

European Legacy

Jethro Tull

She smiles at me
From beyond the eastern sea-shore.
Flashing jeweled eyes,
She hoists her skirts so high.
Nouvelle cuisine or an oyster bar
It's really up to her.
I'll write every check she brings to me.
I shoot on sight
It's my European legacy.

Round the castle walls
About the Highlands and the Islands
The faint reminders stand.
Visitors who took a hand
A thousand years ago, or so
Stranded high and dry by tides
Washed up a new identity.
The channel's wide
But it's their European legacy.

I strain my eyes
Against the southern light advancing.
On whiter cliffs I'm high.
The sea birds roll and tumble as they fly.
I hear distant mainland music echo
In my island ears.
My feet begin to move instinctively
To the warmer beat of my European legacy.

She smiles at me
From beyond the eastern sea-shore.
Flashing jeweled eyes,
She hoists her skirts so high.
Nouvelle cuisine or an oyster bar
It's really up to her.
I'll write every cheque she brings to me.
She shoots on sight
It's her European legacy.