Barclay James Harvest, Lady Macbeth

Like a jester dressed
In a silly gown
Something evil came to town
At the darkest hour
In the dead of night
All who'd listen gathered round
From the uninspired
From the tortured sounds
No one noticed what she'd done
By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes
Like a fool possessed
Evil grabbed the blade
Dripping blood upon the keys
With her cheap disguise
No-one realised
How this jester could deceive
From the uninspired
From the tortured sounds
No one noticed what she'd done
By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

From the uninspired
From the tortured sounds
No one noticed what she'd done
Time knows the truth
And her lies linger on
By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes
By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes
This way comes
This way comes

Hush now children
Don't you worry
Lots of young ones
Singing Mahler
Lies so deady
Wrapped in sugar candy