

# Hootie And The Blowfish, Fool

Saw you last night  
you were sleeping in my mind  
Doubting you'll ever be free again  
Then I climbed back inside  
Someone open my eyes  
To find me drunk again  
Bonnie on the radio  
And she was singing low "Give it up or let me go"  
Every night there is one more  
Every night there is two more  
Saying I shouldn't be feeling this pain  
I think I better grow up now or go insane

There's so much I feel  
So much I conceal  
There's just so many things I can be

Someone write the story of 5 points  
No one wanted to know me  
Now they all have opinions of what we do  
So they go down to Bar None so we can have a drink or two  
Can't write a story from the trees  
I know somewhere she's watching me  
Saying "Boy carry your load"  
Oh I don't want to go back on the road now

There's so much I feel  
So much I conceal  
There's just so many places to see  
And faces I can read  
There's just so many things I can be

crbt2('Hootie And The Blowfish','Fool')

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