

The King and the Fool (Part 1)

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Late one morning a prince was born, with a look of grief in his eyes
All the people said he was just born sad
For twenty years he just hummed during the day, and cried out his nights
Till a poor young woodsman came along and finally made him laugh
When the prince became the king, he asked that woodsman to be his fool
Had no choice but to accept
To be a fool for a fool ain't so foolish if you know how to fool
But when it came time for that king to get married he decided he was very
Fond of the young woodsman's girl
The woodsman said, please don't, she's all I've ever wanted in this world

You tell the king I'll be dead in a week if he takes my love away
He's got his pick of the finest young women in this land every day
But the finest of all is in love with a fool, and that's how it's gonna stay
So you tell the king he won't laugh any more if he takes my love away

The king wasn't too fond of that response, just made him want her even more
He figured he could have her, seeing as how he was the king and all
He forgot how it was not to laugh and not to smile and to be crying all the time
He took those things for granted now, or for a lot less than they were worth
The woodsman he went crazy, went to join the king's army
And fight a battle in the north
Went on killing and killing and killing to fill the deep hole in his heart
But all the while he kept the hope alive that their love would outlast
This war and this king and this horrible thing that had recently come to pass

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So you tell the king he won't laugh any more if he takes my love away
If he takes my love away, hey, yeah
He won't come back here no more
Just finding all his time slipping away

The king from the enemy's camp snuck up to him late one night
Said, you join our side you can have anything you want
The woodsman he thought long and hard, and considered his pride
And by morning he came up with this conclusion
That these countries and boundaries and territories and kings were all temporary
And his love for her was eternal
And these swords and these knives and this flesh and this blood would all weaken
And crumble under the strength of their love

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