

Requiem

Jethro Tull

Well, I saw a bird today
Flying from a bush
And the wind blew it away.
And the black-eyed mother sun
Scorched the butterfly at play
Velvet veined. I saw it burn.
With a wintry storm-blown sigh,
A silver cloud blew right on by.
And, taking in the morning, I sang
O Requiem.

Well, my lady told me, "Stay."
I looked aside and walked away
Along the strand.
But I didn't say a word,
As the train time-table blurred
Close behind the taxi stand.
Saw her face in the tear-drop black cab window.
Fading into the traffic; watched her go.
And taking in the morning,
Heard myself singing
O Requiem.
Here I go again.
It's the same old story.

Well, I saw a bird today
I looked aside and walked away
Along the Strand.