

Harum Procol

"Quite Rightly So"

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For you (whose eyes were opened wide

Whilst mine refused to see)

I'm sore in need of saving grace

Be kind and humour me

I'm lost amidst a sea of wheat

Where people speak but seldom meet

And grief and laughter, strange but true

Although they die, they seldom cry

An ode by any other name

I know might read more sweet

Perhaps the sun will never shine

Upon my field of wheat

But still in closing, let me say

For those too sick, too sick to see

Though not it shows, yes, someone knows

I wish that one was me

An ode by any other name

I know might read more sweet

Perhaps the sun will never shine

Upon my field of wheat

But still in closing, let me say

For those too sick, too sick to see

Though not it shows, yes, someone knows

I wish that one was me

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