

A Christmas Camel

Procol Harum

My Amazon six-triggered bride
Now searching for a place to hide
Still sees the truth quite easily
But shrouds all else in mystery
While madmen in top hats and tails
Impale themselves on six-inch nails
And some Arabian also-ran
Impersonates a watering can
Some Santa Claus-like face of note
Entreats my ears to set afloat
My feeble sick and weary brain
And I am overcome with shame
And hide inside my overcoat
And hurriedly begin to quote
While some Arabian sheikh most grand
Impersonates a hot-dog stand
The Red Cross ambulance outside
Can only mean that I must hide
'Til dusk and finally the night
When I will make a hasty flight
Across the sea and far away
To where the weary exiles stay
And some Arabian oil-well
Impersonates a padded cell

Songwriters

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