Raconteur Troubadour

Gentle Giant

Gather round the village square
Come good people both wretched
and fair.
See the troubadour play on the drum
Hear my songs on the lute that I strum.I will make you laugh,
Revel, Merry-dance.
Throw your pennies, then you'll hear
more of
the story-telling half.
There's no other chance,
Always move on
Raconteur, troubadour.Take the face that you see for the man,
Clown and minstrel, I am what I am.
All my family, not of my kin.
Home, wherever, the place that I'm in.Humors give me wage,
Favors for my art.
Rising, falling
Everyone struggle on.
All the world's a stage
All can play their part.
I have chosen
Raconteur, troubadour.Dusk is drawing my story is spun,
Dawn is falling my day's work is done.
Morning, rested I set on my way.
Find new faces to offer my play.I will make you laugh,
Revel, Merry-dance.
Throw your pennies, then you'll hear
more of
the story-telling half.
There's no other chance.
Always move on
Raconteur-TroubadourNote: Here we have tried to capture something of the medieval English troubadour, by the instrumentation, arrangement and lyrics.*Integrally taken from the Octopus album leaflet.

Lyrics provided by
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