



THE FOOL

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You can call him Jack of Hearts, you can call him Prince of Knaves
From the suits he has discarded and the cards you think he saves
But his face is hard to read, he's grown open as a grave
And now you just can't guess his hand until he makes it
And the judge says he is dangerous, and crazy, like a fox
As he walks into the courtroom with his favorite paradox
And says 'You cannot hope to catch this boy if you nail him in a box'
And he takes the judge's hammer, and he breaks it

And they say that he's a joker, they say he is a fool
Like the ones in caps and bells, like the ones who break the rules
But he's always standing ready to fly or take a fall
And the Fool could be the savior of us all

The diplomats and princes of that world they think is real
Are served by those with broken hearts and shoulders on the wheel
They see the Fool in his ragged dance and they don't care how he feels
When just by his simple steps he seems to tell them
You say your days are wasted, you tell me they're too tough
For you to lead the lives you'd like, but you know that's just your bluff
Because you have all the time there is, who never have enough
But they never seem to buy this dream he is selling

And they say that he is crazy, they say he is a fool
Then they dream of their caps and gowns and the years they spent in school
Till they're haunted by the wisdom born of that freedom they recall
That the Fool might be the wisest of us all

And romantics turn to cynics when the fiery leaves are gone
And the trees stand cold and naked, unprotected from the dawn
They are stripped of all illusion with no dreams to carry on
And life is only a series of departures
But it takes as great a leap of faith to deny as to believe
And you are the looms and the guiding hands and the patterns that you weave
And his is just a gypsy soul with no intent to deceive
When he tells you he sees arrivals in your future

I've heard that love is treacherous, I've heard it's not for fools
That it's only for the cunning thieves, like ancient treasured jewels
But he has no need to hide his heart behind the unseen walls
And the Fool could be the richest of us all

I don't often write 'wheel' songs, with different spokes branching out from a central theme. This is one of those. It's loosely inspired by the Tarot card of the same name.