

Procol Harum "Whaling Stories"

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Pailing well after sixteen days
A mammoth task was set
Sack the town and rob the tower
And steal the alphabet

Close the door and bar the gate
But keep the windows clean
God's alive inside a movie
Watch the silver screen

Rum was served to all the traitors
Pygmies held themselves in check
Bloodhounds nosed around the houses
Down dark alleys sailors crept

Six bells struck, the pot was boiling
Soup spilled out on passers by
Angels mumbled incantations
Closely watched by god on high

Lightning struck out, fire and brimstone
Boiling oil and shrieking steam
Darkness struck with molten fury
Flashbulbs glorified the scene

Not a man who had a finger
Not a man who could be seen
Nothing called
(Not name nor number)
Echo stormed its final scream

Daybreak washed with sands of gladness
Rotting all it rotted clean
Windows peeped out on their neighbors
Inside fireside bedsides gleam

Shalimar, the trumpets chorused
Angels wholly all shall take
Those alive will meet the prophets
Those at peace shall see their wake

