Skip Softly (My Moonbeams)

Procol Harum

Skip softly, my moonbeams, avoid being seen
Pretend that perhaps you are part of a dream
which (seen by some other such person as me)
would only glow smiling and nod and agreeSkip softly, my moonbeams, for I have heard tell
that the stairs up to heaven lead straight down to hell
that pride is the last thing which comes before fall
I'd as soon talk to you as make love to a wall

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