

# Procol Harum, Good Captain Clack

Still scowling black  
good Captain Clack  
must eat his humble pie  
His bed is made  
the colours fade  
his eyes once wet are dry

The naked muse  
who sits and chews  
tobacco off a tree  
removes his shoes  
gives way to booze  
and searches endlessly

See the naked jumberlack  
sip his aphrodisiac  
Cotton-picking farmers three  
Though I lost my weather vane  
and of sense I have one grain  
I'm content sipping lemon tea