

# 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  
Within the strangest people  
Truth can find the strangest home  
So meet me in the village  
Where all we idiots go

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