

# Law of the Bungle

Jethro Tull

The tiger flashes sharpened teeth.  
Bowler-hatted; summer briefs  
Beneath his pinstriped skin.

To kill demands a business sense;  
Economy moves non-residence  
Approaching from down-wind.

Being a tiger means you laugh  
Whenever lesser tigers have  
To eat meat that's infected.

Being a tiger means your mate  
When overfed will defecate  
In places least expected.

Knowing a tiger means you must  
Accept his promise of mutual trust  
And offer him your throat.

Loving a tiger means you take  
Second place to the cake you bake  
And with undying servile obedience  
keep the stiffly starched collar  
of his conference shirt spotless  
and remove daily the daubed bloody  
evidence of his dastardly misdeeds  
from the otherwise immaculate elegance  
of his pinstripe tiger coat.

Period.