

# Whaling Stories (Live In St. Petersburg 2009)

## Procol Harum

Paling well after sixteen days, a mammoth task was set  
Sack the town, and rob the tower, and steal the alphabet  
Close the door and bar the gate, but keep the windows clean  
God's alive inside a movie! Watch the silver screen! Rum was served to all the traitors; pygmies held themselves  
in check  
Bloodhounds nosed around the houses, down dark alleys sailors crept  
Six bells struck, the pot was boiling - soup spilled out on passers-by  
Angels mumbled incantations, closely watched by God on high Lightning struck out - fire and brimstone!  
Boiling oil and shrieking steam!  
Darkness struck with molten fury, flashbulbs glorified the scene  
Not a man who had a finger, not a man who could be seen  
Nothing called (not name nor number) - Echo stormed its final scream Daybreak washed with sands of gladness,  
rotting all it rotted clean  
Windows peeped out on their neighbors, inside fireside bedsides gleam  
SHALIMAR, the trumpets chorused, angels wholly all shall take  
Those alive will meet the prophets, those at peace shall see their wake

Songwriters

KEITH REID, GARY BROOKER Published by

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