

Magdalene (my Regal Zonophone)

Procol Harum

Though I know the night has fallen and the sun's sailed out to sea
I will wait here for the band to play the trumpet voluntary
And with one foot on the seashore and the other in the sand
I will stand here plaiting daisies whilst you play the piano-grand
Caprice, your bugle blew away the cobwebs from my ears

and for once I stood quite naked. Unashamed, I wept the tears
which I tried to hide inside myself from me, I mean from you
but the shame I found too painful and the pain it only grew
Magdalene, my Regal Zonophone

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