

The Water Carrier

Jethro Tull

Crystal fountain springing from the hill
It irrigates your soul, you may drink your fill
Water of life carried high
One hand upon the gallon jar, feel her fix my eye

Every good traveler's for the taking
All good money for the making
Seller's market, wet appeal
Water carrier, let's make the deal

Covered face and black pool eyes
Between us, no words spoken, no words to the wise
Here's to another time and a drink somewhere
Plush on a Nain carpet on a cafe chair

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