

Law of the Bungle

Jethro Tull

The tiger flashes sharpened teeth
Bowler-hatted, summer briefs
Beneath his pinstriped skin
To kill demands a business sense
Economy moves non-residence
Approaching from down-winds Being a tiger means you laugh
Whenever lesser tigers have to eat
Meat that's infected
Being a tiger means your mate
When overfed will defecate
In places least expected And knowing a tiger means you must
Accept his promise of mutual trust
And offer him your throat
Loving a tiger means you take
Second place to the cake you bake
And with undying servile obedience Keep the stiffly starched collar
Of his conference shirt spotless
And remove daily the daubed bloody evidence
If his dastardly misdeeds
From the otherwise immaculate elegance
Of his pinstripe tiger coat period

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