

## Procol Harum "Piggy Pig Pig"

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Wash yourself and see your sorrow  
Make every pitcher clean  
Take a mop to swab the floor  
And destroy the evil dream

Counting houses full of lead  
The evil eye on high  
The streets awash with blood and pus  
The new moon's in the sky

God's aloft, the winds are raging  
God's aloft, the winds are cold

After leaving I was weeping  
Count it out in tolls  
Watch the book, the page is turning  
How the tale unfolds

Inside every cankered specter  
Inside, outside find your own

God's aloft, the winds are raging  
God's aloft, the winds are cold  
God's aloft, the winds are raging  
God's aloft, the winds are cold

God's aloft, the winds are raging  
God's aloft, the winds are cold  
God's aloft, the winds are rage, raging  
God's aloft, the winds are cold

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