

# Procol Harum, Typewriter Torment

Typewriter torment, dreadful disease  
Caught it the first day I touched the keys  
You wear down your fingers and churn out your pap  
It eats up your life like a dose of the clap

Typewriter torment it tortures me still  
If only my doctor could see that I'm ill

Typewriter fever gives birth to a flood  
It sweeps through your body and curdles your blood  
You curse and discourse but you're damned for all time  
The moment your fingers give birth to a rhyme

Typewriter fever it harries me still  
If only my doctor would give me a pill

Typewriter fever I'm worn to a stub  
I've dumped my Thesaurus and pulled out the plug  
I'm rending my ribbon and bending my spool  
Don't bother rewinding: I'm done with it all

But why can't my doctor just say that I'm ill?  
Typewriter fever is paying his bill.

Typewriter fever it harries me still  
If only my doctor would give me a pill