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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