

Taxi Grab

Jethro Tull

Shake a leg, it's the big rush
Can't find a taxi, can't find a bus
Bodies jammed in the underground
Evacuating London town Nowhere to put your feet
As the big store shoppers
And the pavements meet
Red lights, pin stripes
Short step shuffle into the night Tea time calls, the Bingo Halls
Open at seven in the old front stalls
How about a Taxi Grab There's an empty cab by the taxi stand
Driver's in the cafe washing his hands
Big diesel idles, the keys inside
C'mon Sally, let's take a ride Flag down, uptown, no sweat
For rush hour travel
It's the best bet yet, Taxi Grab

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