

Thinking Round Corners

Jethro Tull

All of you sit up in bed. Don't think in straight lines ahead.
Can't sleep? Head spin? Don't think in circles, it'll do you in
.

Think back to the dream you had; no sense of being good or bad.
Jump to the left, jump to the right. Think round corners into n
ight.

Let's go in wet corridors: dive down drains.
Draw strength from machinery, it's all the same.
Thinking round corners. Think round corners, I say.

Pretty girl with neon eyes: best man between white thighs.
Bridegroom didn't know a thing: got his love in lights,
she wears two rings.
Think back to that dream you had.
Blue boy sorry, pink girl sad.
Yellow cow, big-eyed moon all coming round the corner soon.

Let's stand in rapids: cling to carnivals.
Spit life from the maypole in savage ceremony.
Let's go in wet corridors: dive down drains.
Draw strength from machinery, it's all the same.
Thinking round corners. Think round corners, I say.

Paper cowboys, tin drums banging where the white man comes.
Landowners with whips and chains but soft in bed amidst
warm rains.
Thinking back to the dream they had. Jack and Jill.
Jack the lad.
Homestead. Home free. How about leaving some for me?

Let's bathe in malt whisky: covet gold finery
through the eyes of a Jackdaw, dressed to the nines.
Let's go in wet corridors: dive down drains.
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