

Procol Harum, Rambling On

A local picture house
Was showing a Batman movie
You see this guy fly up in the sky
Thought to myself, "Why shouldn't I?"
Bought a pair of wings
Went upon the wall
Was about to jump into the air
When a man from the street called, he said:

"Hey wait a minute!
Don't you realize the danger?
What do you think you are
Some kind of angel?"

I considered for a minute
Thought "He only speaks the truth"
For the barbells on my eyelids
Only emphasized my youth
And the sawdust in my plimsolls
Means the same to him as me
But that's neither here nor further
So I spoke considerately

"If you understand
Just what I'm trying to say,
Whatever you do, don't grin,
You'll give the game away!"

By now a crowd had gathered
And it seemed that all was lost
In the anger of the moment
I had dived with death and lost
It seemed to me the time was right
So I burst into song
In the anger of the moment
The crowd began to sing along
I could not see a way out of this predicament
Just then a breeze
Cruised through the trees
And up in the air I went

I must have flown a mile
Or maybe it was eight
Thought to myself pretty soon
I'd hit the Golden Gate
Just then a passing bird
For no reason I could see
Took a peck at my wings
And that was the end of me
I went down, hit the ground
Faster than the speed of sound
Luckily I broke no bones
Only tore my underclothes

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(fades, returns, fades again...)