

Hunting Girl

Jethro Tull

One day I walked the roads and crossed a field to go
By where the hounds ran hard
And on the master raced behind the hunters chased
To where the path was barred One fine young lady's horse
Refused the fence to clear
I unlocked the gate but she did wait
Until the pack had disappeared Crop handle carved in bone, sat high upon a throne
Of finest English leather
The Queen of all the pack, this joker raised his hat
And talked about the weather All should be warned about
This high born hunting girl
She took this simple man's downfall in hand
I raised the flag that she unfurled Boot leather flashing
And spur necks the size of my thumb
This highborn hunter
Had tastes as strange as they come, come Unbridled passion, I took the bit in my teeth
Her standing over me on my knees underneath, underneath My lady, be discrete, I must get to my feet
And go back to the farm
Whilst I appreciate you are no deviate
I might do some harm I'm not inclined to acts refined
If that's how it goes
Oh, high born hunting girl
I'm just a normal low born so and so
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

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