

The Idol

Procol Harum

Oh the idol, Oh the idol They knew the monster's every trick
They knew his secrets every stitch
All of it had been a game
Nothing but a charlatan
Perhaps there was a chance of coming through
It even seemed that he might think it too
But he could see no point in diving in
He knew that he would neither sink nor swim And so they found he'd nothing left to say
Just another idol turned to clay It seemed to them he must know what to do
They knew that only he could pull them through
They thought that he would make a plan
He'd work it out, he'd understand
Like drowning men they clutched at every straw
They knew that he had saved them all before
But he could see no point in diving in
He knew that he would neither sink nor swim

Songwriters

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