

Sad City Sisters

Jethro Tull

Hard to choose, to choose between them
Tramps on a night out, out of season
Bare legs and arms at the taxi stand
Shoes in hand, cold kerb to freeze on

What desperation, what souls possessed
With lonely demons are put to test?
Why should we worry, why should we care
That warrior horsemen shame, defile them?
Why tip the cabbie, plus his fare?

So send them home to stumble in
And toss their knickers in the bin
Repentance looms then melts away
Mocked by dark unearthly silence
Replaced by incubus at play

Bad sisters stare, graffiti walls
Stare in return when weekend calls
The empty bragging, the empty lives
In anguish echo through empty malls

What desperation, what souls possessed
With lonely demons are put to test?
Why should we worry, why should we care
That warrior horsemen shame, defile them?
The six-gun notches say it all

It was hard to choose, to choose between them
Tramps on a night out, out of season
Out of body and out of mind
Out of dark and into reason

Get them home to stumble in
And toss their knickers in the bin
Demons loom then melt away
"Enough!" disrupts the earthly silence
Guilty Eros had his day
Hands two sad souls to Agápē