

Hunting Girl

Jethro Tull

One day I walked the road and crossed a field
to go by where the hounds ran hard.
And on the master raced: behind the hunters chased
to where the path was barred.
One fine young lady's horse refused the fence to clear.
I unlocked the gate but she did wait until the pack had disappeared.

Crop handle carved in bone;
sat high upon a throne of finest English leather.
The queen of all the pack,
this joker raised his hat and talked about the weather.
All should be warned about this high born Hunting Girl.
She took this simple man's downfall in hand;
I raised the flag that she unfurled.

Boot leather flashing and spurnecks the size of my thumb.
This highborn hunter had tastes as strange as they come.
Unbridled passion: I took the bit in my teeth.
Her standing over --- me on my knees underneath.

My lady, be discrete.
I must get to my feet and go back to the farm.
Whilst I appreciate you are no deviate,
I might come to some harm.
I'm not inclined to acts refined, if that's how it goes.
Oh, high born Hunting Girl,
I'm just a normal low born so and so.