# 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 illTypewriter fever it harries me still
If only my doctor would give me a pillTypewriter 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 pillTypewriter 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.

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