

St. Simon 3, Find Another Fool

All of the things that you do to me
Now they're finally getting through to me
I'll tell you what to do
Find another fool

I said it once but I guess I'll say it twice
You had a chance, but didn't treat me nice
So here's what to do
Find another fool

And now you've found out too late after I've gone
That you have got nothing here
Except for this dead horse that you keep beating on

It took a while, but I finally found
You just want someone you can push around
So here's what to do
Find another fool

And don't expect that my heart is gonna break
Just because you went
And made all of the usual mistakes

I'll breathe a sigh of relief
When you're giving somebody else your grief
'Cause I know you'll find someone else trusting and dumb
I'm sorry to say there's plenty more where I came from

And if you think I've got all of this wrong
Why don't you learn to play guitar
And then you can write your own damn song