

# The Fool

## Sanford Clark

A sort of place you don't often find  
A quiet room to go out of your mind  
Will you excuse me whilst I confide  
I've found a place where I can hide

    Lights out by nine as a rule

    One grey blanket and a stool

Angels fear to tread where stands the fool  
But the air is warm, and the walls are cool

    So I'm kept away, so here I'll stay

    Even the judges kneel and pray

    I am the winner in any event, SNAP!

Who was the man who said society's bent?  
So I'm locked away in my padded cocoon  
    A square of hell where nightmares bloom

    Armageddon couldn't come too soon

But if it only meant that I could leave this room

    Here stands the Fool

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