

Out of the Noise

Jethro Tull

Glued to the kerbstone, staring.
Frozen at the stop-sign too.
See that crazy suicide mongrel.
He's going to try to cross that avenue.
Old dog of experience,
Ripping through the black and yellow cabs,
Dodging rickshaws and the bicycle boys.
He's got his mind on someone else's dinner
Over the road, round the corner, out of the noise.

Lives down in some cool, cool basement
Sharing with a family of bouncy, ratty little guys
Works to a discipline of ritual undertakings
Sleep, eat, and gentle exercise
Old dog of experience,
Ripping through the black and yellow cabs,
Dodging rickshaws and the bicycle boys.
He's got his mind on someone else's dinner
Over the road, round the corner, out of the noise.

Some towns I know, he could end up in a restaurant
Wrong side of a table for two.
It's enough to send him running, running for cover.
Back into traffic, what's a poor dog to do?
Old mutt of experience,
Ripping through the black and yellow cabs,
Dodging rickshaws and the bicycle boys.
He's got his mind on someone else's dinner

Over the road, round the corner,
Over the road, round the corner,
Over the road, round the corner,
Out of the noise.