

Procol Harum, Man With A Mission

I'm a dog in a manger
A cat with a mouse
I'm the prodigal stranger
I'll burn down the house
I'm a self-educator
A collector of news
I'm the cool liberator
Any topic you choose

I'm a man with a mission
I'm a shooting star
I've got no inhibitions
I don't care who you are

Got my eye on the future
And my hand on the pulse
There's a whole world of people
In the back of the bus
There's a man on a tightrope
Who's got nothing to share
Just a whole lot of secrets
And a head full of air

I'm a man with a mission
I'm a shooting star
I've got no inhibitions
I don't care who you are

It's the Tropic of Cancer
The meaning of soul
There's a change in the weather
To have and to hold
The method of access
A handful of dust
It's just par for the course, boy
Get back on the bus

I'm a man with a mission
I'm a shooting star
I've got no inhibitions
I don't care who you are