

Taxi Grab

Jethro Tull

Shake a leg, it's the big rush,
Can't find a taxi can't find a bus.
Bodies jammed in the underground
Evacuating London town.
Nowhere to put your feet
As the big store shoppers and the pavements meet.
Red lights pin stripes short step
Shuffle into the night.
Tea time calls the Bingo Halls
Open at seven in the old front stalls.
How about a Taxi Grab.

There's an empty cab by the taxi stand
Driver's in the cafe washing his hands.
Big diesel idles the keys inside
C'mon Sally let's take a ride.
Flag down uptown no sweat.
For rush hour travel, it's the best bet yet.
Taxi Grab.