

Saturation

Jethro Tull

They left me, leaving my house on fire, me running round - got out through the window.

While clinging to the skirts of fate was not my idea of fun; I'll jump to it gladly.

The town was filled with smoke and hate.

Came to my senses just too late
to realize that all I ever owned
was borrowed. I thanked them for having shown
me that nothing ever really belongs to anyone.

They burned my books and they broke my car,
and gave the dog to a man who used him for breeding.

They felled my trees and they tramped flowers
and threw the kitten into my new pool.

The same things done to other men had made them run away from the city.

This being the case, I joined them there and breathing air
spent the night with these new friends.

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