

Fool To Cry

Taylor Dayne

Well, when I come home, baby
And I've been working all night long
I put my daughter on my knee
And she says, mummy, whats wrong?

She whispers in my ear so sweetly
And you know what she says?
She says

Mummy, you're a fool to cry
You're a fool to cry
And it makes me wonder why
Baby, I'm wondering why, why

You know I got a baby
He lives in the poor part of town
I go and see him sometimes
And we make love so fine

And I put my head on his shoulder
And he says, tell me all your troubles
And I'll tell you mine

Daddy, I'm a fool to cry
I'm a fool to cry
And it makes me wonder

I'm a fool, baby
I'm such a fool, baby
Baby, I'm a fool to cry
I'm a fool to cry
It makes me wonder why

Such a fool, baby
I'm a fool, baby
Such a fool, baby