

Singing All Day

Jethro Tull

Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing,
Oo, my, my, my,
Oo, my, my, my. Went down to the station to look for her there,
Looked through the crowds for a glimpse of her hair,
Nothing to see but the crowds keep a-staring at me,
My, my,
Oo, my, my, my.
Down in the street, try'n' to remember,
Shuffling my feet outside a menswear,
Is that her in the fur coat?
No it's not December yet,
My, my, my,
Oo, my, my, my. Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing. Back to the house, maybe she'll phone
me,
Singing my song, feeling so lonely.
I'll sing very softly, so if the phone rings
I can hear it, I can hear it.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing.
Singing all day, singing 'bout nothing,
Oo, my, my, my,
Oo, my, my, my.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>