

# the fool

Benjamin Amaru

Far away from the shores  
The places I go, I don't know  
With my shoes on my feet  
And a song on my lips I go

And I walk downtown  
The faces, they come and go  
But the cigarettes stay  
I think I can't let go

Let go of the past  
The songs that I sang  
For you

And yet here I am  
The man, the boy  
The fool

And yet here I am  
The man, the boy  
The fool

Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh

It's now 3AM  
I see the glasses go  
They were once so full of joy  
So full of hope

And I know that you know  
That I'm thinking of you, a lot  
But I ran out of hope and  
And the barkeeper said they're closed

So I let go of the past  
The songs that I sang  
For you

And yet here I am  
The man, the boy  
The fool

And yet here I am  
The man, the boy  
The fool

Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
The man, the boy, the fool  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
The man, the boy, the fool  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
The man, the boy, the fool  
Duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh duh  
The man, the boy, the fool