

Harum Procol

"Juicy John Pink"

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"Juicy John Pink" by Procol Harum

lyrics by Keith Reid

Well I opened my eyes this morning,

I wasn't at home in bed

There were four angels standin' 'round me

I thought I must be dead

Yeah I opened my eyes this mornin'

Thought I must be dead

There were four angels standin' 'round me

And the room was beaded red

Won't you have mercy on your wicked son?

Take me up to heaven, or hell where I belong

Well the sky began to tremble

The rain began to fall

Four angels standin' 'round me

And it weren't no social call

Yeah, the sky began to tremble

The rain began to fall

Got down on my knees prayin' Lord

But it didn't do no good at all

Won't you have mercy on your wicked son?

Take me up to heaven, or hell where I belong

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