

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Barnyard Story

Par Procol Harum

Album : Insideoutside: The Very Best Of Live & In The Studio (Disc 2)

Chicken in the farmyard

There's an oven in your bin

You're growing old with sorrow

You're growing fat with sin

I was living in at graveyard

I was hanging from the wall

I was living in the desert

I was trying not to fall

Once I stood upon Olympus

Then the heavens opened wide

I beheld that flaming chariot

And I saw the sacred bride

Now and then my life seems truer

Now and then my thoughts seem pure

All in all, my thoughts are fewer

Maybe death will be my cure