

# Nazareth, The Gathering

In your head you can hear your heart  
Sweat runs cold it's all about to start  
Life or death only seconds away  
For king and country, there's a game to play.

The hawks will fly, the doves will cry  
The old wise ones stay at home  
The young ones die  
Come to the gathering  
Have fun with a gun  
Come to the gathering  
Your day in the sun.

In your soul you can feel the fear  
In your mind all your demons appear  
Could this be your glory day  
Or just another number when you're blown away?

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Thank the ones who bear the scar  
Widow weaves and a silver star  
All the ones who won't meet dad  
Wonder why they turned out so bad  
All the kids who won the day  
Just got bombed by the folks they saved  
And all the people where you're from  
Don't want you there you've been gone too long.

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