

# 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 anybodys 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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