

Jester's March **"Run"**

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He's sitting there in silence
His hat between his knees
They are in a hurry
No one takes notice of him
It's cold here in the city
His fingers are stiff and numb
He tries to count the money
But it slips away

There ain't no place that he calls home
They always chase him away
No chance for a brighter day

All day on the run, all night on the loose
He wants to get away
All day on the run, all night on the loose
He can't escape at all

He is dreaming of better days
Just memories so far away
They can't take his pride
No wine can drown it
It helps to forget
And helps him bear the pain

There ain't no place that he calls home
They always chase him away
No chance for a brighter day

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