

## Certain Kind of Fool

Eagles

He was a poor boy, raised in a small family  
He kinda had a craving for somethin' no one else could see  
They say that he was crazy,  
The kind that no lady should meet  
He ran out to the city and wandered around in the street  
He wants to dance, oh yeah,  
He wants to sing, oh yeah,  
He wants to see the lights a flashin' and listen  
to the thunder ring

He saw it in a window  
The mark of a new kind of man  
He kinda liked the feeling, so shiny and smooth in his hand  
He took it to the country and practiced for days without rest  
And then one day he felt if,  
He knew he could stand with the best

They got respect, oh yeah,  
He wants the same, oh yeah,  
And it's a certain kind of fool who  
Like to hear the sound of his own name  
Oo...

A poster on a storefront, the picture of a wanted man  
He had a reputation spreading like fire throughout the land  
It wasn't for the money, at least it didn't start that way  
It wasn't for the runnin' , but now he's runnin' everyday