

# 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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