Fool

Cat Power

Apartment in New York, London and Paris
Where will we rest, were all livin' on top of it
Its all that we have the U.S.A. is our daily bread
And no one is willing to share itWhy cant we see our fortunancy
Living as legends have lived
Bane and dismannered, we coax all the time
Knowin' that nothin' is left when we dieCome along fool
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
Its not that its bad, its not that its death
Its just on the tip of your tongue and you're so silentWanting to live and laugh all the time
Sitting alone with you tea and your crime
Children with kids and people with parents
Any which way theres no past and no presence
When the day comes and all of them bums
Will reveal enchanting personsCome along fool
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
Its not that its bad, its not that its death
Its just that it's on the tip of your tongue and you're so silentWhen it's a rut and baby's no luck
Half of it's misunderstanding love
The war we have won, we're winning again
Within ourselves and within our friendsCome along fool
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
Its not that its bad, its not that its death
Its just that it's on the tip of your tongue and you're so silent

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