

## An Old English Dream

Procol Harum

They say this fair city has ten thousand souls  
Some live in mansions  
And some live in holes  
Some eat from silver  
And some eat from gold  
Some sift through garbage  
And sleep in the cold

I saw a great highway that stretched to the stars  
I saw a deep river all choked up with cars  
A babe in a cradle and a cat with the cream  
An old English church yard and an old English dream

Once we had a country  
And thought it so fair  
If you look through the mirror  
You can still find it there  
But now our great country  
Is broken and torn  
And all of its promise  
And liberties worn

I saw a great highway that stretched to the stars  
I saw a deep river all choked up with cars  
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I saw a great plain in winter  
All covered in snow  
Ten thousand soldiers  
That marched to and fro  
I saw a broken down building  
With ten thousand doors  
But none of them open  
And none of them yours

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