

Joe Ely, I'll Be Your Fool

I'll be your fool. I'll be your lovin' loser,
I'll be your ridicule
I'll be the one you make fun of
When all your plans fall through.
Because you shure need a fool

I'm not alone. I've seen the one's you run to
I've known the ones you've known
I've seen the ones you come to
When you leave your happy home
No, I'm not alone.

All Fools must fall. Some of them get up again
Some are made to crawl
Some of them hang on a limb
Some sit on the wall
But all fools must fall.

But before I fall
I'll run right down your narrow hall
And warn your other gentlemen
Yeah, before I fall
I'll stand up on your garden wall
Faithful 'til then.

I'll be your fool. I'll be your lovin' loser,
I'll be your ridicule
I'll be the one you make fun of
When all your plans fall through.
Because you shure need a fool
You shure need a fool