Jethro Tull
"Budapest"

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I think she was a middle-distance runner...
(the translation wasn't clear).
Could be a budding stately hero.
International competition in a year.
She was a good enough reason for a party...
(well, you couldn't keep up on a hard track mile)
while she ran a perfect circle.
And she wore a perfect smile
in Budapest... hot night in Budapest.

We had to cozzy up in the old gymnasium...
dusting off the mandolins and checking on the gear.
She was helping out at the back-stage...
stopping hearts and chilling beer.
Yes, and her legs went on for ever.
Like staring up at infinity
through a wisp of cotton panty
along a skin of satin sea.
Hot night in Budapest.

You could cut the heat, peel it back with the wrong side
of a knife.
Feel it blowing from the sidefills. Feel like you were
playing for your life
(if not the money).
Hot night in Budapest.

She bent down to fill the ice box

and stuffed some more warm white wine in
like some weird unearthly vision
wearing only T-shirt, pants and skin.
You know, it rippled, just a hint of muscle.
But the boys and me were heading west
so we left her to the late crew
and a hot night in Budapest.
It was a hot night in Budapest.

She didn't speak much English language...
(she didn't speak much anyway).
She wouldn't make love, but she could make good
sandwich

and she poured sweet wine before we played.

Hey, Budapest, cha, cha, cha. Let's watch her now.

I thought I saw her at the late night restaurant.
She would have sent blue shivers down the wall.
But she didn't grace our table.
In fact, she wasn't there at all.
Yes, and her legs went on forever.
Like staring up at infinity.
Her heart was spinning to the west-lands
and she didn't care to be
that night in Budapest.
Hot night in Budapest.

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