Alpha

Procol Harum

My parents must've disliked me. they left me in the lurch
Packed me in a basket which was left in a church
It was found by a nun
Who took one peep and run
Screaming 'there's an eye in the middle of his head!'The man in charge reflected and then to me he said,
'all men are born equal. you can earn your daily bread;
Go now to the belfry
Where the bats are blind and can't see
There's an eye in the middle of your head.'I sat there in the gloom, thought about my lousy luck;
At least if your body's offensive then your clothes cover it up
But my forehead is quite smooth
Except for one circular groove
And that's the eye in the middle of my head.

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