

# Val Davis, Curse Of The Fool

Well I've heard it said before by those much kinder than I  
That what separates a wiseman from a fool  
Is what he sees when he looks into the sky  
What he sees when he looks into the sky

One might see a big space  
While another might long for the moon  
Another might see only unreachable stars  
And a fool looks back down at his shoes

But a wise man sees his own backyard  
A wise man always lives in the stars  
A wise man wants to re-write the book  
And it's thrown into the fools fire  
Without even a look

Somewhere close by and yet so far away  
Is a place where we came from that we may see again someday  
A place of more breadth and more depth than you'll know  
And a fool has never seen where a wise man will go

And a wise man sees his own backyard  
A wise man always lives in the stars  
A wise man wants to re-write the book  
And it's thrown into the fools fire  
Without even a look