

Peter Gabriel

"Dance With The Moonlit Knight"

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Can you tell me where my country lies,
Cried the unifaun to his true loves eyes,
It lies with me, cried the queen of maybe,
For her merchandise he traded in his prize.

Paper Late! cried a voice in the croud,
Old man dies, the note he left was
Signed old father Thames.

It seems he's drowned,
Selling England by the pound.

Citizens of hope and glory,
Time goes by, it's the time of your life,
Easy now, sit you down,
Chewin' through your wimpy dreams,
They eat without a sound,
Digesting England by the pound!

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