

Clifford T. Ward, They Must Think Me A Fool

When I was down, with nothing to give

She would smile and put the whole thing in perspective

She cheered me up, 'n' gave me hope

She took my hand and said "Come on, be constructive";

Who could find a nicer person on this Earth?

For one so blind how come I got so lucky?

And who could shine more brightly than the stars that girth

The heavens above

How could I be so cruel?

Sometimes she'd cry, quietly alone

And all the while, trying to disguise it.

That's when I'd die, knowing the harm was done

Too late by a mile to start to realise it.

Who could find a nicer person on this Earth?

For one so blind how come I got so lucky?

And who could shine more brightly than the stars that girth

The heavens above

How could I be so cruel?

Now my life is full of time to spare

I'd listen out for her - there's no one there

Crazy dreams, I've had my share

Some I could see through

Some were more arrestin'

Dreams would fade, you know how they wear

And all the while the truth was more interesting.

I could not find a nicer person on this Earth

For one so blind how come I got so lucky?

And who could shine more brightly than the stars that girth
The Heavens above
They must think me a fool.