The Fool On the Hill

Barbara Dickson

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
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 'roundNobody 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 fool
They don't like him
The fool on the hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world spinning 'round
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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