

Rumours Of War

Al Stewart

We met on the beach amid rumours of war
Your head in your hand, what you saw you won't say
As the newspapers flew 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
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I see that your dress is torn at the edge
You are 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 coming this way
You can hear it break like the slam of a door
Rumours of war
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You tell me just look all around
At the past and and the present
The cross and the crescent
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
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