

## Rover

Jethro Tull

I chase your every footstep  
And I follow every whim.  
When you call the tune I'm ready  
To strike up the battle hymn.  
My lady of the meadows,  
My comber of the beach.  
You've thrown the stick for your dog's trick  
But it's floating out of reach.  
The long road is a rainbow and the pot of gold lies there.  
So slip the chain and I'm off again  
You'll find me everywhere.  
I'm a Rover.

As the robin craves the summer  
To hide his smock of red,  
I need the pillow of your hair  
In which to hide my head.

I'm simple in my sadness,  
Resourceful in remorse.  
Then I'm down straining at the lead  
Holding on a windward course.

Strip me from the bundle  
Of balloons at every fair:  
Colourful and carefree  
Designed to make you stare.  
But I'm lost and I'm losing  
The thread that holds me down.  
And I'm up hot and rising  
In the lights of every town.