

## Wind-Up

Jethro Tull

When I was young and they packed me off to school  
and they taught me how not to play the game.  
I didn't mind if they groomed me for success  
or if they said that I was just a fool.  
So I left there in the morning with their God tucked underneath  
my arm -  
their half - assed smiles and the book of rules.  
And I asked this God a question and by way of firm reply  
He said - I'm not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.  
So to my old headmaster (and to anyone who cares):  
before I'm through, I'd like to say my prayers -  
I don't believe you:  
you had the whole damn thing all wrong -  
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.  
Well you can excommunicate me on my way to Sunday school  
and have all the Bishops harmonise these lines -  
How do you dare to tell me that I'm my Father's son  
when that was just an accident of Birth.  
I'd rather look around me - compose a better song  
'cause that's the honest measure of my worth.  
In your pomp and all your glory you're a poorer man than me  
as you lick the boots of death born out of fear.  
I don't believe you:  
you had the whole damn thing all wrong -  
He's not the kind you have to wind up on Sundays.