

# Black Oak Arkansas, Fools Friends

Hyman Naughton sat down to write a song,  
with the help of some expensive words,  
he was comin' right along.

He wrote about his troubles,  
and then he wrote of death.

He wrote about his love affairs,  
and then about himself.

He played his favorite two chords,  
he played them back and forth.

He sang his verse and banged the strings until his voice was hoarse,  
and then some unexpected changes,  
that hardly made good sense,  
and he proudly viewed coarse fingertips to be used as evidence.

(Chorus)

I'm speaking of the gentle,  
fools are rude and mean.

I don't know if I'd make a judge,  
it's only what I've seen.  
yeah, sha-sha, hey-yeh!

There's love inside of everyone for yourself or someone else,  
and they'll want to take you with them,  
on their side of the fence.

But a friend of mine once told me,  
if your neighbor's house should burn,  
he'd want your house to follow,  
depressed was I to learn.

Friends all around who fear my cold condemning stare,  
handed down from older men, they seem to insane to care.

Then again I don't understand,  
my mind must be truly dense.  
But I think what they call genius,  
is simple common sense.

(Chorus)

I'm speaking of the gentle,  
fools are rude and mean.  
I don;t know if I'd make a judge,  
it's only what I've seen.  
yeah, sha-sha, hey-yeh! (2x)