

Procol Harum "'twas Tea-time At The Circus"

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'Twas tea-time at the circus: King Jimi, he was there
Through hoops he skipped, high wires he tripped, and
all the while the glare
of the aching, baking spotlight beat down upon his
cloak
and though the crowd clapped furiously they could not
see the joke

'Twas tea-time at the circus, though some might not
agree
as jugglers danced, and horses pranced and clowns
clowned endlessly
But trunk to tail the elephants quite silent, never spoke
and though the crowd clapped desperately they could
not see the joke

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