Fool on the Hill

Sergio Mendes

Day after day
Alone on a hill
The man with the foolish grin
Is keeping perfectly stillBut nobody wants to know him
They can see that he's just a fool
And he never gives an answerBut the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning roundWell on the way
Head in a cloud
The man of a thousand voices
Talking perfectly loudBut nobody ever hears him
Or the sound he appears to make
And he never seems to noticeBut the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning roundAnd nobody seems to like him
They can tell what he wants to do
And he never shows his feelingsBut the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning roundOh, round, an' round, an' round, an' round, an' round
He never listens to them
He knows that they're the fools
They don't like himThe fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning roundOh, round, an' round, an' round, an' round
Oh

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