

# They Must Think Me a Fool

Clifford T. Ward

When I was down, with nothing to give  
She would smile and put the whole thing in perspective  
She cheered me up, 'n' gave me hope  
She took my hand and said "Come on, be constructive". Who could find a nicer person on this Earth?  
For one so blind how come I got so lucky?  
And who could shine more brightly than the stars that girth  
The heavens above  
How could I be so cruel? Sometimes she'd cry, quietly alone  
And all the while, trying to disguise it.  
That's when I'd die, knowing the harm was done  
Too late by a mile to start to realise it. Who could find a nicer person on this Earth?  
For one so blind how come I got so lucky?  
And who could shine more brightly than the stars that girth  
The heavens above  
How could I be so cruel? Now my life is full of time to spare  
I'd listen out for her - there's no one there  
Crazy dreams, I've had my share  
Some I could see through  
Some were more arrestin'  
Dreams would fade, you know how they wear  
And all the while the truth was more interesting. I could not find a nicer person on this Earth  
For one so blind how come I got so lucky?  
And who could shine more brightly than the stars that girth  
The Heavens above  
They must think me a fool.

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