

Harum Procol

"Shine On Brightly"

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My Prussian-blue electric clock's
Alarm bell rings, it will not stop
And I can see no end in sight
And search in vain by candlelight
For some long road that goes nowhere
For some signpost that is not there
And even my befuddled brain
Is shining brightly, quite insane
The chandelier is in full swing
As gifts for me the three kings bring
Of myrrh and frankincense, I'm told
And fat old Buddhas carved in gold
And though it seems they smile with glee
I know in truth they envy me
And watch as my befuddled brain
Shines on brightly quite insane
Above all else, confusion reigns
And though I ask, no one explains
My eunuch friend has been and gone
He said that I must soldier on
And though the ferris wheel spins 'round

My tongue it seems has run the ground

And croaks as my befuddled brain

Shines on brightly, quite insane

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