

## **Jethro Tull**

### **"Pig-Me And The Whore"**

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"Big bottled Fraulein, put your weight on me," said the  
pig-me to the whore,  
desperate for more in his assault upon the mountain.  
Little man, his youth a fountain.  
Overdrafted and still counting.  
Vernacular, verbose; an attempt at getting close to  
where he came from.  
In the doorway of the stars, between Blandford Street  
and Mars;  
Proposition, deal. Flying button feel. Testicle testing.  
Wallet ever-bulging. Dressed to the left, divulging  
the wrinkles of his years.  
Wedding-bell induced fears.  
Shedding bell-end tears in the pocket of her resistance.  
International assistance flowing generous and full  
to his never-ready tool.  
Pulls his eyes over her wool.  
And he shudders as he comes.  
And my rudder slowly turns me into the Marylebone  
Road.

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