

## Tull Jethro

### "Another Christmas Song"

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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 whisky.

Calling for his sons and daughters, yeah --

calling all his children round.

Sharp ears are tuned to the drones and chanter's warning.

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 fighting out there, this fine winter's morning?

Maybe there's always time for another Christmas song.

Old man is asleep now.

Got appointments to keep now.

Dreaming of his sons and daughters, and proving --

proving that the blood is strong

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