

So Far Behind

Procol Harum

Your convent-cloistered, cluttered mind
Callsout for me but I'm behind
You cannot see into your room
Whose perfumed depths sing songs of doomBut I am cold and cannot see
A way out of this mysteryWild horses couldn't change your mind
Or help you up and let you find
That I am here cold or blind
That I have something left to findBut I am cold and cannot see
A way out of your mysteryAn Ali Baba you would be
In search of treasure endlessly
And like some jewel you'd comfort me
And in your showcase I would beBut I am cold and cannot see
A way out of your mystery

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>