

Quite Rightly So

Procol Harum

For you whose eyes were opened wide
 Whilst mine refused to see
I'm sore in need of saving grace
 Be kind and humor me
I'm lost amidst a sea of wheat
Where people speak but seldom meet
And grief and laughter, strange but true
Although they die, they seldom cry
An ode by any other name, yeah
I know might read more sweet
Perhaps the sun will never shine
 Upon my field of wheat
But still in closing, let me say
For those too sick, yeah, too sick to see
Though not it shows, yes, someone knows
 I wish that one was me
An ode by any other name, yeah
I know might read more sweet
Perhaps the sun will never shine
 Upon my field of wheat
But still in closing, let me say, yeah
For those too sick, too sick to see
Though not it shows, yes, someone knows
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