

Beautiful Little Fool

The Whiskey Saints

I come in the back way and you're fast asleep
Dreaming about something
I don't know if it's me
I shake off the daytime and climb into bed
There's an echo you don't hear that rings in my head
Of the words that you said
And now the sandman he casts us to sleep
And as I lie with you we drift off to the deep
I know you weren't praying the Lord you to take
While you're whispering something like you've made a mistake
As I stir you awake Beautiful little fool
She don't mind the golden rule
There's nothing left to do with a beautiful little fool You can make yourself happy
You can do what you want
But I think that you're crazy if you don't keep what you've got
I'm not the one telling you what to do
'Cause I know you're a good heart who's keeping it true
Oh, please don't make me blue Beautiful little fool
She don't mind the golden rule
There's nothing left to do with a beautiful little fool

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