

## Monty Python

### "A song for the sensitive, the idiot song"

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How sweet to be an Idiot,  
As harmless as a cloud,  
Too small to hide the sun  
Almost poking fun,  
At the warm but insecure untidy crowd.  
How sweet to be an idiot,  
And dip my brain in joy,  
Children laughing at my back,  
With no fear of attack,  
As much retaliation as a toy.

How sweet to be an idiot, how sweet.

I tiptoed down the street,  
Smiled at everyone I meet,  
But suddenly a scream,  
Smashes through my dream,  
Fie fye foe fum,  
I smell the blood of an asylum,  
(Blood of an asylum,  
But mother I play so beautifully,  
listen. ha ha)  
Fie fye foe fum,  
I smell the blood of the asylum,  
Hey you, you're such a pennant,  
You got as much brain as a dead ant,  
As much inagination as a carvan sign.

But I still love you, still love you,  
Oooh how sweet to be an idiot,  
How sweet. how sweet. How sweet.

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