

Tull Jethro

"Quizz Kid"

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Cut along the dotted line - slip in and seal the flap
Postal competition crazy
Though you wear the dunce's cap
Win a fortnight in Ibiza - line-up for the big hand-out
You'll never know unless you try -
What winning's all about - be a Quizz Kid

Six days later there's a rush telegram
Drop everything and telephone this number if you can
It's a free trip down to London for a weekend of high
life
They'll wine you, dine you, underwine you -
Better not bring the wine - be a Quizz Kid
be a Whizz Kid

It's a try out for a quizz show that millions watch each
week
Following the fate and fortunes of contestants as they
speak
Answerable to everyone, responsible to all, publicly
dissected
Brain sells spattered on the walls of encyclopaedic
knowledge
May be barbaric but it's fun
As the clock ticks away a lifetime
Hold your head up to the gun
Of a million cathode ray tubes aimed at your tiny skull

May you find sweet inspiration -
May your memory not be dull
May you rise to dizzy success
May your wit be quick and strong
May you constantly amaze us
May your answers not be wrong
May your head be on your shoulders
May your tongue be in your cheek
And most of all we pray that you may come back next
week !
Be a Quizz Kid
Be a Whizz Kid

* Crazy Institution

Just a little touch of make-up; just a little touch of bull
Just a little 3-chord trick embedded in your platform
soul
You can wear a gold Piaget on your Semaphore wrist
You can dance the old adage with a new dapper twist

And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium
Live and die upon your cross of platinum
Join the crazed institution of the stars
Be the man that you think you really are ...

Crawl inside your major triad, curl up and laugh
As your agent scores another front page photograph
Is it them or is it you throwing dice inside the loo
Awaiting someone else to pull the chain

Well grab the old bog-handle, hold your breath and
light a candle
Clear your throat and pray for rain to irrigate the
corridors
That echo in your brain filled with empty nothingness,
empty hunger pains

And you can ring a crown of roses round your cranium
Live and die upon your cross of platinum
Join the crazed institution of the stars
Be the man that you know you really are ...

* Salamander

Salamander - born in the sun - kissed flame
Who was it lit your candle - branded you with your
name ?
I see you walking by my window in your Kensington
haze
Salamander, burn for me and I'll burn for you.

* Taxi Grab

Shake a leg; it's a big rush, can't find a taxi, can't find a
bus
Bodies jammed in the Underground
Evacuating London town
Nowhere to put your feet as the big store shoppers
Red lights - and the pavements meet
pin stripes - short step shuffle into the night
Tea time calls - the Bingo Halls open at 7 in the old
front stalls

How about a Taxi Grab
There's an empty cab by the taxi stand
Driver's in the cafe washing his hands
Big diesel idles - the keys inside
C'mon Sally let's take a ride
Flag down - uptown - no sweat
For rush-hour travel, it's the best bet yet. Taxi Grab

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