

# The Fool

Robert Gordon

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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