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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