Procol Harum, A Christmas Camel

My amazon six-triggered bride
Now searching for a place to hide
Still sees the truth quite easily
But shrouds all else in mystery
While madmen in top hats and tails
Impale themselves on six-inch nails
And some Arabian also-ran
Impersonates a watering can

Some Santa Claus-like face of note
Entreats my ears to set afloat
My feeble sick and weary brain
And I am overcome with shame
And hide inside my overcoat
And hurriedly begin to quote
While some Arabian sheikh most grand
Impersonates a hot-dog stand

The Red Cross ambulance outside
Can only mean that I must hide
'Til dusk and finally the night
When I will make a hasty flight
Across the sea and far away
To where the weary exiles stay
And some Arabian oil-well
Impersonates a padded cell