Beastie

Jethro Tull

From early days of infancy, through trembling years of youth
Long murky middle age and final hours long in the tooth
Here's the hundred names of terror, creature you love the least
Picture his name before you and exorcise the beastHe roved up and down through history, spectre with tales to tell
In the darkness when the campfire's dead, to each his private hell
If you look behind your shoulder as you feel his eyes to feast
You can witness now the everchanging nature of the beastBeastie, beastie, beastie, beastieIf you wear a warmer sporran, you can keep the foe at bay
You can pop those pills and visit some psychiatrist who'll say
"There's nothing I can do for you, everywhere's a danger zone
I'd love to help get rid of it but I've got one of my own"
Beastie, there's a beast upon my shoulder
Beastie, and a fiend upon my back
Beastie, feel his burning breath a-heaving
Beastie, smoke oozing from his stackAnd he moves beneath the covers
Beastie, or he lies below the bed
Beastie, he's the beast upon your shoulder
Beastie, and he's the price upon your headHe's the lonely fear of dying and for some of living too
He's your private nightmare pricking, he'd just love to turn the screw
So stand as one defiant, yes and let your voices swell
Stare that beastie in the face and really give him hellBeastie, there's a beast upon my shoulder
Beastie, and a fiend upon my back
Beastie, feel his burning breath a-heaving
Beastie, smoke oozing from his stack
Beastie, and he moves beneath the covers
Beastie, or he lies below the bed
Beastie, he's the beast upon your shoulder
Beastie, and he's the price upon your head
Look out, look out

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