Willin' Fool

Blue Rodeo

Isn't it funny
Funny to think
I once believed you
I thought you were being straight
But what a bad joke
It's always the same
With one hand you offer
While the other slaps my faceYou
You made a willin' fool out of meSo there you sit
In the great city of kicks
Your apologetic fingers
Fumbling with a pack of cigarettes
Your good intentions
As hollow as your eyes
Yea you paint your world
With brilliant liesYou
You made a willin' fool out of me
The last time I saw you
I was dangling from a ledge
You posed quickly for a picture
Just before I lost my grip
You kind a remind meOf those psychos in a German film
You're that cool smirking weirdo
With the voices in his headVoices in his head
Voices in his
Voices in his
Voices in his headYou
You made a willin' fool out of me

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