

Jethro Tull

"Law Of The Bungle"

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The tiger flashes sharpened teeth.
Bowler-hatted; summer briefs
Beneath his pinstriped skin.

To kill demands a business sense;
Economy moves non-residence
Approaching from down-wind.

Being a tiger means you laugh
Whenever lesser tigers have
To eat meat that's infected.

Being a tiger means your mate
When overfed will defecate
In places least expected.

Knowing a tiger means you must

Accept his promise of mutual trust
And offer him your throat.

Loving a tiger means you take
Second place to the cake you bake
And with undying servile obedience
keep the stiffly starched collar
of his conference shirt spotless
and remove daily the daubed bloody
evidence of his dastardly misdeeds
from the otherwise immaculate elegance
of his pinstripe tiger coat.

Period.

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