

Feast Of Fools
Bruce Cockburn

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the#
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research.#
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Subject: CRD: Feast of Fools - Bruce Cockburn
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Feast of Fools - Bruce Cockburn
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>From "Further Adventures Of".

Transcribed by John Kean.

INTRO:

[tab] **Em7** **Dadd4/E** **D/E** **A/E**  
4/4 , . , . , . , . , . , . , . , . (x4)[/tab]  
[tab]||-----|-----||  
||-----8--7-----7-----|-----3--2-----2-----||  
||\*-----7--7-----7-----|-----2--2-----2-----\*||  
||\*-----9--7-----7-----|-----4--2-----2-----\*||  
||-----10-----10-----10---|-----5-----4-----5---||  
||--0-----|--0-----|[/tab]

VERSE 1:

[tab]**Am** **Em** **D/F#** **Em11**  
At the feast of fools humour can sometimes be cruel[/tab]  
[tab]**Am** **Em** **D/F#** **Em11**  
But under certain conditions you have to forget the rules[/tab]  
[tab]**Am** **Em** **D/F#** **Em11**  
At the feast of fools everybody has a voice[/tab]  
[tab]**Am** **Em** **D/F#** **Em11**  
Nobody goes to the bottom except by their own choice[/tab]

CHORUS 1:

[tab]**Bm**  
It s time for the silent criers[/tab]  
[tab] **Em7** **Dadd4/E** **D/E** **A/E**  
to be held in love[/tab]  
[tab]**Bm**  
It s time for the ones who dig graves for them[/tab]  
[tab] **Em7** **Dadd4/E** **D/E** **A/E**

to get that final shove[/tab]  
 [tab]Bm  
 It s time for the horizons of the universe to be glimpsed[/tab]  
 [tab] Em7 Dadd4/E D/E A/E  
 even by the faceless kings of corporations[/tab]  
 [tab]Bm  
 It s time for chaos to win and walk off with the prize[/tab]  
 [tab] Em7 Dadd4/E D/E A/E  
 which turns out to be nothing[/tab]  
 [tab] Em7 Dadd4/E D/E A/E  
 I fooled you, I fooled you...[/tab]  
 Em7 Dadd4/E D/E A/E Em7 Dadd4/E D/E A/E

VERSE 2:

At the feast of fools outlaws can all come home  
 You can wear any disguise you want but you ll be naked past the bone  
 At the feast of fools people s hands weave light  
 There s a diamond wind flowering in the darkest night

CHORUS 2:

It s time for the silent criers  
 to be held in love  
 It s time for the ones who dig graves for them  
 to get that final shove  
 It s time for the horizons of the universe to be glimpsed  
 even by the faceless kings of corporations  
 It s time for chaos to win and walk off with the prize  
 which turns out to be a big fat nothing

SOLO: (chords as for verses, x2)

CHORUS 3: (finish with an Em11 chord)

It s time for the singers of songs without hope  
 to take a hard look and start from scratch again  
 It s time for these headlights racing against inescapable dark  
 to be just forgotten  
 It s time for Harlequin to leap out of the future  
 into the midst of a world of dancers  
 It s time for us all to stand hushed in the cathedral of silence  
 waiting at the river s end  
 Waiting at the river s end

CHORD VOICINGS:

Em7 0(10)978x  
 Dadd4/E 0(10)777x  
 D/E 05423x  
 A/E 04222x  
 Am x02210

**Em** 022000  
[tab]**D/F#** 20023x  
**Em11** 02403x[/tab]  
**Bm** 799777

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