So Far Behind

Procol Harum

Your convent-cloistered, cluttered mind
Callsout for me but I'm behind
You cannot see into your room
Whose perfumed depths sing songs of doom
But I am cold and cannot see
A way out of this mystery
Wild horses couldn't change your mind
Or help you up and let you find
That I am here cold or blind
That I have something left to find
But I am cold and cannot see
A way out of your mystery
An Ali Baba you would be
In search of treasure endlessly
And like some jewel you'ld comfort me
And in your showcase I would be
But I am cold and cannot see
A way out of your mystery

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