

Reba McEntire, Congratulations

(Dave Gibson/Patti Stephens)

Congratulations
You made a fool out of me
I hope you're happy
So now just let me be

I might be slow to lovers
But I catch on eventually
Congratulations
You made a fool out of me

Anticipation
You kept me waiting in line
Your situation did not allow you time
So I'd sit home alone
Pretending someday you'd be mine
Congratulations
You made a fool of me this time

Then he played it smart
You stole my heart
And tore my world apart
Guess you always knew
I'd be the perfect fool
Congratulations baby
You win, I lose

Imagination
The way I dreamed it could be
Ooo, the sweetest sensation
Of how you made love to me
But now the vision's gone
It's time to face reality
Congratulations
You made a fool out of me
Congratulations
You made a fool out of me