

## Tall Thin Girl

Jethro Tull

Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants.  
I'd rather do a Vindaloo: take away is what I want.  
I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a treat  
when I saw her framed in the kitchen door.  
She looked good enough to eat.  
(And I mean eat.)  
She was a tall thin girl.  
She looked like a tall thin girl.  
She said, ``Whose is this carry-out?''  
My face turned chilli red.  
Well, I don't know about carrying out,  
but you can carry me off to bed.  
(And I mean bed.)  
She was a tall thin girl.  
She moved like a tall thin girl.  
Maybe I can fetch for it,  
and maybe I can stretch for it.  
I may not be a fat man and I'm not exactly small  
but when it all comes down, couldn't stand my ground.  
This girl was tall.  
(And I mean tall.)

Big boy Doane, he's a drummer. Don't play no tambourine  
but he's Madras hot on the bongo trot,  
if you know just what I mean.  
Stands six foot three in his underwear