

The Fool on the Hill

Paul McCartney

Day after day alone on the 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 seem to notice

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, his head in a cloud
The man of a thousand voices
Is talking perfectly loud
But 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 round

Oh, round, round, round, round, round
And nobody 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

Oh, round, round, round, round, round
And he never listen to them
He knows that they're the fools
But 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

Oh, round, round, round, round, round
Oh