

# THE FOOL DRESSED IN VELVET

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, consisting of two staves with treble and bass clefs, showing a melody and accompaniment in G major and 4/4 time.

Verse

There's a (8) Fool Dressed in Velvet & he's walking down the street. He's got

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

ribbons & the people sigh as the fool goes by. "That goes the Fool Dressed in

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics.

can't amount to much... 2 other laugh at him... ... because it's

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics.

Fool Dressed In Velvet - 2

BVA →

(Chorus)

easy to ridicule a fool

You take your chances,

BVA →

one way or the other.

What's it worth to you to be a brother?

(DS)

(DS)

① There's a FOOL DRESSED IN VELVET and he's walkin' down the street.  
 He's got ribbons in his hair and a tattoo 'cross his feet.  
 And the people sigh  
 As the fool goes by.  
 "There goes the fool dressed in velvet.  
 He can't amount to much.  
 He's a helpless grown-up man that fortune never touched."  
 And they laugh at him.  
 He returns a grin.  
 Because it's easy to ridicule a fool.

(Chorus)  
 You take your chances: one way or the other.  
 What's it worth to you to be a brother?

② Oh, the fool dressed in velvet has friends like you and me.  
 And they take him where they're goin' and he sees the things they see.  
 And the poor man tries  
 To amuse their eyes.  
 And there's laughter, joy and wonder and at night at home alone,  
 There's a tangled recollection of the things his friends have done.  
 Sure, they take him in  
 But they make sport of him  
 Because it's easy to ridicule A fool

(Chorus)  
 ③ The Fool dressed in Velvet can't keep much in his head.  
 It's hard for him to remember what the man he just passed said.  
 But somewhere behind  
 The shredded memories in his mind  
 He sees a fool dressed in denim strugglin' with a broom  
 In the cellar of a church that someone told him is his tomb  
 There's no tattoo there  
 And no ribbons for his hair.  
 And there's no one to ridicule a fool.

(Chorus)