

More Fool Me

Howard Goodall & Original London Bend it Like Beck

Who knew it?

Boy wonder, who'd guess you could get it so wrong.

You timed it too early, you came on too soon and too strong.
Now look where you've landed, full of hurt and empty handed.

Wrong girl, wrong time, wrong place.

Six words so neatly summing up one case.

What kind of fool would tear a team apart?

What kind of fool like it was that of teamwork?

I blundered in and now my blundered heart is under lock and key

Well more fool me.

So no prizes, young lover, in future try using your brain.

One error, boy wonder, she knows you'll be nothing but pain.
You squandered your chances, following your hearts advances.

Wrong girl, wrong time, wrong place.

When slow and steady might have won the race.

'Cause any fool would tell you fools rush in.

And wind up winning only loser's trophies.

And what I've lost I'm now afraid to win,

and fear I'll always be,

well more fool me.

Yes, more fool me,

for allowing my heart to lead,

and giving me the one thing I don't need.

Another lesson in the game of love,

another reason not to show my feelings,

another signal sent from up above,

which any fool could see,

and this fool would agree,

means more fool me.

Yes, more fool me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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