

# 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