

# Pilgrim's Progress

## Procol Harum

I sat me down to write a simple story  
Which maybe in the end became a song  
In trying to find the words which might begin it  
I found these were the thoughts I brought along  
At first I took my weight to be an anchor  
I gathered up my fears to guide me 'round  
But then I clearly saw my own delusion  
And found my struggles further bogged me down  
In starting out I thought to go exploring  
And set my foot upon the nearest road  
In vain I looked to find the promised turning  
But only saw how far I was from home  
In searching I forsook the paths of learning  
And sought instead to find some pirate's gold  
In fighting I did hurt those dearest to me  
And still no hidden truths could I unfold  
I sat me down to write a simple story  
Which maybe in the end became a song  
The words have all been read by one before me  
We're taking turns in trying to pass them on  
Oh, we're taking turns in trying to pass them on

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