

Wond'ring Aloud

Jethro Tull

Wondering aloud
how we feel today.
Last night sipped the sunset
my hand in her hair.
We are our own saviours
as we start both our hearts beating life
into each other.

Wondering aloud
will the years treat us well.
As she floats in the kitchen,
I'm tasting the smell
of toast as the butter runs.
Then she comes, spilling crumbs on the bed
and I shake my head.
And it's only the giving
that makes you what you are.