

# Jethro Tull

## "Hunting Girl"

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One day I walked the roads and crossed a field to go  
By where the hounds ran hard  
And on the master raced behind the hunters chased  
To where the path was barred

One fine young lady's horse  
Refused the fence to clear  
I unlocked the gate but she did wait  
Until the pack had disappeared

Crop handle carved in bone, sat high upon a throne  
Of finest English leather  
The Queen of all the pack, this joker raised his hat  
And talked about the weather

All should be warned about  
This high born hunting girl  
She took this simple man's downfall in hand  
I raised the flag that she unfurled

Boot leather flashing  
And spur necks the size of my thumb  
This highborn hunter  
Had tastes as strange as they come, come

Unbridled passion, I took the bit in my teeth  
Her standing over me on my knees underneath,  
underneath

My lady, be discrete, I must get to my feet  
And go back to the farm  
Whilst I appreciate you are no deviate  
I might do some harm

I'm not inclined to acts refined  
If that's how it goes  
Oh, high born hunting girl  
I'm just a normal low born so and so  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

