

Kaleidoscope

Procol Harum

Jostle, hassle, elbow bustle
in a swirling rainbow tussle
Caught and frozen, broken sheen
now unites for one brief scene
Lonely in the dark I grope
the key's in my kaleidoscope
Confused faces change their places
take up stances, exchange glances
Lost in multicoloured hues
there is no whole which I can choose

Lonely in the dark I grope
the key's in my kaleidoscope
In one face, one moment's fusion
Realise the new illusion
Clutching fingers break the puzzle
jostle, hassle, elbow bustle
Still out in the dark I grope
the key's in my kaleidoscope

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