

Lap of Luxury

Jethro Tull

The money won't last forever
Rent man called twice today.
I hope some day you'll find me
In the lap of luxury.

Searched for a new apartment
But they don't grow on trees.
Just want to lay my head
In the lap of luxury.

Stepped out on a new horizon
Felt a new spring in my feet.
Found a job, it could set me up
Dangling in the lap of luxury.

And the gaffer is a man of substance
Drives a jag and takes high tea.
Lives beyond the industrial wasteland,
Laughing in the lap of luxury.

I need money, now, to soothe my heart!
Buy me a Datsun or Toyota
Get the tax man to agree
All expenses I can muster
From the lap of luxury.