

Lyle Lovett, The Waltzing Fool

The waltzing fool
He's got lights in his fingers
The waltzing fool
He just don't never say
The waltzing fool
He keeps his hands in his pockets
And waltzes the evening away

And it's a waltz to a woman
Who's lying beside him
It's a waltz to a face on the wall
When she's gone
It's a waltz to the rodeo
The damn thing it rides him
It's a waltz to a waltz

Now the waltzing fool
He just might be crazy
Because the waltzing fool
He keeps the moon in his car
And the waltzing fool
He says it's running
On waltzes and waltzes

And it's a waltz to a woman
Who's lying beside him
It's a waltz to a face on the wall
When she's gone
It's a waltz to the rodeo
The damn thing it rides him
It's a waltz to a waltz
Just a waltz to a waltz

Now the waltzing fool
They say he's been drinking
But the waltzing fool
He's just got mud on his shoes
And the waltzing fool
He knows they're all thinking
He's only an old waltzing fool

But the waltzing fool
He's got lights in his fingers
The waltzing fool
He just don't never say
The waltzing fool
He keeps his hands in his pockets
And waltzes the evening away
The waltzing fool
His hands in his pockets
He's waltzing the evening away