

**Black Satin Dancer**  
**Jethro Tull**

**Bb**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G F G**  
Come, let me play with you, black satin dancer.

**Bb**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G F G**  
In all your giving, given is the answer.

**Bb**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G F G**  
Tearing life from limb and looking sweeter

**Bb**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G F G**  
than the brightest flower in my garden.

**Bb**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G F G**  
Begging your pardon --- shedding right unreason.

**Bb**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G F G**  
Over sensation fly the fleeting seasons.

**Am**                    **G**                    **Am**                    **Bb Eb**  
Thin wind whispering on broken mandolin.

**Bb**                    **F**                    **C**                    **G F**  
Bending the minutes --- the hours ever turning

**Dm C**                    **F**  
on that old gold story of mercy.

**C**                    **F**                    **Bb Eb**                    **C**  
Desperate breathing. Tongue nipple-teasing.

**Gm**                    **Dm**                    **Bb F C**  
Your fast river flowing --- your northern fire fed.

**Dm**                    **Gm**                    **C**                    **Am Am/G Am/F# F**  
Come, black satin dancer, come softly to bed.