

Al Stewart

"Rumours of War - Al Stewart, Peter White"

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We met on the beach amid rumours of war,
your hair in your hand, what you saw you won't say
as the newspapers blew in the wind.

I can see you're one of that kind
who carry 'round a time bomb in their mind, no one
knows
when you'll slip the pin.

Rumours of War.
Rumours of War.

I see that your dress is torn at the edge,
you were lost, intense, like a man on a ledge, waiting to
jump
as the waves break over the shore.

You say there's a storm that can't be delayed,
and lately it seems to be comin' this way, you can hear
it break
like the slam of a door.

Rumours of War.
Rumours of War.

You tell me, "Just look all around, at the past and the
present,
at the cross and the present, the signs and the planets
are lining up like before."

There are souls on fire in the day and the night,
on the left and the right, in the black and the white,
you can see it burn in the eyes of the rich and the poor.

Rumours of War.
Rumours of War.

Rumours of War.
Rumours of War.

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