## Wond'ring Again Jethro Tull

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( D C D C)
                                         D/F#
There s the stillness of death on a deathly unliving sea,
                                         D/F#
                               G
                                                         D
and the motor car magical world long since ceased to be,
                    C
                             G
                                          D/F#
                                                         D
when the Eve-bitten apple returned to destroy the tree.
             D
                      C
Incestuous ancestry s charabanc ride,
              D
                        C
spawning new millions throws the world on its side.
                    C9
                             G/B
                                         G/Bb
                                                      Cm7
Supporting their far-flung illusion, the national curse,
             D/F#
                             F
                                       C
and those with no sandwiches please get off the bus.
                       G
                                     D/F#
The excrement bubbles, the century s slime decays
and the brainwashing government lackeys would have us say
                        G
                                   D/F#
it s under control and we ll soon be on our way
to a grand year for babies and quiz panel games
                     D
of the hot hungry millions you ll be sure to remain.
                           G/B
                                        G/Bb
The natural resources are dwindling and no one grows old,
                             F
                D/F#
                                          C
                                                       D D4 D D4
and those with no homes to go to, please dig yourself holes.
                     Am
We wandered through quiet lands, felt the first breath of snow.
                      Am
                                      G
Searched for the last pigeon, slate grey I ve been told.
                  D
                                  G
                                      D/F#
                                                 D
Stumbled on a daffodil which she crushed in the rush, heard it sigh,
                 D D4 D D4
and left it to die.
                                 D
                                                               D4
At once felt remorse and were touched by the loss of our own,
held its poor broken head in her hands, dropped soft tears in the snow,
and it s only the taking that makes you what you are.
            Am
Wond ring aloud will a son one day be born
                                                 D
                Am
                              G
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to share in our infancy in the child's path we ve worn.

C D G D

In the aging seclusion of this earth that our birth did surprise

Em G D

we ll open his eyes.