

Procol Harum "Lime Street Blues"

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(brooker / reid)*

Lime street in the afternoon
Everybody crazy as a coon
I'm running round in my underpants
Trying to find some kinda romance

Quarter past three [sic] on lime street
I got whipped right offa my feet
Didn't realize that I'd been caught
Till I found myself in the county court

'mr judge,' I said, 'won't you please be kind
Have pity on me, a poor orphan child? '
Mr judge he says with a long mean frown
'orphan or not, you're going down!'

Well I screamed on my knees in the witness box,
'lord have mercy on my golden locks.'
The judge I could see that he was snide
He says, 'the only kind of blonde you are's a peroxide!'

Oh lime street, lime street
Lime street, that's where we meet

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