

# Beautiful Fool

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August the 24, 1991  
You're calling for me from the bedroom window  
I'm working on the lawn  
Under a northeastern sky  
Hollow and gray  
You said,  
"Everything's different now."  
I said, "Oh really, I don't think nothing's changed."

Telephone rings  
It's the middle of the night  
"You're awfully quiet babe are you still alive?"  
And every star  
Looks down and grieves  
You turn and you open up wide  
And then you retreat

Pale blue sky  
Colder than hell  
If you're looking for me to make you feel  
Well I'm looking for that myself  
And a strong foundation  
That no heartache could shift  
The grace of God and for all this frustration to finally  
life  
My beautiful fool  
My beautiful fool  
Didn't you know  
I'm a fool too