

Critique Oblique

Jethro Tull

Critic of the black and white it's your first night.
The Passion Play gets in the way - spoils your insight.
Tell me how the baby's made, how the lady's laid,
Why the old dogs howl with sadness.

Spoken:

The blue thing in the ball leaves naught but a bloody footprint on the memory of last summer's trip to Europe.
Did you buy a passport from the queen?

Spoken:

And your little sister's immaculate virginity wings away on the bony shoulder of a young horse named George
who stole surreptitiously into her geography revision.
The examining body examined her body.

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