Giant Gentle "Raconteur Troubadour"

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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.

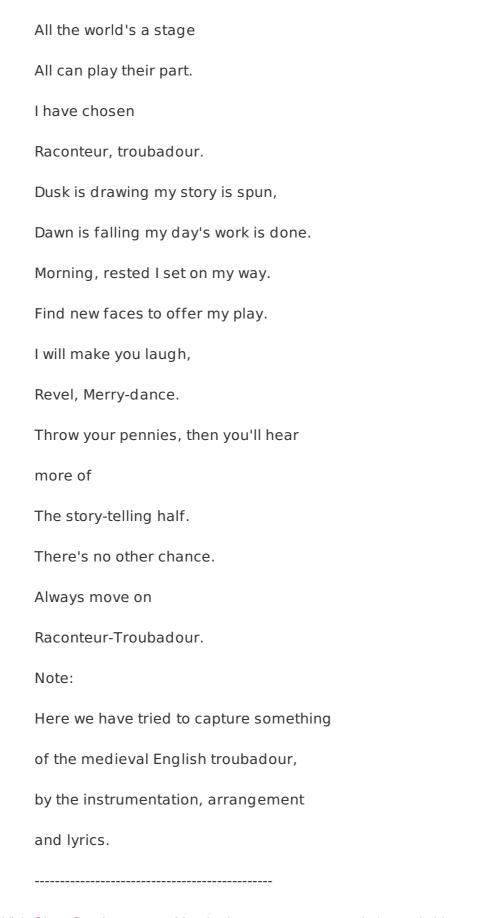
Home, wherever, the place that I'm in.

Humors give me wage,

Favors for my art.

Rising, falling

Everyone struggle on.



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