

Blue Rodeo, Willin' Fool

Isn't it funny
funny to think
I once believed you
I thought you were being straight
but what a bad joke
it's always the same
with one hand you offer
while the other slaps my face

You

You made a willin' fool out of me
So there you sit
in the great city of kicks
your apologetic fingers
fumbling with a pack of cigarettes
your good intentions
as hollow as your eyes
yea you paint your world
with brilliant lies

You

You made a willin' fool out of me
The last time I saw you
I was dangling from a ledge
you posed quickly for a picture
just before I lost my grip
you kind a remind me
of those psychos in a German film
you're that cool smirking weirdo
with the voices in his head
voices in his head
voices in his
voices in his
voices in his head

You

You made a willin' fool out of me