

# Pilgrims Progress

## Procol Harum

I sat me down to write a simple story  
Which maybe in the end became a song  
In trying to find the words which might begin it  
I found these were the thoughts I brought alongAt first I took my weight to be an anchor  
I gathered up my fears to guide me 'round  
But then I clearly saw my own delusion  
And found my struggles further bogged me downIn starting out I thought to go exploring  
And set my foot upon the nearest road  
In vain I looked to find the promised turning  
But only saw how far I was from homeReff: In searching I forsook the paths of learning  
And sought instead to find some pirate's gold  
In fighting I did hurt those dearest to me  
And still no hidden truths could I unfoldI sat me down to write a simple story  
Which maybe in the end became a song  
The words have all been read by one before me  
We're taking turns in trying to pass them on  
Oh, we're taking turns in trying to pass them on

Lyrics provided by  
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