Paradise Steakhouse

Jethro Tull

I'd like to take you
To the edge of every morning
On a magic eiderdown
To a window chairIn the Paradise Steakhouse
Where there's a cup of silver coffee
Steaming chrome reflections
From the mist in your hairTry 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 landIn the Paradise Steakhouse
There's a cup of silver coffee
A sheath of steel so you may hold
My sword in your handI'll cut you, divide you
Into tender pieces
No wings to fly away
Upon my dearIn the Paradise Steakhouse
On a plate upon a table
I will carve your name with care
To last the yearsI'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 trueIn the Paradise Steakhouse
I'll taste every finger
Baking in the ashes
Till the flames rise anewI'd like to take you
To the edge of every morning
On a magic eiderdown
To a window chairIn the Paradise Steakhouse
Where there's a cup of silver coffee
Steaming chrome reflections
From the mist in your hair

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