

Velasquez Regine, What Kind Of Fool Am I

What kind of fool am I
Who never fall in love
It seems that I'm the only one
That I have been thinking of
What kind of mind is this
An empty Shell,
A lonely cell,
In which, an empty heart must dwell
What kind of clown am I?
What do I know of life?
Why can't I cast away this mask of clay
And live my life
Why can't I fall in love
Like any other girl
And maybe then I'll know
What kind of fool I am?
What kind of lips are these?
That lie with every kiss
That whisper empty words of love
That left me alone like this
Why can't I fall in love
Like any other girl
And maybe then I'll know
What kind of fool am I.