

Acres Wild

Words & Music:
Ian Anderson (Jethro Tull)

Am F G Am F G [etc]
I'll make love to you---- in all good places;
Under black mountains in open spaces.
By deep brown rivers that slither darkly.
Through far marches where the blue hare races.

F Dm7 C
Come with me to the Winged Isle.1
F Dm7 Am
Northern father's western child.
F Dm7 C
Where the dance of ages is playing still,
F G E7 D
Through far marches of acres wild.

I'll make love to you in narrow side streets
With shuttered windows and crumbling chimneys.

Come with me to the weary town.
Discos silent under tiles
That slide from roof-tops, scatter softly.
On concrete marches of acres wild.

By red bricks pointed with cement fingers
Flaking damply from sagging shoulders.

Come with me to the Winged Isle.
Northern father's western child.
Where the dance of ages is playing still
Through far marches of acres wild.