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 fallOnce 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.

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