

# Still There'll Be More

## Procol Harum

One, two, one, two, three, four, oh yeah  
I'll bathe my eyes in a river of salt  
I'll grow myself right up to the sky  
I'll sing in the forest, tear down the trees  
I'll foul all the fountains and trample the leaves  
I'll blacken your Christmas and piss on your door  
You'll cry out for mercy, still there'll be more  
I'll put a blight in the orchard  
I'll run wild through the fields  
I'll waylay your daughter and kidnap your wife  
Savage her sexless and burn out her eyes  
I'll blacken your Christmas and piss on your door  
You'll cry out for mercy, still there'll be more  
I'll bathe my eyes in a river of salt  
I'll grow myself right up to the sky  
I'll sing in the forest, tear down the trees  
I'll foul all the fountains and trample the leaves  
I'll blacken your Christmas and piss on your door  
You'll cry out for mercy, still there'll be more, still there'll be more  
Just turn back and see, you'll get what's coming from me  
I'll blacken your Christmas and piss on your door  
You'll cry out for mercy, still there'll be more, still there'll be more  
Mercy, mercy, mercy, still there'll be more, still there'll be more  
[Incomprehensible], still there'll be more

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