

Black Satin Dancer

Jethro Tull

Come, let me play with you, black satin dancer
In all your giving, given is the answer
Tearing life from limb and looking sweeter
Than the brightest flower in my garden
Begging your pardon, shedding right unreason
Over sensation, fly the fleeting seasons
Thin wind whispering on broken mandolin
Bending the minutes, the hours ever turning
On that old gold story of mercy
Desperate breathing, tongue, nipple teasing
Your fast river flowing, your Northern fire fed
Come, black satin dancer, come softly to bed
Black satin dancer, given is the answer
Tearing life from limb and looking sweeter
Than the brightest flower in my garden

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