Fool

Cat Power

Apartment in New York, London and Paris
Where will we rest, we?re all livin' on top of it
It?s all that we have the U.S.A. is our daily bread
And no one is willing to share it
Why can?t we see our fortunancy
Living as legends have lived
Bane and dismannered, we coax all the time
Knowin' that nothin' is left when we die
Come along fool
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
It?s not that it?s bad, it?s not that it?s death
It?s just on the tip of your tongue and you're so silent
Wanting 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 there?s no past and no presence
When the day comes and all of them bums
Will reveal enchanting persons
Come along fool
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
It?s not that it?s bad, it?s not that it?s death
It?s just that it's on the tip of your tongue and you're so silent
When 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 friends
Come along fool
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
It?s not that it?s bad, it?s not that it?s death
It?s just that it's on the tip of your tongue and you're so silent

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