

Patti LaBelle, Silly

[Originally by Deniece Williams]

Silly of me to think that I
Could ever have you for my guy
How I love you
How I want you
Silly of me to think that you
Could ever really want me too
How I love you

You're just a lover out to score
I know that I should be looking for more
What could it be in you I see
What could it be

Oh...oh...oh...love, oh, love
Stop making a fool of me
Oh...oh...oh...love, oh, love
Stop making a fool of me

Silly of me to think that you
Could ever know the things I do
Are all done for you
Only for you
Silly of me to take the time
To comb my hair and pour the wine
And know you're not there

You're just a lover out to score
And I know that I should be looking for more
What could it be in you I see
What could it be

Oh...oh...oh...love, oh, love
Stop making a fool of me
Oh...oh...oh...love, oh, love
Stop making a fool of me

Ooh...hoo...hoo...hoo...

Silly of me to go around
And brag about the love I've found
I say you're the best
Well, I can't tell the rest
And foolish of me to tell them all
That every night and day you call
When you could care less

You're just a lover out to score
And I know that I should be looking for more
What could it be in you I see
What could it be

Oh...oh...oh...love, oh, love
Stop making a fool of me
Oh...oh...oh...love, oh, love
Stop making a fool of me, uh-huh

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh...ooh...ooh...silly
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh...ooh...ooh...silly

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Silly
Ooh, ooh, la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Silly
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Silly