

Procol Harum, All This And More

It's not that I'm so cheerful, though I'll always raise a smile
And if at times my nonsense rhymes then I'll stand trial
My friends are all around me but they only breathe through fear
Were I to cry, I'm sure that still they'd never see a tear

In darkness through my being here, away from you
The bright light of your star confronts me shining through

Dull and sullen, much subdued, my skull a stony glaze
Whirlpools rage on constantly, I'm not so well these days
There must be something somewhere near who sees what's being done
The harbour lights are burning bright, my wax is almost run

In darkness through my being here, away from you
The bright light of your star confronts me, shining through

Come Lollard, raise your lute and sing, and to my ears her beauty bring
Like Maddox in the days of old we'll feast and drink until we fold
And folding still we'll spare a thought for what's been lost and what's been caught
And maybe then begin again for love is life, not poison

In darkness through my being here, away from you
The bright light of your star confronts me, shining through

Oh, shining through....