

A Different Kettle Of Very Different Fish

Jethro Tull

I'll take you down to that bright city mile
There to powder your sweet face and paint on a smile
That will show all of the pleasures and none of the pain
When you join my explosion
And play with my games
WarChild dance the days, and dance the nights away
No unconditional surrender; no armistice day
Each night I'll die in my contentment and lie in your grave

While you bring me water and I give you wine
Let me dance in your tea-cup and you shall swim in mine
WarChild dance the days, and dance the nights away
Open your windows and I'll walk through your doors
Let me live in your country let me sleep by your shores
WarChild dance the days, and dance the nights away