

The Feathered Consort

Jethro Tull

Feathered consort, woven fronds maternal
Silken, shining, light the day
With her whispered promises of passion
Fertile joining, fashioned clay

Like distant Venus, so seductive
Smoothing her scent on boys and men
To make them whole and leave them smiling
Thinking of her now and then

They raise her up to sit at heaven's portal
To suckle babes, ripen anew
While second self, the sultry Freya
Rides behind her cats, grey and blue

Wicked diva, cool mug-magnet
The sulky, saucy temptress lights
Another lip-stained cigarette
And turns her face to show the whites
Of eyes like torches, piercing, steely
Thin, grey smoke, a coiling plume
Paris showgirl, headdress cast
Aside in tawdry dressing room