

Like a Tall Thin Girl

Jethro Tull

Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants.
I'd rather do a Vindaloo: take away is what I want.
I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a treat,
When I saw her framed in the kitchen door.
She looked good enough to eat. (And I mean eat.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She looked like a tall thin girl.
She said, "Whose is this carry-out?"
My face turned chilli red.
Well, I don't know about carrying out,
But you can carry me off to bed. (And I mean bed.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She moved like a tall thin girl.
Maybe I can fetch for it,
And maybe I can stretch for it.

I may not be a fat man and I'm not exactly small
But when it all comes down, couldn't stand my ground.
This girl was tall. (And I mean tall.)
She was a tall thin girl.

Big boy Doane, he's a drummer.
Don't play no tambourine
But he's Madras hot on the bongo trot,
If you know just what I mean.

Stands six foot three in his underwear;
Going to get him down here and see
If this good lady's got a little sister 'bout the same size as
me.
She was a tall thin girl.
She looked like a tall thin girl.
Well, can I fetch for it?
Well, maybe I can stretch for it?
Well, am I up for it?
Or do I have to go down for it?