

# Mal-adjusted Jester

Danny Kaye

Your majesty, I have a confession  
My secret I must now betray  
I was not a born fool  
It took work to get this way

When I was a lad I was gloomy and sad  
And I was from the day I was born  
When other lads giggled and gurgled and wiggled  
I proudly was loudly forlorn  
My friends and my family looked at me clammily  
Thought there was something amiss  
When others found various antics hilarious  
All I could manage was this? ho ho  
Or this? ho waahhh

My father he shouted he needs to be clouted  
His teeth on a wreath I'll hand him  
My mother she cried as she rushed to my side  
You're a brute and you don't understand him  
So they send for a witch with a terrible twitch  
To ask how my future impressed her  
She took one look at me and cried hehehehehe, he?  
What else could he be but a jester?  
A jester a jester, a funny idea a jester  
No butcher no baker no candlestick maker  
And me with the look of a fine undertaker  
Impressed her as a jester?

Now where could I learn any comical turn  
That was not in a book on the shelf  
No teacher to take me and mold me and make me  
A merryman fool or an elf  
But I'm proud to recall that in no time at all  
With no other recourses but my own resources  
With firm application and determination  
I made a fool of myself!

I bought a little gun and I learned to shoot  
I bought a little a horn and I learned to toot  
Now I can shoot and toot ain't that cute? Plbbt!

I started to travel to try to unravel  
My mind and to find a new chance

When I got to Spain it was suddenly plain  
That the field that appealed was the dance  
The Spanish were clannish but I wouldn't vanish  
I learned every step they had planned  
The first step of all isn't hard to recall  
Cause the first step of all is to stand  
And stand  
And stand, and stand, and stand, and stand, and  
They sometimes stand this way for days

Then they get very mad at the floor and start to stomp on it

[Smash! Ow!]

After all of my practice the terrible fact is  
I made a fool of myself

I sadly decided that dancing as I did  
To sing was a thing that was sure  
I found me a teacher a crotchety creature  
Who used to sing coloratura  
She twisted my chin pushed my diaphragm in  
With a poker she vocalized me  
When she said it was best that I threw out my chest  
You may gather that rather surprised me

I was on solid ground till I suddenly found  
That in Venice I was to appear  
The gala locale was a choppy canal  
And me, a high sea gondolier  
I nervously perched as the gondola lurched  
Before the King's palazzo  
As I started my song my voice it was strong  
But my stomach I fear was not so

Oh solo mio, oh  
Oh solo ooh Help!

When I fell overboard how his majesty roared  
And before a siesta he made me his jester  
And I found out soon that to be a buffoon  
Was a serious thing as a rule  
For a jester's chief employment  
Is to kill himself for your enjoyment  
And a jester unemployed is nobody's fool