

## Shine On Brightly

Procol Harum

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 aground  
and croaks as my befuddled brain  
shines on brightly, quite insane