

Harum Procol

"The Idol"

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Oh the idol, Oh the idol...

They knew the monster's every trick

They knew his secrets...every stitch

All of it has been a game, nothing but a charlatan

Perhaps there was a chance of coming through

It even seemed that he might think it too

But he could see no point in diving in

But he knew that he would neither sink nor swim

So they found he'd nothing left to say

Just another idol turned to clay...

It seemed to them he must know what to do

They knew that only he could pull them through

The thought that he would make a plan

He'd work it out, he'd understand

Like drowning men they clutched at every straw

They knew that he had saved them all before

But he could see no point in diving in

But he knew that he would neither sink nor swim

So they found he'd nothing left to say

Just another idol turned to clay...

Oh the idol, Oh the idol

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