

Silly of me to think that I could ever have you for my guy
How I love you... how I want you...
Silly of me to think that you could ever really want me too
How I love you...

You're just a lover out to score
I know that I should be looking for more
What could it be in you I see
What could it be...
Oh, love, oh, love, stop making a fool of me
Oh, love, oh, love, stop making a fool of me

Silly of me to think that you could ever know the things I do
Are all done for you... only for you
Silly of me to take the time to comb my hair and pour the wine
And know you're not there

You're just a lover out to score
I know that I should be looking for more
What could it be in you I see
What could it be...
Oh, love, oh, love, stop making a fool of me
Oh, love, oh, love, stop making a fool of me

Ooh

Silly of me to go around and brag about the love I found
And say you're the best, well, I can't tell the rest
Foolish of me to tell them all that every night and day you call
When you could care less

You're just a lover out to score
I know that I should be looking for more
What could it be in you I see
What could it be...
Oh, love, oh, love, stop making a fool of me
Oh, love, oh, love, stop making a fool of me