

# Procol Harum, Piggy Pig Pig

(originally Wash Yourself)

Wash yourself and see your sorrow, make every pitcher clean  
Take a mop to swab the floor and destroy the evil dream  
Counting houses full of lead, the evil eye on high  
The streets awash with blood and pus, the new moon's in the sky  
God's aloft, the winds are raging  
God's aloft, the winds are cold  
After leaving I was weeping - count it out in tolls  
Watch the book, the page is turning - how the tale unfolds  
Inside every cancered spectre,  
inside-outside find your own  
God's aloft, the winds are raging - God's aloft, the winds are cold