

# Joe Jackson, Tango Atlantico

It's Xmas time again  
Has it really been a year  
And a soldier sighs again  
And thinks about his kids and English beer  
Pulls on his boots again  
And steps into the pissing rain  
And the clouds look just like dirty sheep  
But at least he's got a job  
And he knows he can't complain  
And you may think that this song comes too late  
But lest we forget  
This tango Atlantico isn't over yet  
Can you imagine this  
The general and the lady dance  
She flashes victory signs and smokes cigars  
He shines his medals up for one last chance  
They make a pretty pair  
But no one understands their game  
Because they can't agree about the stakes  
They can't agree on anything  
They can't even agree on the name  
And you may think that this song comes too late  
But lest we forget  
This tango Atlantico isn't over yet  
Sorry Tommy . . . Lost a foot? . . . Bloody land mines . . . No more soccer for you . . .  
And you may think that this song comes too late  
But lest we forget  
This tango Atlantico isn't over yet