

Flying Colours

Jethro Tull

Shout if you will, but that just won't do.
I, for one, would rather follow softer options.
I'll take the easy line; another sip of wine,
And if I ignore the face you wore it's just a way of mine
To keep from flying colors.

Don't lay your bait while the whole world waits
Around to see me shoot you down
It's all so second-rate.
When we can last for days on a loving night;
Or for hours at least on a warm whisper given.
You always pick the best time to rise to the fight.
To break the hard bargain that we've driven.
Once again we're flying colors.

I thought we had it out the night before,
And settled old scores, but not the hard way.
Was it a glass too much?
Or a smile too few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match
Did we want them to?
In a fancy restaurant we were all aglow,
Keeping cool by mutual permission.
How did the conversation get
To where we came to blows?
We were set up in a red condition
And again we're flying colors.

Shout but you see it still won't do.
With my colors on I can be just as bad as you.
Have I had a glass too much?
Did I give a smile too few?
Did our friends all catch the needle match,
did we want them to?
We act our parts so well, like we wrote the play.
All so predictable and we know it.
We'll settle old scores now,
And settle the hard way.
You may not even live to outgrow it!
Once again we're flying colors, flying colors.