

# Monty Python, Bruces' Philosophy Song

How sweet to be an idiot,  
As harmless as a cloud,  
Too small to hide the sun,  
Almost poking fun  
At the warm but insecure, untidy crowd.  
How sweet to be an idiot,  
And dip my brain in joy,  
Children laughing at my back,  
With no fear of attack,  
As much retaliation as a toy.  
How sweet to be an idiot. How sweet.

I tiptoed down the street,  
Smiled at everyone I meet,  
But suddenly a scream  
Smashes through my dream.  
Fee fie foe fum.  
I smell the blood of an asylum.  
(Blood of an asylum. But mother, I play so beautifully. Listen. Ha ha.)  
Fie fye foe fum.  
I smell the blood of the asylum.  
Hey you. You're such a pennant.  
You got as much brain as a dead ant,  
As much imagination as a caravan sign,

But I still love you. Still love you.  
Oooh, how sweet to be an idiot.  
How sweet. How sweet. How sweet.