

Procol Harum, New Lamps For Old

The end of the evening, unable to cope
Unique entertainment no longer a joke
The close of the picture, the end of the show
Merciless torment, torturous blow

New lamps for old
Bright shiny gold
Innocent youth
Falsehood for truth

The eye of the needle, the loss of the thread
Triumphant victor, glorious dead
The cause becomes duty; duty's the blow
Which kills the picture: death of the show