

Jethro Tull

"Sossity"

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Hello, you straight-laced lady
Dressed in white but your shoes aren't clean
Painted them up with polish
In the hope we can't see where you've been

The smiling face that you've worn
To greet me rising at morning
Sent me out to work for my score
Please me and say what it's for
Give me the straight-laced promise
And not the pathetic lie

Tie me down with your ribbons
And sulk when I ask you why
Your Sunday paper voice cries
Demanding truths I deny

The bitter-sweet kiss you pretended
Is offered, our affair mended
Sossity, you're a woman
Society, you're a woman

All of the tears you're wasting
Are for yourself and not for me
It's sad to know you're aging
Sadder still to admit I'm free
Your immature physical toy
Has grown too young to enjoy

At last your straight-laced agreement
Woman, you were too old for me
Sossity, you're a woman
Society, you're a woman

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