

Jethro Tull

"Tall Thin Girl"

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Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants.
I'd rather do a Vindaloo: take away is what I want.
I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a
treat
when I saw her framed in the kitchen door.
She looked good enough to eat.
(And I mean eat.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She looked like a tall thin girl.
She said, "Whose is this carry-out?"
My face turned chilli red.
Well, I don't know about carrying out,
but you can carry me off to bed.
(And I mean bed.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She moved like a tall thin girl.
Maybe I can fetch for it,
and maybe I can stretch for it.
I may not be a fat man and I'm not exactly small
but when it all comes down, couldn't stand my ground.
This girl was tall.
(And I mean tall.)

Big boy Doane, he's a drummer. Don't play no
tambourine
but he's Madras hot on the bongo trot,
if you know just what I mean.
Stands six foot three in his underwear

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