

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