

# Procol Harum, The Idol

Oh the idol, Oh the idol

They knew the monster's every trick  
They knew his secrets every stitch  
All of it had been a game  
Nothing but a charlatan  
Perhaps there was a chance of coming through  
It even seemed that he might think it too  
But he could see no point in diving in  
He knew that he would neither sink nor swim

And so they found he'd nothing left to say  
Just another idol turned to clay

It seemed to them he must know what to do  
They knew that only he could pull them through  
They thought that he would make a plan  
He'd work it out, he'd understand  
Like drowning men they clutched at every straw  
They knew that he had saved them all before  
But he could see no point in diving in  
He knew that he would neither sink nor swim