

Something Following Me

Procol Harum

While standing at the junction on 42nd Street
I idly kick a pebble lying near my feet
I hear a weird noise, take a look up and down
The cause of the commotion is right there on the ground
Imagine my surprise, thought I'd left it at home
but there's no doubt about it, it's my own tombstone
I went into a shop, and bought a loaf of bread
I sank my teeth into it, thought I'd bust my head
I dashed to the dentist, said, 'I've got an awful pain!'
The man looks in my mouth and screams, 'This boy is insane!'
Imagine my surprise, thought I'd left it at home
but there's a lump in my mouth of my own tombstone
I went to see a movie, got the only empty seat
I tried to stretch out in it, something blocking my feet
Finally the lights came up, and I could clearly see
a slab of engraved marble, just staring up at me
Imagine my surprise, thought I'd left it at home
but there's no doubt I'm sitting on my own tombstone

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