

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 dream
Counting houses full of lead
The evil eye on high
The streets awash with blood and pus
The new moon's in the sky
God's aloft, the winds are raging
God's aloft, the winds are cold
After leaving I was weeping
Count it out in tolls
Watch the book, the page is turning
How the tale unfolds
Inside every cankered specter
Inside, outside find your own
God'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 cold
God'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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