

# Typewriter Torment

## Procol Harum

Typewriter torment, dreadful disease  
Caught it the first day I touched the keys  
You wear down your fingers and churn out your pap  
It eats up your life like a dose of the clap  
Typewriter torment it tortures me still  
If only my doctor could see that I'm ill  
Typewriter fever it harries me still  
If only my doctor would give me a pill  
Typewriter fever gives birth to a flood  
It sweeps through your body and curdles your blood  
You curse and discurse but you're damned for all time  
The moment your fingers give birth to a rhyme  
Typewriter fever it harries me still  
If only my doctor would give me a pill  
Typewriter fever I'm worn to a stub  
I've dumped my thesaurus and pulled out the plug  
I'm rending my ribbon and bending my spool  
Don't bother rewinding: I'm done with it all  
But why can't my doctor just say that I'm ill?  
Typewriter fever is paying his bill.

Lyrics provided by

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