

Acres Wild
Jethro Tull

Am F G
I ll make love to you
Am F G
in all good places
Am F G
under black mountains
Am F G
in open spaces.
Am F G
By deep brown rivers
Am F G
that slither darkly
Am F G
through far marches
Am F G
where the blue hare races.
F Dm7 C
Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
F Dm7 Am
northern father s western child.
F Dm7 C
Where the dance of ages is playing still
F G E7 D
through far marches of acres wild.

REST THE SAME

I ll make love to you
in narrow side streets
with shuttered windows,
crumbling chimneys.

Come with me to the weary town ---
discos silent under tiles
that slide from roof-tops, scatter softly
on concrete marches of acres wild.

By red bricks pointed
with cement fingers
Flaking damply from sagging shoulders.

Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
northern father s western child.
Where the dance of ages is playing still
through far marches of acres wild.