

# No Hopers, Jokers and Rogues

*By Rupert Christie & Tom Gilbert closely associated with Fishermans Friends*

Come, all you no hopers, you jokers and rogues  
We're on the road to nowhere, let's find out where it goes  
It might be a ladder to the stars, who knows  
Come, all you no hopers, you jokers and rogues.

Leave all your furrows in the fields where they lie  
Your factories and offices; kiss them all goodbye  
Have a little faith in the dream maker in the sky  
There's glory in believing him and it's all in the beholder's eye.

## Chorus

*Come, all you no hopers, you jokers and rogues  
We're on the road to nowhere, let's find out where it goes  
It might be a ladder to the stars, who knows  
Come, all you no hopers, you jokers and rogues.*

Turn off your engines and slow down your wheels  
Suddenly your master plan loses its appeal  
Everybody knows that this reality's not real  
So raise a glass to all things past and celebrate how good it feels.

## Chorus

Awash on the sea of our own vanity  
We should rejoice in our individuality  
Though it's gale force: let's steer a course: for sanity.

## Chorus x2