

With You There to Help Me

Jethro Tull

In days of peace
Sweet smelling summer nights
Of wine and song;
Dusty pavements burning feet.
Why am I crying, I want to know.
How can I smile and make it right?
For sixty days and eighty nights
And not give in and lose the fight.

I'm going back to the ones that I know,
With whom I can be what I want to be.
Just one week for the feeling to go
And with you there to help me
Then it probably will.

I won't go down
Acting the same old play.
Give sixty days for just one night.
Don't think I'd make it: but then I might.

I'm going back to the ones that I know,
With whom I can be what I want to be.
Just one week for the feeling to go
And with you there to help me
Then it probably will.