

## Old Ghosts

Jethro Tull

Hair stands high on the cat's back like  
A ridge of threatening hills.  
Sheepdogs howl, make tracks and growl  
Their tails hanging low.  
And young children falter in their games  
At the altar of life's hide-and-seek  
Between tall pillars, where Sunday-night killers  
In grey raincoats peek.

Misty colours unfold a backcloth cold  
Fine tapestry of silk  
I draw around me like a cloak  
And soundless glide a-drifting  
On eddies whirled in beech leaves furled  
Brown and gold they fly  
In the warm mesh of sunlight  
Sifting now from a cloudless sky.

I'll be coming again like an old dog in pain  
Blown through the eye of the hurricane  
Down to the stones where old ghosts play.