

## Revoltons "The Court's Fool"

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I'm going to tell you  
About the story of a fool  
Who met an ironic end  
On the way back home  
He was a queer fellow  
Dressed in many colours  
And many were his names  
According to the place  
He carried a little lute across his back  
And a strange hat on his head

Every night he was there  
In the court's yard to delight  
All the nobles that just called him "The Fool"  
But his tongue was a sort of knife  
And all his melodies and tales  
Re-echoed through the night

Lords of the realm never paid attention  
To the words of a poor fool  
Or they simply never understood him  
He was living on the edge, and maybe  
He would end up with a noose around his neck  
But something was going to happen that night

[Chorus:]  
Every night he was there  
In the court's yard to delight  
All the nobles that just called him "The Fool"  
But his tongue was a sort of knife  
And all his melodies and tales  
Re-echoed through the night

So that night in the middle of the tale  
He pointed at the King and burst out laughing:  
A deathlike silence set on the guests!  
So the wrathful Master rose to his feet  
And chased the Fool out of his yard

But the Fool got near the Lords' table  
Drank from Master's goblet and said:  
"God save the King!" and broke into a laugh!

Chased out of the Court  
The fool took the way back home  
But after a while he was seized by a sudden illness and  
dropped dead  
Maybe there wasn't just wine in that goblet

[Chorus]

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