots, Black Jacket and Tie

Jethro Tull

I'm battered and bruised.
I got lines I can't use.
My head won't deliver.
Well, I'm sold down the river.
But I'm turning again.
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.
Well, I'm turning again.
And I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.
Black jacket and tie.

Well, I've been second to none:
This horse was ready to run.
Now I'm has-been and used:
Disarmed and de-fused
But I'm turning again.
And I'm turning again.
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.
I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.
Black jacket and tie, black jacket and tie,
Black jacket and tie.

I'm egg over-easy
And I'm washing-up squeezy.
Appliance for sale:
Fat wind in my sail
And I'm turning again.
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.
Well, I'm turning again.
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.
Black jacket and tie, black jacket and tie,
Black jacket and tie, black jacket and tie.
Well, I'm turning again.