

Tull Jethro

"Sossity You're A Woman"

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Hello, you straight laced lady
Dressed in white, but your shoes aren't clean.
Painted them up with polish
In the hope we can't see where you've been.

The smiling face that you've worn
To greet me writing at morning
Sent me out to work for my score.
Please me and say what it's for.

Give me the straight-laced promise
And not a pathetic lie.
Tie me down with your ribbons
And sulk when I ask you why

Your Sunday paper voice cries
Demanding truths I deny.
The bitter-sweet kiss you pretended
Is offered, our affair mended.

Sossity; you're a woman.
Society; you're a woman.

All of the tears you're wasting
Are for yourself and not for me.
It's sad to know you're aging,
Sadder still to admit I'm free.

Your immature physical toy
Has grown too young to enjoy.
At last, your straight-laced agreement;
Woman you were too old for me.

Sossity; you're a woman

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