

Jack-A-Lynn

Jethro Tull

Cold aeroplanes, slow boats, warm trains
remind me of Jack-A-Lynn.
Lush hotels and pretty girls
won't cheer the misty mood I'm in.
Silly, sad, I've never had to write this before,
oh, Jack-A-Lynn.

Funny how long nights allow
thoughts of Jack-A-Lynn.
When phantoms tread around my bed
to offer restless dreams they bring.
And it's just the time and place to find
a sad song to play for Jack-A-Lynn.

Magpies that shriek, old boots that leak
call me to Jack-A-Lynn.
Coal-black cats in policeman's hats
nosing where the mice have been.
And the long miaow's beginning now
and I'm far, far from home and Jack-A-Lynn.
Jack, Jack-A-Lynn
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Jack, Jack-A-Lynn
Jack, Jack-A-Lynn