

The Tipu House

Jethro Tull

In the tipu house, live all kinds of people
Old ladies up the back stairs, young lives dreamt away
Their useless husbands drink through the long hot evening
Maybe I could be one, with some practice and a prayer

All God's children play in that toxic city garden
Stealing from their brethren a saucy view or more
Of domestic incidents and guilty copulation
The day of books and roses shown firmly to the door

In the tipu house, you feel for your neighbour
Trade rice and greasy vegetables, shoulders on which to cry
You don't feel so good about them quite all of the time
And someone has to fix the plumbing, or at least give it a try

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In the tipu house, there's a quiet insistent babble
Marital possibilities, grow fecund in the air
Secret forbidden dowries for joining better families
Whispered promises in the hubbub of the market square

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Stealing from their brethren a saucy view or more
Of domestic incidents and guilty copulation
The day of books and roses shown firmly to the door

In the tipu house, there are forever changes
Young gladiators, nourished by the football terrace beat
Aspire to vie in the moneylenders' temples of Madrid
Dream hungry dreams in smooth Brioni, turning up the heat