Jethro Tull, Dot Com

It's a wide world out there
So much wider than imagined
I can't quite put my finger on the pulse
Of your heart softly beating
Just beneath the raw silk sheen
That reflects the tints of autumn from the hills.
So punch my name.
And in case you wonder -
I'll be yours - yours, dot com.
Executive accommodation
Bland but nonetheless appealing
Waiters discretely at your back and call
Place the tall sun-down potion
Lightly by your velvet elbow
While you compose a message on the wall.
So punch my name.
And in case you wonder -
I'll be yours - yours, dot com.
With your handmade leather valise
Packed and ready, ready waiting
Showered and dressed down lightly for the heat
Give a clue; leave a kind word
Hint as to a destination
A domain where our cyber-souls might meet.
So punch my name.
And in case you wonder -
I'll be yours - yours, dot com.