

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-Troubadour Note: 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

<https://damnllyrics.com/>