

Procol Harum "Magdalena"

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(brooker / reid)

Though I know the night has fallen and the suns sailed
out to sea

I will wait here for the band to play the trumpet
voluntary

And with one foot on the seashore and the other in the
sand

I will stand here plaiting daisies whilst you play the
piano-grand

Caprice, your bugle blew away the cobwebs from my
ears

And for once I stood quite naked. unashamed, I wept
the tears

Which I tried to hide inside myself from me, I mean
from you

But the shame I found too painful and the pain it only
grew

Magdalene, my regal zonophone

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