

# Procol Harum, The Emperor's New Clothes

We've seen it before  
The high flying act  
Is it manic delusion  
Or a statement of fact  
That hot fevered brow  
Them bright shining eyes  
The hand on the heart  
Those self serving lies  
It's an ancient tradition  
But everyone knows  
Them gaudy old rags  
Are the emperor's new clothes

We've heard it before  
Your ego parade  
You're always so sure  
A hollow charade  
You promise the moon  
An' squander the earth  
The only person you fool  
Is yourself  
It's an ancient condition  
But everyone knows  
Them gaudy old rags  
Are the emperor's new clothes

We've seen it before  
Those crocodile tears  
The well should'a run dry  
It's been so many years  
You throw us a bone  
Then ask for it back  
The only thing you own  
You stole from our backs  
It's an ancient religion  
But everyone knows  
Them gaudy old rags  
Are the emperor's new clothes