

# Aretha Franklin, Runnin' Out Of Fools

Sure you haven't got the wrong number  
You sure its me you wanna talk to tonight?  
Everyone in town's got your number  
Everybody's got you pegged right

Is that why you got in touch with me?  
I guess you must be runnin' out of fools

When you went and left me there crying  
Your goodbye was even colder than ice  
It didn't bother you I was crying  
And now you wanna break my heart twice

Is that why you got in touch with me?  
I guess you must be runnin' out of fools

Guess you got back (guess you got)  
To my name  
In your little black book

Well, listen  
Tell you what (tell you what)  
Bet you forgot (you forgot)  
How I even look

So go ahead with all your sweet talking  
Go ahead for all the good it can do  
Have yourself a dime's worth of talking  
And then I'm gonna hang right up on you

'Cause this time, you're not  
You're not getting through to me  
I guess you must be runnin' out of fools

Even fools like me  
Even fools like me  
I said you're running out of fools  
Even old fools like me