

# The Curse

## Jethro Tull

Young Gladys was a silky maiden  
At thirteen, she was going strong, yeah, oh, Gladys  
Nicely filled out, fully laden  
But down below there was something wrong, yeah, oh, Gladys  
Nobody told her about the secrets that ladies have  
to hide  
Mom had no words to describe the things that happened inside  
Need someone to help me, I feel that there's a curse on me, oh  
Went down into the local disco  
For what used to be the one night, yeah, oh Gladys  
Felt a searching hand to frisk her  
Along the legs of the water line, yeah, oh Gladys  
Now Gladys knew she was in no condition in no mood to play  
I cracked a knee in her soft spot, nothing, had got in her way  
I want no one to touch me, I feel there's a curse on me, oh  
Directed down to the local drugstore  
Got fixed up, now she's doing fine, yeah, oh Gladys  
Equipped with various kinds of apparatus  
You know the feminine hygiene kind, yeah, oh Gladys  
Must have been a man to do these things who won her  
fall from grace  
That day he programmed Eve, you should have seen the smile on his face  
He said, "You'll need someone to help you  
When you feel like cursing me", oh

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