Blood On the Rooftops

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
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