Piggy Pig Pig

Procol Harum

Wash yourself and see your sorrow
Make every pitcher clean
Take a mop to swab the floor
And destroy the evil dreamCounting houses full of lead
The evil eye on high
The streets awash with blood and pus
The new moon's in the skyGod's aloft, the winds are raging
God's aloft, the winds are coldAfter leaving I was weeping
Count it out in tolls
Watch the book, the page is turning
How the tale unfoldsInside every cankered specter
Inside, outside find your ownGod's aloft, the winds are raging
God's aloft, the winds are cold
God's aloft, the winds are raging
God's aloft, the winds are coldGod's aloft, the winds are raging
God's aloft, the winds are cold
God's aloft, the winds are rage, raging
God's aloft, the winds are cold

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