

# Procol Harum, For Liquorice John

He fell from grace and hit the ground  
They tried in vain to bring him round  
No one saw him make the fall  
They couldn't understand at all

His fall from grace was swift and straight  
The doctors didn't hesitate  
What he had they were not sure  
He didn't have a temperature

His fall from grace was swift and sure  
The doctors said they knew no cure.  
They felt and poked and pushed his pulse  
He couldn't understand at all

He fell from grace and hit the ground  
He fell into the sea and drowned  
They saw him struggling from the harbour  
They saw him wave as he went under