

# 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...)