

Tull Jethro

"Lick Your Fingers Clean"

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I'll see you at the weighing in,
When your life some total's made.
And you'll set your wealth in Godly deeds
Against the sins you've laid.
So you place your final burden
On your heart-rest next of kin,
Send the chamber pod back down the line
To be filled up again.
Take your mind off your election
And try to get it straight,
And don't pretend perfection;
You'll be cruising by too late.
And I say, "Really should make a deal,"
As he offers round the hat.
Well, you'd better lick your fingers clean.
And as you join the good ship Earth
And you mingle with the dust,
Be sure to leave your underpants
With someone you can trust.
And the hard-headed social worker,
Who bathes his hands in blood,

Will welcome you with [???] high

And cover you with mud.

And he'll say, "Really should make a deal,"

As he offers 'round the hat.

Well you better lick your fingers clean,

Well I'll thank you all for that

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