

One White Duck

Jethro Tull

A one, two, three.
There's a haze on the skyline, to wish me on my way -
And there's a note on the telephone - some roses on a tray.
And the motorway's stretching right out to us all, as I pull on
my old
Wings - one white duck on your wall.
Isn't it just too damn real? one white duck on your wall.
One duck on your wall.

I'll catch a ride on your violin - strung upon your bow.
And I'll float on your melody - sing your chorus soft and low.
There's a picture-view postcard to say that I called.
You can see from the fireplace, one white duck on your wall.
Isn't it just too damn real? one white duck on your wall.
One duck on your wall.

So fly away peter and fly away Paul - from the finger-
tip ledge of contentment.
The long restless rustle of high heel boots calls.
And I'm probably bound to deceive you after all.
Something must be wrong with me and my brain - if I'm so patent
ly unrewarding.
But my dreams are for dreaming and best left that way - and my
zero to your
Power of ten equals nothing at all.

There's no double-lock defense; there's no chain on my door.
And I'm available for consultation,
But remember your way in is also my way out, and love's four-
letter word is
No compensation.

Well, I'm the black ace dog handler: I'm a waiter on skates - s
o don't you
Jump to your foreskin conclusion
Because I'm up to my deaf ears in cold breakfast trays
To be cleared before I can dine on your sweet Sunday lunch conf
usion.