

# Salad Days

## Procol Harum

(brooker / reid) You come to me at midnight and say, 'it's dark in here.'  
You know you robbed me of my sight, and light is what I fear  
I tell you that I can not see but you persist in showing me  
Those bangles that I paid for long ago And though my face is smiling I'm really feeling low  
And though you say you're with me I know that it's not so  
Your skin crawls up an octave, your teeth have lost their gleam  
The peaches snuggle closer down into the clotted cream  
And for some unknown reason my watch begins to chime  
And though I beg and plead with you, you tell me it's not time And though my face is smiling I'm really feeling  
low  
And though you say you're with me I know that it's not so  
The sun seeps through the window to see if we're still dead  
To try to throw some light upon the gloom around our bed  
At quarter past the doorbell rings, the water faucet drips and sings  
And still my reason will not rhyme, and still you tell me it's not time And though my face is smiling I'm really  
feeling low  
And though you say you're with me I know that it's not so  
You really know that it's not so

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