

I Don't Want To Be Me

Jethro Tull

Got a grand house out in the country.
Marble pillars holding the door.
Empty bottles lining the wall from the night before.
Got a Roller out in the garage.
But the wheels are stuck to the floor.
Got no reason to go anywhere--no friends call anymore.
I don't want to be me, I don't want to be me,
I know it's hard to see, But I don't want to be me.

Had me playing down at the palace.
I was declared the belle of the ball.
Made the boys take my goods and chattels away--
now I'm staring at an empty hall.
I don't want to be me.

Pardon me--I'm on my way.
Pardon me but I'm going.
Taking on the simple life and I feel the grass roots growing.
I'm going to ride the ragged road--
diamond spurs jangling into the sunset.
No circuits running overload--Well maybe I'm not done yet.

Now there's nothing left in the cupboard
and three bears' been eating my soup.
My life is one big critical mess if you take a look.
And the butler's off in Ibiza on expense account gone berserk.
But I can't check out of this crazy world
without being a jerk--I don't want to be me.