

# 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 again Let'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 fate Hypnotised by Batman, Tarzan, still surprised

You've won the west in time to be our guest

Name your prize Drop of wine, a glass of beer, dear what's the time?

The grime on the tyne is mine, all mine, all mine

Five past nine Blood 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 poor So 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, Steve Published by

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