

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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