

# Procol Harum, A Rum Tale

She's fuddled my fancy, she's muddled me good  
I've taken to drinking, and given up food  
I'm buying an island, somewhere in the sun  
I'll hide from the natives, live only on rum

I'm selling my memoirs, I'm writing it down  
If no one will pay me I'll burn down the town  
I'll rent out an aircraft and print on the sky  
If God likes my story then maybe he'll buy

I'm buying a ticket for places unknown  
It's only a one-way: I'm not coming home  
She's swallowed my secret, and taken my name  
To follow my footsteps and knobble me lame