

## Procol Harum "Crucifiction Lane"

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(trower / reid)

You'd better listen anybody, 'cos I'm gonna make it  
clear  
That my life is unimportant; what I've done I did  
through fear  
There's a river running through me: on it's tide I tried to  
hide  
Nonetheless I could not shake it, and in the end it  
swept aside  
All my feeble unimportance. I can't say it, never mind  
Can't you hear me mother calling you? I'm cold, I'm  
deaf, I'm blind  
And if only 'cos you're lucky, we both know that's no  
find  
I did think I'd be an actor. what I am I'll leave behind  
You'd better listen anybody, 'cos it's me and you --  
that's it  
And in case you find your maker perhaps you'll plead  
for us a bit  
All my sick is in my stomach, all my sweat is clearly  
fear  
And if you could see inside me I don't think you'd have  
me here  
Tell the helmsman veer to starboard, bring this ship  
around to port  
And if the sea was not so salty I could sink instead of  
walk  
And in case of passing strangers who are standing  
where I fell  
Tell the truth: you never knew me, and in truth it's just  
as well

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