

# Blood On the Rooftops (Genesis)

[\*\*Steve Hackett\*\*](#)

Dark and grey, an english film, the wednesday play  
We always watch the queen on christmas day  
Won't you stay?Though your eyes see shipwrecked sailors you're still dry  
The outlook's fine, though wales might have some rain  
Saved againLet's skip the news, boy (I'll make some tea)  
The arabs and the jews, boy (too much for me)  
They get me confused, boy (puts me off to sleep)  
And the thing I hate, oh lord  
Is staying up late, to watch some debate, on some nation's fateHypnotised by Batman, Tarzan, still surprised  
You've won the west in time to be our guest  
Name your prizeDrop of wine, a glass of beer, dear what's the time?  
The grime on the tyne is mine, all mine, all mine  
Five past nineBlood on the rooftops, Venice in the spring  
Streets of San Francisco, a word from Peking  
The trouble was started by a young Errol Flynn  
Better in my day, oh lord  
For when we got bored, we'd have a world war, happy but poorSo let's skip the news, boy (I'll go make that tea)  
Blood on the rooftops (too much for me)  
When Old Mother Goose stops, they're out for twenty-three  
Then the rain at Lords' stopped play  
Seems Helen of Troy has found a new face again

Songwriters

Collins, Phil / Hackett, StevePublished by

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