

We Used To Know

Jethro Tull

Whenever I get to feel this way,
try to find new words to say
I think about the bad old days
we used to know.

Nights of winter turn me cold
fears of dying, getting old.
We ran the race and the race was won
by running slowly.

Could be soon we'll cease to sound.
Slowly upstairs, faster down.
Then to revisit stony grounds,
we used to know.

Remembering mornings, shilling spent,
made no sense to leave the bed.
The bad old days they came and went
giving way to fruitful years.

Saving up the birds in hand
while in the bush the others land.
Tale what we can before the man
says it's time to go.

Each to his own way I'll go mine.
Best of luck with what you find.
But for your own sake remember times
we used to know.