About To Die

Procol Harum

About to die, the crowds applaud you Afraid to die, they'll resurrect you Light a candle up in kingdom come Light the way for the Saviour's son A candle burning bright enough To tear the city down About to die, the crowds reward you About to die, their cheers ignore you Light a candle up in kingdom come Make a welcome for the chosen one No candle burned with fire enough To tear that city down About to die, the crowds applaud me Afraid to die, they'll resurrect me Light a candle up in kingdom come Light the way for the Saviour's son A candle burning bright enough To tear the city down

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