

Tull Jethro

"Baker Street Muse Pig Me And The Whore"

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Big bottled Fraulein, put your weight on me," said the
pig-me to the

whore, desperate for more in his assault upon the
mountain.

Little man, his youth a fountain. Overdrafted and still
counting.

Vernacular, verbose; an attempt at getting close to
where he came from.

In the doorway of the stars, between Blandford Street
and Mars;

Proposition, deal. Flying button feel. Testicle testing.

Wallet ever-bulging. Dressed to the left, divulging the
wrinkles of his

years.

Wedding-bell induced fears.

Shedding bell-end tears in the pocket of her resistance.

International assistance flowing generous and full to
his never-ready tool.

Pulls his eyes over her wool. And he shudders as he
comes -

And my rudder slowly turns me into the Marylebone
Road.

[Instrumental]

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