

No Hopers, Jokers and Rogues

By Rupert Christie, Tom Gilbert & Fred Prest (2010) closely associated with Fishermans Friends

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*

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

Chorus

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

Chorus X2