

Van Der Graaf Generator "Ship Of Fools"

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(Hammill)

The captain's in a coma, the lieutenant's on a drunk;
the owner's in his cabin with his special friend, the
monk;
the midget's on the bridge, dispensing platitudes and
junk -
those wild and special places,
those strange and dangerous places,
those sad, sweet faces,
it's a Ship of Fools.

The nurse in black seamed stockings, she's already on
patrol
for fake fur starlets panicked by the watering-hole;
everybody's waiting for the drama to unfold
in those cold and treasured places,
those old and degenerate places;
those posed, posed, empty faces
it's a Ship of Fools.

Run, rabbit, run, you're the only one that can do it;
turn, baby, turn, there's a ring of fire
and you've got to go through it.
Fun, baby, fun, when the sands have run to the limit
turn, baby, turn, there's a ring of fire and you're in it.
Looking for logic and adventure
down the dark end of the street,
open city, open season, open lips that gleam so sweet
offer kisses like piranhas
to the soft flesh of your feet,
and any man's poison is every man's meat
in those mad and special places,
those sad and desperate places,
those sad, sweet soul embraces,
it's a Ship of Fools
Those strange and special places
those wild and dangerous places,
those dead, dead, dead faces...
It's a Ship of Fools; no rules.

