

The Fool on the Hill

The Beatles

Day after day, alone on a hill,
The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still.
But nobody wants to know him,
They can see that he's just a fool.
And he never gives an answer,
But the fool on the hill
sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning 'round.

Well on the way, head in a cloud,
The man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud.
But nobody ever hears him,
Or the sound he appears to make.
And he never seems to notice,
But the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning 'round.

Nobody seems to like him,
They can tell what he wants to do,
And he never shows his feelings,
But the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning 'round.

He never listens to them,
He knows that they're the fools,
They don't like him.
But the fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning 'round.
