

The Habanero Reel

Jethro Tull

Cool in the corner, tomcat sitting
On the edge of the yard, sand-flies flitting
Orange order on a field of green
Smothers me to smithereens

Rum and cola, ice cubes crashing
Jumping beans and brown eyes flashing
Long hair swinging, tell me how'd you feel?
Well hot and fancy, it's the habanero reel

Troubled skin, pour oil upon it
She's fit to burn in her new scotch bonnet
Spice up anybody's stew
Frogs and goats and chickens too

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Jumping beans and brown eyes flashing
Long hair swinging, tell me how'd you feel?
Well hot and fancy, it's the habanero reel

Barefoot in the sunshine
Kicking empty beer cans down on the high tide line
Big wave nearly float your dress away
Well and I'm thinking that it's just another day, just another day

Feel that hot rush start its tickle
Sweat is rising, taste buds prickle
With ears of bat and eye of eagle
It's just as well it's strictly legal

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