

Juicy John Pink

Procol Harum

(trower / reid)

Well I opened my eyes this morning
I wasn't at home in bed
There were four angels standing round me
I thought I must be dead
Yeah I opened my eyes this morning
Thought I must be dead
There were four angels standing round me
And the room was painted red
Won't you have mercy on your wicked son
Take me up to heaven not hell where I belong

Yeah!

Well the sky began to tremble
And the rain began to fall
Four angels standing round me
And it weren't no social call
Yeah, the sky began to tremble
The rain began to fall
I fell down on my knees praying, lord!
But it didn't do no good at all
Won't you have mercy on your wicked son
Take me up to heaven not hell where I belong
Yeah!

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