

## Tull Jethro

### "Like A Tall Thin Girl"

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Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants.

I'd rather do a Vindaloo: take away is what I want.

I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a  
treat

when I saw her framed in the kitchen door.

She looked good enough to eat.

(And I mean eat.)

She was a tall thin girl. She looked like a tall thin girl.

She said, "Whose is this carry-out?" My face turned  
chilli red.

Well, I don't know about carrying out, but you can carry  
me off to bed.

(And I mean bed.)

She was a tall thin girl. She moved like a tall thin girl.

Maybe I can fetch for it, and maybe I can stretch for it.

I may not be a fat man and I'm not exactly small

but when it all comes down, couldn't stand my ground

This girl was tall.

(And I mean tall.)

Big boy Doane, he's a drummer. Don't play no  
tambourine

but he's Madras hot on the bongo trot, if you know

just what I mean.

Stands six foot three in his underwear;

going to get him down here and see

if this good lady's got a little sister 'bout the same size  
as me.

She was a tall thin girl. She looked like a tall thin girl.

Well, can I fetch for it? Well maybe I can stretch for it?

Well, am I up for it? Or do I have to go down for it

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