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