

## Rupi's Dance

Jethro Tull

She dances through the flower-filled room -  
Sea-green eyes a-sparking.  
Or are they blue? The message clear:  
Seduce the master, winking.

Dainty feet circles inscribe  
Upon the frozen parquet.  
Arabesque in compound time:  
Stately Pavane or Bour?e.

Sultry smile, come hither gaze -  
Black hair softly shining.  
Calls me up to half-lit bed.  
Sweet cloud with golden lining.

Oh, so young with ageless smile -  
Born of ungodly maker  
Draws me: moth to candle bright -  
Fiery pleasure-seeker.

She dances through the flower-filled room -  
Sea-green eyes a-sparking.  
It's Rupi's dance: the message clear.  
Her movement does the talking.