

Black Satin Dancer

Jethro Tull

Come, let me play with you, black satin dancer.
In all your giving, given is the answer.

Tearing life from limb and looking sweeter
than the brightest flower in my garden.
Begging your pardon - shedding right unreason.
Over sensation fly the fleeting seasons.
Thin wind whispering on broken mandolin.
Bending the minutes - the hours ever turning
on that old gold story of mercy.
Desperate breathing. Tongue nipple-teasing.
Your fast river flowing - your northern fire fed.
Come, black satin dancer, come softly to bed.