

Quiz Kid

Jethro Tull

Cut along the dotted line --- slip in and seal the flap.
Postal competition crazy, though you wear the dunce's cap.
Win a fortnight in Ibiza --- line up for the big hand out.
You'll never know unless you try --- what winning's all about -
--
be a quizz kid.
Be a whizz kid.

Six days later there's a rush telegram
Drop everything and telephone this number if you can.
It's a free trip down to London for a weekend of high life.
They'll wine you; dine you; undermine you ---
better not bring the wife ---
be a quizz kid.
Be a whizz kid.

It's a try out for a quizz show that millions watch each week.
Following the fate and fortunes of contestants as they speak.
Answerable to everyone; responsible to all; publicity dissected

brain cells splattered on the walls of encyclopaedic knowledge.
May be barbaric but it's fun.
As the clock ticks away a lifetime,
hold your head up to the gun of a million cathode ray tubes
aimed at your tiny skull.
May you find sweet inspiration --- may your memory not be dull.
May you rise to dizzy success.
May your wit be quick and strong.
May you constantly amaze us.
May your answers not be wrong.
May your head be on your shoulders.
May your tongue be in your cheek.
And most of all we pray that you may come back next week!
Be a quizz kid.
Be a whizz kid.