

Burt Bacharach, Fool Killer

Once there was a boy who left the bed he slept in
And he ran away 'cause he felt life was cruel
A killer of fools was walking close behind him
The boy was afraid that he was a fool

Oh the fool killer is a giant, they say
He chops down the fool and he goes on his way
That runaway boy was a runaway boy
Very much like you

So he climbed the hills and roamed the woods and valleys
Just get up and go became his golden rule
A killer of fools was walking in the shadows
The boy was afraid that he was a fool

Then there came a day a man and woman found him
Loving meeting smile and then they called him son
No more did he fear that wicked old fool
I know that it's true because I was the one

Oh, the fool killer is a giant, they say
He chops down the fool and he goes on his way
Well, who was the fool, tell me
The boy in his bed, or the boy you used to know

Runaway boy, listen
Runaway boy, better grow on better