

Procol Harum, Grand Finale

In the darkness of the night,
Only occasionally relieved by glimpses of Nirvana
As seen through other people's windows,
Wallowing in a morass of self-despair
Made only more painful by the knowledge
That all I am is of my own making ...

When everything around me, even the kitchen ceiling,
Has collapsed and crumbled without warning.
And I am left, standing alive and well,
Looking up and wondering why and wherefore.

At a time like this, which exists maybe only for me,
But is nonetheless real, if I can communicate,
And in the telling and the bearing of my soul
Anything is gained, even though the words
Which I use are pretentious and make you cringe
With embarrassment, let me remind you of the pilgrim
Who asked for an audience with the Dalai Lama.

He was told he must first spend five years in contemplation.
After the five years
He was ushered into the Dalai Lama's presence, who said,
'Well, my son, what do you wish to know?'
So the pilgrim said,
'I wish to know the meaning of life, father.'

And the Dalai Lama smiled and said,
'Well my son, life is like a beanstalk, isn't it?'

Held close by that which some despise
Which some call fake, and others lies
And somewhat small
For one so tall
A doubting Thomas who would be?
It's written plain for all to see
For one who I am with no more
It's hard at times, it's awful raw

They say that Jesus healed the sick and helped the poor
And those unsure
Believed his eyes
- a strange disguise
Still write it down and wipe it red
Nothing's better left unsaid
Only sometimes, still no doubt
It's hard to see, it all works out
</lyrics>

""b) Twas Tea Time At The Circus""
</lyrics>

'Twas tea-time at the circus: king jimi, he was there
Through hoops he skipped, high wires he tripped, and all the while the glare
Of the aching, baking spotlight beat down upon his cloak
And though the crowd clapped furiously they could not see the joke

'Twas tea-time at the circus, though some might not agree
As jugglers danced, and horses pranced and clowns clowned endlessly
But trunk to tail the elephants quite silent, never spoke
And though the crowd clapped desperately they did not see the joke
</lyrics>

""c) In The Autumn Of My Madness""
</lyrics>

In the autumn of my madness when my hair is turning grey
For the milk has finally curdled and I've nothing left to say
When all my thoughts are spoken (save my last departing birds)
Bring all my friends unto me and I'll strangle them with words

In the autumn of my madness which in coming won't be long
For the nights are now much darker and the daylight's not so strong
And the things which I believed in are no longer quite enough
For the knowing is much harder and the going's getting rough
</lyrics>

"d) Look To Your Soul"

</lyrics>

I know if I'd been wiser this would never have occurred
But I wallowed in my blindness so it's plain that I deserve
For the sin of self-indulgence when the truth was writ quite clear
I must spend my life amongst the dead who spend their lives in fear
Of a death that they're not sure of, of a life they can't control
It's all so simple really if you just look to your soul

Some say that I'm a wise man, some think that I'm a fool
It doesn't matter either way: I'll be a wise man's fool
For the lesson lies in learning and by teaching I'll be taught
For there's nothing hidden anywhere, it's all there to be sought
And so if you know anything look closely at the time
At others who remain untrue and don't commit that crime

It's so simple really if you just look to your soul, yeah
</lyrics>

"e) Grand Finale"

</lyrics>

Instrumental