

# She Wandered Through the Garden Fence

## Procol Harum

She wandered through the garden fence  
and said, 'I've brought at great expense  
a potion guaranteed to bring  
relief from all your suffering.'  
And though I said, 'You don't exist,'  
she grasped me firmly by the wrist  
and threw me down upon my back  
and strapped me to her torture rack  
And, without further argument  
I found my mind was also bent  
upon a course so devious  
it only made my torment worse  
She said, 'I see you cannot speak  
is it your voice that is too weak?  
Is it your tongue that is to blame?  
Maybe you cannot speak for shame.  
Or has your brain been idle too,  
and now it will not think for you?'  
I hastened to make my reply  
but found that I could only lie  
And like a fool I believed myself  
and thought I was somebody else  
But she could see what I was then  
and left me on my own again

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