

Barnyard Story

Procol Harum

Chicken in the farmyard
There's an oven in your bin
You're growing old with sorrow
You're growing fat with sin
I was living in a graveyard
I was hanging from the wall
I was living in the desert
I was trying not to fall
Once I stood upon Olympus
Then the heavens opened wide
I beheld that flaming chariot
And I saw the sacred bride
Now and then my life seems truer
Now and then my thought seems pure
All in all, my thoughts are fewer
Maybe death will be my cure

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