

Crucifiction Lane

Procol Harum

(trower / reid)

You'd better listen anybody, 'cos I'm gonna make it clear
That my life is unimportant; what I've done I did through fear
There's a river running through me: on it's tide I tried to hide
Nonetheless I could not shake it, and in the end it swept aside
All my feeble unimportance. I can't say it, never mind
Can't you hear me mother calling you? I'm cold, I'm deaf, I'm blind
And if only 'cos you're lucky, we both know that's no find

I did think I'd be an actor. what I am I'll leave behind
You'd better listen anybody, 'cos it's me and you --that's it
And in case you find your maker perhaps you'll plead for us a bit
All my sick is in my stomach, all my sweat is clearly fear
And if you could see inside me I don't think you'd have me here
Tell the helmsman veer to starboard, bring this ship around to port
And if the sea was not so salty I could sink instead of walk
And in case of passing strangers who are standing where I fell
Tell the truth: you never knew me, and in truth it's just as well

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