

I have a newfound sympathy
For the madman in the square
Who rants and raves his rhetoric
Into the midday air

His heartfelt pleas and arguments
But the sense no longer there
The sound ascends to heaven
Like the incense in a prayer

The speaker's corner, there it stands
In politics or song
For trying everything you feel
Whether it is right or wrong

The doomsday prophet
Whose words have all come true
The naysaying soothsayer
So cynical and blue

Has now become more like a child
Bewildered and confused
But I keep on believing
It's what I know how to do

The speaker's corner, there it stands
In politics or song
For trying everything you feel
Whether it is right or wrong

All those full of wind and air
Who howl and rant and rave
Screaming out distorted facts
About the souls they save

Promising the miracles
And pocketing the cash
Pretending they have principles
Preaching only ash

The speaker's corner, there it stands
In politics and song
I guess we better use it now
Before we find it gone