

# Homburg (Mono)

## Procol Harum

Your multilingual business friend  
Has packed her bags and fled  
Leaving only ash-filled ashtrays  
And the lipsticked unmade bed  
The mirror on reflection  
Has climbed back upon the wall  
For the floor she found descended  
And the ceiling was too tall Your trouser cuffs are dirty  
And your shoes are laced up wrong  
You'd better take off your homburg  
'Cause your overcoat is too long The town clock in the market square  
Stands waiting for the hour  
When its hands they both turn backwards  
And on meeting will devour  
Both themselves and also any fool  
Who dares to tell the time  
And the sun and moon will shatter  
And the signposts cease to sign

Songwriters

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