

You Were the Fool

Ween

Slow four, one, two, three, four

Bless the father bless the son
Cross your heart 'cause you're the one
Collectin' moon-beams in the mornin'

Curvy sticks and wooden poles
Assistin' you in pluggin' holes
Plug them holes till you see straight through to the mind's eye

Think about it, turn around
And go back to the quiet sound
Of Jim and Dan prancin' 'round the pool

You were the fool, and I feel sorry for you
You were the fool, but there's something you can do

You can wash your arm in a pool of mud
You can chop a tree, prevent a flood
You can speak with a turtle just by flippin' him around

You can build a boat and sail the sea
You can buy a moat and forge a key
Initiate the sequence, create catastrophe

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