

Monty Python "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, untiny crowd

How sweet to be an idiot
And tip my brain in joy
Childern laughing at my back
With no fear of attack
As much retaliation as a toy

How sweet to be an idiot
How sweet..

I tip-toe down the street
Smile at everyone I meet

But suddenly a scream
Smashes through my dream
Fee-Fi-Fo-Fom
I smell the blood of an ass item
Fee-Fi-Fo-Fom
I smell the blood of an ass item
Hey you
You're such a peasent
You got as much brain as a dead ant
As much imagination as a cat outside

But I still love him
Still love you
How sweet
To be an idiot
How sweet
How sweet
How sweet

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