

Ryan Adams, The Fools We Are As Men

Lord, Lord
Can you heal me, oh I am in pain
And I don't have a woman left to blame, anymore
She left me this morning
So why does the wind go howling her name?
Are your angels just children laughing insane
at the fools we are as men
go count me in.

Lord, Lord
Can you hear me, oh I am not well
And i've spent all my time here in this cell
of my heart
An actor not given a part
So why does the wind go howlin her name?
Are your angels just children, laughing insane
at the fools we are as men
go count me in

Lord, Lord
Take my hand and please, please lead me through
I have no one and I am counting on you
Now that I'm old
And I'm so scared of dying alone.
And how does the wind go howlin her name
Are your angels just children laughing, insane
at the fools we are as men
go count me in