

Black Mamba

Jethro Tull

Hand in the snake pit - black mamba chase.
Head through the lion's cage - head on a plate.
Two feet on the hot coals - last dance at the ball.
Blindfold on the tightrope - whenever you call.
Be my slippery slider. Black Mamba crawl over me.

Dark thoughts of the sleepless - hung out to dry.
Slip through the bedclothes - unblinking eye.
Long tongue flickering - fixed stare grip.
Sweet venomous potion, held to my lip.
Be my slippery slider. Black Mamba crawl over me.

A tropical whisper. A sibilant kiss.
Soft strike teasing. Dangerous bliss.