

## Gold-Tipped Boots, Black Jacket and Tie

Jethro Tull

I'm battered and bruised.  
I got lines I can't use.  
My head won't deliver.  
Well, I'm sold down the river.  
But I'm turning again.  
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.  
Well, I'm turning again.  
And I'm turning again.  
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.  
Black jacket and tie.

Well, I've been second to none:  
This horse was ready to run.  
Now I'm has-been and used:  
Disarmed and de-fused  
But I'm turning again.  
And I'm turning again.  
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.  
I'm turning again.  
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.  
Black jacket and tie, black jacket and tie,  
Black jacket and tie.

I'm egg over-easy  
And I'm washing-up squeezy.  
Appliance for sale:  
Fat wind in my sail  
And I'm turning again.  
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.  
Well, I'm turning again.  
Yes, 'n' I'm turning again.  
Wearing gold-tipped boots, black jacket and tie.  
Black jacket and tie, black jacket and tie,  
Black jacket and tie, black jacket and tie.  
Well, I'm turning again.