

Black Mamba

Jethro Tull

Hand in the snake pit, black mamba chase
Head through the lion's cage, head on a plate
Two feet on the hot coals, last dance at the ball
Blindfold on the tightrope whenever you call
Be my slippery slider, black mamba crawl over me
Dark thoughts of the sleepless, hung out to dry
Slip through the bedclothes unblinking eye
Long tongue flickering fixed stare grip
Sweet venomous potion, held to my lip
Ooh, be my slippery slider, black mamba crawl over me
A tropical whisper, a sibilant kiss
Soft strike teasing, dangerous bliss
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