

Procol Harum, The Piper's Tune

And so you've made a nasty mess;
You have caused your mother great distress
They're bound to even up the score
You'll get no sweeties anymore
They'll give your friends a talking to
Persuade them not to play with you.

They'll tell them 'bout your awful crime
There'll be no second chance this time

It seems they're out to take your skin
They'll cut you up and throw you in
They say you've led them up the path
And now they'll take their turn to laugh
They say they laid a careful trap
And now you've fallen in their lap.

They're out to make a sacrifice
And you're the one to pay the price.

It's no use knocking on the door
There's none can help you anymore
You've gambled and your chance was lost
And now you'll have to pay the cost
You wouldn't take your mum's advice
And now you'll have to pay the price

They say the piper calls the tune
You'll hear his music very soon.

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You'll hear his music very soon.