

No Hopers, Jokers and Rogues

By Rupert Christie & Tom Gilbert closely associated with Fishermans Friends

Leave all your furrows in the fields where they lie
Your factories and offices; kiss them all goodbye
Have a little faith in the dream maker in the sky
There's glory in believing him and it's all in the beholder's eye.

Chorus

*Come, all you no hopers, you jokers and rogues
We're on the road to nowhere, let's find out where it goes
It might be a ladder to the stars, who knows
Come, all you no hopers, you jokers and rogues.*

Turn off your engines and slow down your wheels
Suddenly your master plan loses its appeal
Everybody knows that this reality's not real
So raise a glass to all things past and celebrate how good it feels.

Awash on the sea of our own vanity
We should rejoice in our individuality
Though it's gale force: let's steer a course: for sanity.