

## The Dead Man's Dream

Procol Harum

As I lay down dying, a floor for my bed  
And a bundle of newspaper under my head  
I dreamed a dream, as strange as could be  
Concerning myself, and somebody like me  
We were in some city, the stranger and me  
The houses were open, and the streets empty  
The windows were bare, and the pavements dirty  
I asked where I was; my companion ignored me  
We entered a graveyard and searched for a tombstone  
The graves were disturbed, and the coffins wide open  
And the corpses were rotten, yet each one was living  
Their eyes were alive with maggots crawling  
I cried out in fear, but my voice had left me  
My legs were deformed, yet I moved quite freely  
My head was on fire, yet my hands were icy  
And everywhere light, yet darkness engulfed me  
I managed to scream and woke from my slumber  
I thought of my dream and lay there and wondered  
Where had I been? What could it mean?  
It was dark in the deathroom as I slithered under