

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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