

# Procol Harum, Skip Softly (My Moonbeams)

Skip softly, my moonbeams, avoid being seen  
Pretend that perhaps you are part of a dream  
Which (seen by some other such person as me)  
Would only glow smiling and nod and agree

Skip softly, my moonbeams, for I have heard tell  
That the stairs up to heaven lead straight down to hell  
That pride is the last thing which comes before fall  
I'd as soon talk to you as make love to a wall