

Procol Harum, Piggy Pig Pig (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