

## **Procol Harum "So Far Behind"**

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Your convent-cloistered, cluttered mind  
[calls] out for me but I'm behind  
You cannot see into your room  
Whose perfumed depths sing songs of doom

But I am cold and cannot see  
A way out of this mystery

Wild horses couldn't change your mind  
Or help you up and let you find  
That I am here cold or blind  
That I have something left to find  
But I am cold and cannot see  
A way out of your mystery

An ali baba you would be  
In search of treasure endlessly  
And like some jewel you'd comfort me  
And in your showcase I would be

But I am cold and cannot see  
A way out of your mystery

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