

## Jethro Tull - Wond'ring Again

and those with no homes to go to, please dig yourself holes. (As notas não som o tom, toque como se o violão começasse We wandered through quiet lands, felt the first breath of do capô) There's the stillness of death on a deathly unliving sea, Searched for the last pigeon, slate grey I've been told. D F Stumbled on a daffodil which she crushed in the rush, heard it when the Eve-bitten apple returned to destroy the tree. D C Incestuous ancestry's charabanc ride, and left it to die. spawning new millions throws the world on its side. At once felt remorse and were touched by the loss of our own, Supporting their far-flung illusion, the national curse, D D and those with no sandwiches please get off the bus held its poor broken head in her hands, dropped soft tears in The excrement bubbles, the century's slime decays and it's only the taking that makes you what you are. and the brainwashing government lackeys would have us say Wond'ring aloud will a son one day be born it's under control and we'll soon be on our way to share in our infancy in the child's path we've worn. to a grand year for babies and quiz panel games D In the aging seclusion of this earth that our birth did of the hot hungry millions you'll be sure to remain. The natural resources are dwindling and no one grows old, we'll open his eyes.

## **Acordes**

