

Procol Harum, Kaleidoscope

Jostle, hassle, elbow bustle
in a swirling rainbow tussle
Caught and frozen, broken sheen
now unites for one brief scene

Lonely in the dark I grope
the key's in my kaleidoscope

Confused faces change their places
take up stances, exchange glances
Lost in multicoloured hues
there is no whole which I can choose

Lonely in the dark I grope
the key's in my kaleidoscope

In one face, one moment's fusion
realize the new illusion
Clutching fingers break the puzzle
jostle, hassle, elbow bustle

Still out in the dark I grope
the key's in my kaleidoscope