

# Procol Harum, Juicy John Pink

Well I opened my eyes this morning  
I wasn't at home in bed  
There were four angels standing round me  
I thought I must be dead  
Yeah I opened my eyes this morning  
Thought I must be dead  
There were four angels standing round me  
and the room was painted red  
Won't you have mercy on your wicked son  
Take me up to heaven not hell where I belong  
Yeah!  
Well the sky began to tremble  
and the rain began to fall  
Four angels standing round me  
and it weren't no social call  
Yeah, the sky began to tremble  
the rain began to fall  
I fell down on my knees praying, Lord!  
but it didn't do no good at all  
Won't you have mercy on your wicked son  
Take me up to heaven not hell where I belong  
Yeah!