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

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