

## Procol Harum "In The Autumn Of My Madness"

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In the autumn of my madness when my hair is turning  
grey  
for the milk has finally curdled and I've nothing left to  
say  
When all my thoughts are spoken (save my last  
departing birds)  
bring all my friends unto me and I'll strangle them with  
words

In the autumn of my madness which in coming won't be  
long  
for the nights are now much darker and the daylight's  
not so strong  
and the things which I believed in are no longer quite  
enough  
for the knowing is much harder and the going's getting  
rough

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