

Salad Days (are Here Again)

Procol Harum

You come to me at midnight and say, 'It's dark in here.'
You know you robbed me of my sight, and light is what I fear
I tell you that I can not see but you persist in showing me
those bangles that I paid for long ago
And though my face is smiling I'm really feeling low
and though you say you're with me I know that it's not so
Your skin crawls up an octave, your teeth have lost their gleam
The peaches snuggle closer down into the clotted cream
and for some unknown reason my watch begins to chime
and though I beg and plead with you, you tell me it's not time

And though my face is smiling I'm really feeling low
and though you say you're with me I know that it's not so
The sun seeps through the window to see if we're still dead
to try to throw some light upon the gloom around our bed
At quarter past the doorbell rings, the water faucet drips and sings
and still my reason will not rhyme, and still you tell me it's not time
And though my face is smiling I'm really feeling low
and though you say you're with me I know that it's not so
You really know that it's not so

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