

Company of Fools

Great Big Sea

Many a truest word
has been spoken by the Jester
Standing against the tide
Is the noblest of gestures
It's the little pearls of wisdom
That tumble from the light
That makes us laugh until we cry
Because we know that they are right
Within the strangest people
Truth can find the strangest home
So meet me in the village
Where all we idiots go
Bring on the Clowns
The Jokers and Buffoons
I've had the Time of my Life
And the Life of my Times
In the Company of Fools
I'm wading through the quicksand
In the gardens of the gentry
Blooming vacuity
Leaves mind and pockets empty
In the Social Order
I accept the bottom rung
Until the wine is pouring
And the Lord commands a song
Meet me at the staff door
When the posers all go home
We'll gather with the other Fools
And put on a proper show
So here's to the Poorest Poet
Who always pens the truth
Players Writers and Gypsies
The Minstrels and their tunes
I'd rather live an honest lifetime
With those with nothing to lose
Than waste a night
Knee deep in shite
That's polished slick
To look just right
I'd rather live a lifetime in the
Company of Fools

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