

## Jethro Tull

### "It's an old profession"

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As the moon slips up, and the sun sets down,  
I'm a highrise jockey, and I'm heaven-bound.  
Do the workboot shuffle, loose brains from brawn.  
I'm a monkey puzzle and the lid is on.

Can you guess my name? Can you guess my trade?  
I'm going to catch you anyway.  
You might be right. I'll give you guesses three.  
Feel me climbing up your knee.

Guess what I am. I'm a steel monkey.

Now some men hustle and some just think.  
And some go running before you blink.  
Some look up and some look down  
from three hundred feet above the ground.

Can you guess my name? And can you guess my  
trade?  
Well, I won't rest before the world is made.  
Arm in arm the angels fly.  
Keep me from falling out the sky.

Steel monkey.

I work in the thunder and I work in the rain.  
I work at my drinking, and I feel no pain.  
I work on women, if they want me to.  
You can have me climb all over you.

Now, have you guessed my name?  
And have you guessed my trade?  
I'm cheap at the money I get paid.  
In the sulphur city, where men are men,  
we bolt those beams then climb again.

Steel monkey.

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