

Puppet and the Puppet Master

Jethro Tull

Holding court on a black box stage, dangling from the strings
I twirl and face the music and the prompter in the wings
I am both willing puppet, puppet master also
With lofty expectations set to pull me to and fro

I live only to serve, bring smiles to friendly faces
Dancing on a sixpence, singing from a tree
With birds of a feather chirping high and low together
Make everybody happy, starting with me

Please feel no sorrow or remorse, I dance willing only to
A tune crafted by me, both captain and crew
In a black box cage, rattling at soft bars
Bendy steel to part, I slip through to the stars

Through the dusk fall peeping, me, unlikely lad
To paint a smile behind the mask, the pay is not too bad

I, the willing puppet, puppet master also
Lofty expectations set to pull me to and fro
To and fro, fro and two, to and fro