

# Jethro Tull

## "Dot Com"

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It's a wide world out there  
So much wider than imagined  
I can't quite put my finger on the pulse  
Of your heart softly beating  
Just beneath the raw silk sheen  
That reflects the tints of Autumn from the hills.

So punch my name.  
And in case you wonder -  
I'll be yours - yours, dot com.

Executive accommodation  
Bland but nonetheless appealing  
Waiters discretely at your beck and call  
Place the tall sun-down potion  
Lightly by your velvet elbow

While you compose a message on the wall

So punch my name.  
And in case you wonder -  
I'll be yours - yours, dot com.

With your handmade leather valise  
Packed and ready, ready waiting  
Showered and dressed down lightly for the heat  
Give a clue; leave a kind word  
Hint as to a destination  
A domain where our cyber-souls might meet.

So punch my name.  
And in case you wonder -  
I'll be yours, I'll be yours dot com.

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