

# Barnyard Story

## Procol Harum

Chicken in the farmyard, there's an oven in your bin  
You're growing old with sorrow, you're growing fat with sin  
I was living in the graveyard, I was hanging from the wall  
I was living in the desert, I was trying not to fall  
Once I stood upon Olympus, then the heavens opened wide  
I beheld that flaming chariot and I saw the sacred bride  
Now and then my life seems truer, now and then my life seems pure  
All in all, my thoughts are fewer - maybe death will be my cure  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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