

Procol Harum, So Far Behind

Your convent-cloistered, cluttered mind
[calls] out for me but I'm behind
You cannot see into your room
Whose perfumed depths sing songs of doom

But I am cold and cannot see
A way out of this mystery

Wild horses couldn't change your mind
Or help you up and let you find
That I am here cold or blind
That I have something left to find

But I am cold and cannot see
A way out of your mystery

An ali baba you would be
In search of treasure endlessly
And like some jewel you'd comfort me
And in your showcase I would be

But I am cold and cannot see
A way out of your mystery