

A Gift Of Roses
Jethro Tull

A Gift of Roses by Ian Anderson
(from the CD j-tull.com)

I've been playing Ian's music (since '72) along with I'm sure, thousands of others. Perhaps we could set up a world wide network of those like myself who would love to meet (and jam) with others with the same love of Tull music. You might list every major city in America (and the UK, Japan etc.) and ask for a jam group leader for each city. I know you folks are out there, I see you (and have joined you) jamming in the parking lot at every Tull concert.

Enjoy, Bill Ungar

(open strings)

I count the hours, you count the days together,
we count the minutes in this passion play.

Walk dusty miles, and I ride that train,
on a first class ticket, just to be with you again.

(Chorus)

Picking up tired feet, back from a far horizon,
Cleaned up and brushed down, dressed to look the part.
Fresh from God's garden, I bring a gift of roses
to stand in sweet spring water and press them to your heart.

Like the Kipling cat, I walk alone,
never inviting trouble, never casting the stone.
But this badge of honour is of tarnished tin,
light your guiding beacon to bring this fisher in.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)