

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