

Fate of a Fool

J. J. Cale

Spending my life in a cold hard bar-room
Drinking that long black whisky down
I play the guitar, for me it's a living
Well, I know, just a hanging-around
Dancing girls, oh, they drive me crazy
All they want is a fancy name
Don't you know is I might not make it
That's the fate of a fool and a guitar man

Yeah, been down to the palace of pleasure
Honky-tonk, where I come from
Smoke's so thick I can't imagine
Wine flows fast by the rule of a gun
One of these mornings it'll come up Sunday
I won't have a good time again
That time ain't now, it's a whole new dream
That's the fate of a fool and a guitar man

One more night, one more dollar
One more song, can you do it again
I don't know, I may not make it
That's the fate of a fool and a guitar man
That's the fate of a fool and a guitar man