

Another Christmas Song

Jethro Tull

Hope everybody's ringing on their own bell, this fine morning, yeah
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 waking says, "I'm going to call, call all my children home" Hope everybody's dancing to their
own drum this fine morning, yeah
The beat of distant Africa or a Polish factory town
Old man, he's calling for his supper, he's calling for his whiskey
Calling for his sons and daughters, calling, calling all his children round Sharp ears are tuned in to the drones
and chanters warming, yeah
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 winters morning? Yeah
Maybe it's always time for another Christmas song
Old man he's asleep now but he's got appointments to keep now
Dreaming of his sons and his daughters, yeah
Proving, proving that the blood is strong

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