

Big Riff and Mando

Jethro Tull

Marty loved the sound of the stolen mandolin.
Somebody took it on a dare in the night-time.
Run up to the radio, calling out to the wind.
Now, bring it, bring it back at least an hour before flight time.
It was a souvenir, but it was a right arm missing.
Swap a woodwork rhythm for a humbucking top line.

Big Riff, rough boy, wants to be a singer in a band.
A little slow in the brain box, but he had a quick right hand.
Run left, run right --- everywhere he look ---
nobody watching, no, but that was
all he took last night.

Running on the power of a stolen mandolin.
Steal a little inspiration. Steal a little muscle.
Will he wake in the morning, wondering --- was it really worth it?
So make a little deal, Yeah, make a little hustle.

Ringin' on the radio --- got a proposition for those English boys.
I'll make the sing-song --- you can make the background noise.
One, two, three, four --- one bar and in.
Give you back the mando, if you'll let this singer sing tonight
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Marty loved the sound of the stolen mandolin.
Big Riff took it on a dare in the night-time.
Now it's four o'clock, and we're waiting at the sound-check.
Looking for a face staring in from the sunshine.
We got two strong lawmen from the sheriff's office.
They're going to lift Big Riff before he plays the first line.

Big Riff, rough boy, wants to be a singer in a band.
Yeah, help him on the stage now, put that microphone in his hand.
Think hard, think right --- nothing in his mind ---
So Riff did a runner, but he left the mandolin behind.