

Another Christmas Song

Jethro Tull

Hope everybody's ringing on their own bell, this fine morning.
Hope everyone's connected to that long distance phone.
Old man, he's a mountain.
Old man, he's an island.
Old man, he's a-walking says:
"I'm going to call, call all my children home".

Hope everybody's dancing to their own drum this fine morning:
The beat of distant Africa or a Polish factory town.
Old man, he's calling for his supper.
Calling for his whiskey.
Calling for his sons and daughters, yeah
Calling, calling all his children round.

Sharp ears are tuned in to the drones and chanters warming.
Mist blowing round some headland, somewhere in your memory.
Everyone is from somewhere
Even if you've never been there.
So take a minute to remember the part of you
That might be the old man calling me.

How many wars you're fighting out there, this winter's morning?
Maybe it's always time for another Christmas song.
Old man he's asleep now.
He's got appointments to keep now.
Dreaming of his sons and daughters, yeah, proving,
Proving that the blood is strong.