

# 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