

## Procol Harum "Cerdes"

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(brooker / reid)

Outside the gates of cerdes sits the two-pronged  
unicorn  
Who plays at relaxation time a rhinestone flugelhorn  
Whilst mermaids lace carnations into wreaths for ailing  
whales  
And neptune dances hornpipes while salome sheds her  
veils

Phallus phil tries peddling his pewter painted pot  
But sousa sam can only hear the screams of peep the  
sot  
Who only sips his creme de menthe from terra cotta  
cups  
And exhales menthol scented breath whilst spewing  
verbiage up

Down technical blind alleys live the wraiths of former  
dreams  
And greeps who often crossed them are no longer  
what they seem  
And even christian scientists can but display marble  
plaques  
Which only retell legends whilst my eyes reach out for  
facts  
Yeah, my eyes reach out for facts

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