

## Mayhem, Maybe

Jethro Tull

When we're working nights, the village round  
the old church becomes scary town.  
All curtained windows and bolted doors  
but never a eye to see  
as us fairy folks sweep from the hill.  
Never caught us and never will.  
Pulling roses and daffodils  
mayhem in the high degree.

The blacksmith chased us all to ground.  
They searched all night we were never found.  
The tinker boys and the sheriff's men  
shaking the tallest tree.  
And we sat and watched the women hide.  
Laughed so much we split our sides.  
Scattered horses that they would ride  
mayhem in the high degree.

We crossed through fields of midnight green  
often heard but seldom seen.  
Tore along hedges, stripping leaves  
no-one could quite agree  
whether we came from north or south.  
We stole the screams from out their mouths  
and go where no man would allow  
mayhem in the high degree.

Like scaly carp and feathered swan  
to nature's world we do belong.  
We ride the thin winds of the night  
and set dark spirits free.  
We terrify the mare and foal.  
The fox stood still and far too bold.  
So we strung him up, brush neatly folded;  
mayhem, maybe.