

Lick Your Fingers Clean

Jethro Tull

I'll see you at the weighing in
When your life's sum-total's made.
And you set your wealth in godly deeds
Against the sins you've laid.
So place your final burden
On your hard-pressed next of kin:
Send the chamber pot back down the line
To be filled up again.
Take your mind off your election
And try to get it straight.
And don't pretend perfection ---
You'll be crucified too late.
And he'll say you really should make the deal
As he offers round the hat.
Well, you'd better lick your fingers clean, I thank you all for
that.
And as you join the good ship earth
And you mingle with the dust
Be sure to leave your underpants
With someone you can trust.
And the hard-headed social worker who bathes his hands in blood
Will welcome you with arms held high
And cover you with mud.
And he'll say you really should make the deal
As he offers round the hat.
Well, you'd better lick your fingers clean, I thank you all for
that.