

Runnin' out of Fools

Aretha Franklin

Sure you haven't got the wrong number
You sure its me you wanna talk to tonight?
Everyone in town's got your number
Everybody's got you pegged right

Is that why you got in touch with me?
I guess you must be runnin' out of fools

When you went and left me there crying
Your goodbye was even colder than ice
It didn't bother you I was crying
And now you wanna break my heart twice

Is that why you got in touch with me?
I guess you must be runnin' out of fools

Guess you got back (guess you got)
To my name
In your little black book

Well, listen
Tell you what (tell you what)
Bet you forgot (you forgot)
How I even look

So go ahead with all your sweet talking
Go ahead for all the good it can do
Have yourself a dime's worth of talking
And then I'm gonna hang right up on you

'Cause this time, you're not
You're not getting through to me
I guess you must be runnin' out of fools

Even fools like me
Even fools like me
I said you're running out of fools
Even old fools like me