

What Kind Of Fool

All About Eve

Can't see the wood for all of the trees
Can't hear the wind for the breeze that whispers
Voice in your head, you like what it said
So what can you do but listen to it?

What kind of fool
Lays all that's precious to waste?
What kind of fool
Leaves all their treasure to rust in the rain?
They'll need it again when the sky clears
What kind of fool
Won't discover the jewel
'Til the dust clears ?
Fools like us

Fools who want more than they've treasured before
Wanting the dawn of the brightest morning
Reach for the stars 'cause they're sweeter by far
Than the moon 'though she's brighter
And closer to you