

**Beastie**  
**Jethro Tull**

intro **Gb5 - F5 - Gb5 Ab5 - F5**

**F5**  
From early days of infancy,  
          **Db5**  
through trembling years of youth,  
          **Ab5**                                  **Bb5**  
long murky middle-age and final hours  
          **Eb5**  
long in the tooth,  
          **F5**  
he is the hundred names of terror -creature you love the least.

**Db5**                                  **Eb F5 B5**  
Picture his name before you and exorcise the beast.

**F5**  
**Eb A F5 (REST THE SAME)**  
He roved up and down through history --- spectre  
with tales to tell. In the darkness when the  
campfire s dead --- to each his private hell. If you look  
behind your shoulder as you feel his eyes to feast, you  
can witness now the everchanging nature of the beast.

Beastie **F5 Db5 Bb5 Db5 x3 F5 Db5 Bb5 Db5 B5**

(REST THE SAME)  
If you wear a warmer sporran, you can keep the foe at  
bay. You can pop those pills and visit some  
psychiatrist who ll say --- There s nothing I can do  
for you, everywhere s a danger zone. I d love to help  
get rid of it, but I ve got one of my own.

There s a beast upon my shoulder and a fiend upon  
my back. Feel his burning breath a heaving, smoke  
oozing from his stack. And he moves beneath the  
covers or he lies below the bed. He s the beast upon  
your shoulder. He s the price upon your head. He s  
the lonely fear of dying, and for some, of living too.  
He s your private nightmare pricking. He d just love  
to turn the screw. So stand as one defiant --- yes, and  
let your voices swell. Stare that beastie in the face  
and really give him hell.