

For Liquorice John

Procol Harum

He fell from grace and hit the ground
They tried in vain to bring him round
No one saw him make the fall
They couldn't understand at all
His fall from grace was swift and straight
The doctors didn't hesitate
What he had they were not sure
He didn't have a temperature

His fall from grace was swift and sure
The doctors said they knew no cure.
They felt and poked and pushed his pulse
He couldn't understand at all
He fell from grace and hit the ground
He fell into the sea and drowned
They saw him struggling from the harbour
They saw him wave as he went under

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