

Beautiful Fool

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You're calling for me from the bedroom window
I'm working on the lawn
Under a northeastern sky
Hollow and gray
You said,
"Everything's different now."
I said, "Oh really, I don't think nothing's changed."

Telephone rings
It's the middle of the night
"You're awfully quiet babe are you still alive?"
And every star
Looks down and grieves
You turn and you open up wide
And then you retreat

Pale blue sky
Colder than hell
If you're looking for me to make you feel
Well I'm looking for that myself
And a strong foundation
That no heartache could shift
The grace of God and for all this frustration to finally
life
My beautiful fool
My beautiful fool
Didn't you know
I'm a fool too