

# Jethro Tull, Warchild Waltz

I'll take you down to that bright city mile  
There to powder your sweet face and paint on a smile  
That will show all of the pleasures and none of the pain  
When you join my explosion and play with my games,  
Warchild, dance the days and dance the nights away  
Warchild, dance the days and dance the nights away

No unconditional surrender, no armistice day  
Each night I'll die in my contentment and the lie, hide in your grave  
While you bring me water and I'll give you wine  
Let me dance in your tea cup and you shall swim in mine

Warchild, dance the days and dance the nights away

Open your windows and I'll walk through your doors  
Let me live in your country, let me sleep by your shores

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Warchild, dance the days