

## Harum Procol

### "In Held Twas In I"

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"Glimpses of Nirvana"

In the darkness of the night, only occasionally relieved  
by glimpses of

nirvana as seen through other people's windows,  
wallowing in a morass of

self-despair made only more painful by the knowledge  
that all I am is of my

own making. When everything around me, even the  
kitchen ceiling, has

collapsed and crumbled without warning. And I am left,  
standing in the eye

of a well looking up and wondering why and wherefore.  
At a time like this,

which exists maybe only for me, but is nonetheless  
real, if I could

communicate, and in the telling and the bearing of my  
soul anything is

gained, even though the words which I use are  
pretentious and make you

cringe with embarrassment, let me remind you of the  
pilgrim who asked for

an audience with the Dalai Lama. He was told he must  
first spend five

years (in) contemplation. After the five years, he was  
ushered into the

Dalai Lama's presence, who said, "Well, my son, what  
do you wish to know?"

So the pilgrim said, "I wish to know the meaning of life,  
father." And so

the Dalai Lama smiled and said, "Well my son, life is  
like a beanstalk,

isn't it?"

Held close by that which some despise

Which some call fate, and others lies

And somewhat small for one so tall

A doubting Thomas? Who would be?

It's written plain for all to see

For one who I am with no more

It's hard at times, it's awful wrong

They say that Jesus healed the sick and helped the  
poor

And those unsure believed his eyes - a strange  
disguise

Still write it down, it might be read

Nothing's better left unsaid

Only sometimes, still no doubt

It's hard to say, it all works out

"'Twas Tea-Time at the Circus"

'Twas tea-time at the circus

King Jimmy, he was there

Through hoops he skipped, highwires 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  
>From trunk to tail, the elephants  
Quite silent, never spoke  
And though the crowd clapped desperately  
They could not see the joke

"The Autumn of My Madness"

In the autumn of my madness  
When my hair is turning grey  
For the milk has finally curdled  
And I've nothing left to say  
When all my thoughts are spoken  
(Save my last departing verse)  
Bring all my friends unto me  
And I'll strangle them with words  
In the autumn of my madness  
Which in coming won't be long  
For the nights are now much darker  
And the daylight's not so strong  
And the things which I believed in  
Are no longer quite enough  
For the knowing is much harder

And the going's getting rough  
"Look to Your Soul"  
I know if I'd been wiser  
This would never have occurred  
But I wallowed in my blindness  
So it's plain that I deserve  
For the sin of self-indulgence  
When the truth was read quite clear  
I must spend my life amongst the dead  
Who spend their lives in fear  
Of a death that they're not sure of  
Of a life they can't control  
It's all so simple really,  
If you just look to your soul  
Some say that I'm a wise man  
Some think that I'm a fool  
It doesn't matter either way  
I'll be a wise man soon  
For the lesson lies in learning  
And by teaching, I'll be taught  
For there's nothing hidden anywhere  
It's all there to be sought  
And so if you know anything  
Look closely at the time  
For others who remain untrue  
And won't commit that crime, yeah...

It's all so simple, really,

If you'll just look to your soul

"Grande Finale"

THE END

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