

# A Christmas Camel

## Procol Harum

My amazon six-triggered bride  
Now searching for a place to hide  
Still sees the truth quite easily  
But shrouds all else in mystery  
While madmen in top hats and tails  
Impale themselves on six-inch nails  
And some Arabian also-ran  
Impersonates a watering can  
Some Santa Claus-like face of note  
Entreats my ears to set afloat  
My feeble sick and weary brain  
And I am overcome with shame  
And hide inside my overcoat  
And hurriedly begin to quote  
While some Arabian sheikh most grand  
Impersonates a hot-dog stand  
The Red Cross ambulance outside  
Can only mean that I must hide  
'Til dusk and finally the night  
When I will make a hasty flight  
Across the sea and far away  
To where the weary exiles stay  
And some Arabian oil-well  
Impersonates a padded cell

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>