

## Pussy Willow

Jethro Tull

In the half-tone light of a young morning  
she sighs and shifts on the pillow.  
And across her face dancing, the first shadows fly  
to kiss the Pussy Willow.

In her fairy-tale world she's a lost soul singing  
in a sad voice nobody hears.  
She waits in her castle of make-believing  
for her white knight to appear.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue  
brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.  
Runs for the train --- see, eight o'clock's coming  
cutting dreams down to size again.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue  
brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.  
Runs from the train. Hear her typewriter humming  
cutting dreams down to size again.

She longs for the East and a pale dress flowing  
an apartment in old Mayfair.  
Or to fish the Spey, spinning the first run of Spring  
or to die for a cause somewhere.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue  
brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.  
Runs from the train. Hear her typewriter humming  
cutting dreams down to size again.