

# Procol Harum, Fellow Travellers

This life is a journey  
From shadow to shadow  
We are all fellow travelers  
To the end of the day

This life is blindness  
Fill it with kindness  
Love marks the times as  
We pass on our way

All of us needing  
Something to believe in  
To be the best we can

This life is a fable  
From the grave to the cradle  
A slow dance through the dark night  
To the sweet light we crave

All of us needing  
Something to believe in  
To be the best we can

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