

# Orion

Jethro Tull

Orion, won't you give me your star sign  
Orion, get up on the sky-line  
I'm high on my hill and I feel fine  
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

Orion, light your lights:  
Come guard the open spaces  
From the black horizon to the pillow where I lie.  
Your faithful dog shines brighter than its lord and master  
Your jewelled sword twinkles as the world rolls by.  
So come up singing above the cloudy cover  
Stare through at people who toss fitful in their sleep.  
I know you're watching as the old gent by the station  
Scuffs his toes on old fag packets lying in the street  
And silver shadows flick across the closing bistro.  
Sweet waiters link their arms and patter down the street,  
Their words lost blowing on cold winds in darkest Chelsea.  
Prime years fly fading with each young heart's beat

Orion, won't you make me a star sign  
Orion, get up on the sky-line  
I'm high on your love and I feel fine  
Orion, let's sip the heaven's heady wine

And young girls shiver as they wait by lonely bus-stops  
After sad parties: no-one to take them home  
To greasy bed-sitters and make a late-night play  
For lost virginity a thousand miles away.