

Beastie

Jethro Tull

From early days of infancy, through trembling years of youth,
Long murky middle-age and final hours long in the tooth,
He is the hundred names of terror, creature you love the least.
Picture his name before you and exorcise the beast.

He roved up and down through history spectre with tales to tell
.

In the darkness when the campfire's dead to each his private hell.

If you look behind your shoulder as you feel his eyes to feast,
You can witness now the everchanging nature of the beast.

Beastie

If you wear a warmer sporran, you can keep the foe at bay.
You can pop those pills and visit some psychiatrist who'll say
There's nothing I can do for you, everywhere's a danger zone.
I'd love to help get rid of it, but I've got one of my own.

Beastie

There's a beast upon my shoulder and a fiend upon my back.
Feel his burning breath a heaving, smoke oozing from his stack.
And he moves beneath the covers or he lies below the bed.
He's the beast upon your shoulder. He's the price upon your head.

He's the lonely fear of dying, and for some, of living too.
He's your private nightmare pricking. He'd just love to turn the screw.
So stand as one defiant yes, and let your voices swell.
Stare that beastie in the face and really give him hell.

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