

Roots to Branches

Jethro Tull

Words get written. Words get twisted.
Old meanings move in the drift of time.
Lift the flickering torches. See gentle shadows change
the features of the faces cut in unmoving stone.
Bad mouth on a prayer day, hope no one's listening.
Roots down in the wet clay, branches glistening. True disciples carrying that message
to colour just a little with their personal touch.
Home-spun fancy weavers and naked half-believers --
Crusades and creeds descend like fiery flakes of snow.
Bad mouth on a prayer day, hope no one's listening.
Roots down in the wet clay, branches glistening.
Roots to branches
Roots to branches
Roots to branches In wet and windy priest-holes. Grand in vast cathedrals.
High on lofty minarets or in the temples of doom.
I hope the old man's got his face on.
He'd better be some quick change artist.
Suffer little children to make their minds up soon.
Bad mouth on a prayer day, hope no one's listening.
Roots down in the wet clay, branches glistening.
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