

# Procol Harum, Quite Rightly So

For you (whose eyes were opened wide  
Whilst mine refused to see)  
I'm sore in need of saving grace  
Be kind and humour me  
I'm lost amidst a sea of wheat  
Where people speak but seldom meet  
And grief and laughter, strange but true  
Although they die, they seldom cry

An ode by any other name, yeah  
I know might read more sweet  
Perhaps the sun will never shine  
Upon my field of wheat  
But still in closing, let me say  
For those too sick, yeah, too sick to see  
Though not it shows, yes, someone knows  
I wish that one was me

Yeah!

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I know might read more sweet  
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