

Procol Harum, She Wandered Through The Garden

She wandered through the garden fence
and said, 'I've brought at great expense
a potion guaranteed to bring
relief from all your suffering.'
And though I said, 'You don't exist,'
she grasped me firmly by the wrist
and threw me down upon my back
and strapped me to her torture rack

And, without further argument
I found my mind was also bent
upon a course so devious
it only made my torment worse

She said, 'I see you cannot speak
is it your voice that is too weak?
Is it your tongue that is to blame?
Maybe you cannot speak for shame.
Or has your brain been idle too,
and now it will not think for you?'
I hastened to make my reply
but found that I could only lie

And like a fool I believed myself
and thought I was somebody else
But she could see what I was then
and left me on my own again