

Old Ghosts

Jethro Tull

Hair stands high on the cat's back like
A ridge of threatening hills.
Sheepdogs howl, make tracks and growl
Their tails hanging low.
And young children falter in their games
At the altar of life's hide-and-seek
Between tall pillars, where Sunday-night killers
In grey raincoats peek.

Misty colours unfold a backcloth cold
Fine tapestry of silk
I draw around me like a cloak
And soundless glide a-drifting
On eddies whirled in beech leaves furled
Brown and gold they fly
In the warm mesh of sunlight
Sifting now from a cloudless sky.

I'll be coming again like an old dog in pain
Blown through the eye of the hurricane
Down to the stones where old ghosts play.