

Procol Harum, Memorial Drive

Cellar full of diamonds, turret full of gold
All for a mermaid's locket, too much to hold
Drink the seals' blood from the ocean,
Drink the whole ocean dry
Steal the moonshine from the night-time,
Steal the sun from the sky

Black-skinned warrior, Zulu Queen
Sold for a silver dollar, shipped across the sea
Worked like a Mexican donkey,
Used like a hole in the ground
Branded her skin like she didn't feel a thing
Crying without a sound