

Roots to Branches

Jethro Tull

Words get written.
Words get twisted.
Old meanings move in the drift of time.
Lift the flickering torches.
See gentle shadows change
The features of the faces
Cut in unmoving stone.
Bad mouth on a prayer day,
Hope no one's listening.
Roots down in the wet clay,
Branches glistening.

True disciples carrying that message
To colour just a little
With their personal touch.
Home-spun fancy weavers
And naked half-believers
Crusades and creeds descend like
Fiery flakes of snow.
Bad mouth on a prayer day,
Hope no one's listening.
Roots down in the wet clay,
Branches glistening.
Roots to branches.
Roots to branches.
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In wet and windy priest-holes.
Grand in vast cathedrals.
High on lofty minarets
Or in the temples of doom.
I hope the old man's got his face on.
He'd better be some quick change artist.
Suffer little children
To make their minds up soon.
Bad mouth on a prayer day,
Hope no one's listening.
Roots down in the wet clay,
Branches glistening.
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