

Another Christmas Song
Jethro Tull

C **G** **F** **Am**
Hope everybody s ringing on their own bell this morning
C **G** **F** **C**
Hope everyone s connected to the long distance phone
G **C**
Old man, he s a mountain
G **Am**
Old man he s an island
F **Dm** **F** **C**
Old man he s awaking says I m gonna call, call my children home

intro and verses repeated.

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 in to the drones and chanters warming.
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 re fighting out there, this winter s morning?
Maybe it s always time for another Christmas song.
Old man he s asleep now.
Got appointments to keep now.
Dreaming of his sons and daughters, and proving ---
proving that the blood is strong.