

Procol Harum, Crucifixion Lane

You'd better listen anybody,
'cos I'm gonna make it clear
That my life is unimportant;
What I've done I did through fear
There's a river running through me:
On its tide I tried to hide
Nonetheless I could not shake it,
And in the end it swept aside
All my feeble unimportance.
I can't say it, never mind
Can't you hear me mother calling you?
I'm cold, I'm deaf, I'm blind
And if only 'cos you're lucky,
We both know that's no find
I did think I'd be an actor.
What I am I'll leave behind

You'd better listen anybody,
'cos it's me and you --that's it
And in case you find your maker
Perhaps you'll plead for us a bit
All my sick is in my stomach,
All my sweat is clearly fear
And if you could see inside me
I don't think you'd have me here
Tell the helmsman veer to starboard,
Bring this ship around to port
And if the sea was not so salty
I could sink instead of walk
And in case of passing strangers
Who are standing where I fell
Tell the truth: you never knew me,
And in truth it's just as well