

Procol Harum "A Rum Tale"

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She's fuddled my fancy, she's muddled me good
I've taken to drinking, and given up food
I'm buying an island, somewhere in the sun
I'll hide from the natives, live only on rum

I'm selling my memoirs, I'm writing it down
If no one will pay me I'll burn down the town
I'll rent out an aircraft and print on the sky
If God likes my story then maybe he'll buy
I'm buying a ticket for places unknown
It's only a one-way: I'm not coming home
She's swallowed my secret, and taken my name
To follow my footsteps and knobble me lame

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