

# Like A Tall Thin Girl

## Jethro Tull

Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants  
I'd rather do a Vindaloo, take away is what I want  
I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a treat  
When I saw her framed in the kitchen door  
She looked good enough to eat, and I mean eat She was a tall thin girl  
She looked like a tall thin girl She said, "Whose is this carry-out?"  
My face turned chilly red  
Well, I don't know about carrying out  
But you can carry me off to bed, and I mean bed She was a tall thin girl  
She moved like a tall thin girl  
Maybe I can fetch for it  
And maybe I can stretch for it I may not be a fat man  
And I'm not exactly small  
But when it all comes down  
Couldn't stand my ground this girl was tall, and I mean tall She was a tall thin girl Big boy Doane, he's a  
drummer  
Don't play no tambourine  
But he's Madras hot on the bongo trot  
And if you know just what I mean Stands six foot three in his underwear  
Going to get him down here and see  
If this good lady's got a little sister  
'Bout the same size as me, yeah She was a tall thin girl  
She looked like a tall thin girl  
Well, can I fetch for it?  
Well, maybe I can stretch for it  
Well, am I up for it?  
Or do I have to go down for it?

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