

Ewa Bem, The Fool on the Hill

Day after day, alone on a hill
The man with the foolish grin
Is keeping perfectly still

Oh yeah

But nobody wants to know him
They can see that he's just a fool
And he never gives an answer

But the fool on a hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world

Do, do, do, spinning around
And the eyes in his head
Oh, oh, oh, spinning around
And the eyes in his head

Well on his way, head in a cloud
The man of a thousand, thousand, thousand voices
Is talking perfectly loud

Oh-oh-oh yeah

But nobody ever hears him
Or the sound he appears to make
And he never seems to notice

But the fool on a hill
Sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
See the world

Spinning around
Oh, oh, oh, spinning around

And the eyes in his head
Oh, oh, oh, spinning around