What Kind Of Fool

All About Eve

Can't see the wood for all of the trees Can't hear the wind for the breeze that whispers Voice in your head, you like what it said So what can you do but listen to it?

What kind of fool
Lays all that's precious to waste?
What kind of fool
Leaves all their treasure to rust in the rain?
They'll need it again when the sky clears
What kind of fool
Won't discover the jewel
'Til the dust clears ?
Fools like us

Fools who want more than they've treasured before Wanting the dawn of the brightest morning Reach for the stars 'cause they're sweeter by far Than the moon 'though she's brighter And closer to you