

# Lick Your Fingers Clean

Jethro Tull

I'll see you at the weighing in  
When your life's sum-total's made.  
And you set your wealth in godly deeds  
Against the sins you've laid.  
So place your final burden  
On your hard-pressed next of kin:  
Send the chamber pot back down the line  
To be filled up again.  
Take your mind off your election  
And try to get it straight.  
And don't pretend perfection ---  
You'll be crucified too late.  
And he'll say you really should make the deal  
As he offers round the hat.  
Well, you'd better lick your fingers clean, I thank you all for  
that.  
And as you join the good ship earth  
And you mingle with the dust  
Be sure to leave your underpants  
With someone you can trust.  
And the hard-headed social worker who bathes his hands in blood  
Will welcome you with arms held high  
And cover you with mud.  
And he'll say you really should make the deal  
As he offers round the hat.  
Well, you'd better lick your fingers clean, I thank you all for  
that.