

Quite Rightly So

Procol Harum

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 nothing shows, yes, someone knows

I wish that one was me