

Paradise Steakhouse

Jethro Tull

I'd like to take you
To the edge of every morning
On a magic eiderdown
To a window chair In the Paradise Steakhouse
Where there's a cup of silver coffee
Steaming chrome reflections
From the mist in your hair Try not to watch me
(Try not to watch me)
Just call me after darkfall
(Call me after darkfall)
I'll bring a whip to sow
My seed on your land In the Paradise Steakhouse
There's a cup of silver coffee
A sheath of steel so you may hold
My sword in your hand I'll cut you, divide you
Into tender pieces
No wings to fly away
Upon my dear In the Paradise Steakhouse
On a plate upon a table
I will carve your name with care
To last the years I'd like to eat you
(I'd like to eat you)
All fire will consume you
(Fire will consume you)
Roast on the spit of love
On this arrow true In the Paradise Steakhouse
I'll taste every finger
Baking in the ashes
Till the flames rise anew I'd like to take you
To the edge of every morning
On a magic eiderdown
To a window chair In the Paradise Steakhouse
Where there's a cup of silver coffee
Steaming chrome reflections
From the mist in your hair

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