

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.