

# 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 beast  
He 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 beast  
Beastie, beastie, beastie, beastie  
If 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 stack  
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  
He'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 hell  
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 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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