

All About Eve, What Kind Of Fool

Can't see the wood for all of the trees
Can't hear the wind for the breeze that whispers
Voice in your head... you like what it said
So what can you do but listen to it?

What kind of fool

Lays all that's precious to waste?

What kind of fool

Leaves all their treasure to rust in the rain?

They'll need it again when the sky clears

What kind of fool

Won't discover the jewel

'Til the dust clears ?

Fools like us...

Fools who want more than they've treasured before

Wanting the dawn of the brightest morning

Reach for the stars 'cause they're sweeter by far

Than the moon 'though she's brighter

And closer to you...