# Fool's Paradise

**Billy Eckstine**

As I write this letter to you, Darlin'
I can't hold the teardrops from my eyes
For at sundown I will lay a-dyin'
At the door of the Fool's Paradise

Rode into this cattle town this morning
Left my bearer to check the market price
And I walked into the nearest bar room
They call it the Fool's Paradise

There the crowd was gay and girls were dancing
And the men were playing cards and dice
So I stepped up to the bar to join them
What a grand place, this Fool's Paradise

It was then I showed to them your picture
I passed it around once or twice
Then a man insulted your sweet honour
At the bar of the Fool's Paradise

So I slapped his face and I told him,I said,
"You eat them words, Mister, or draw, that's my advice"
And he said, "Well somebody might get hurt inside,
But I'll be glad to meet you in the street at sundown,
At sundown in front of the Fool's Paradise"

So goodbye my darlin', may God bless you
I go to make this sacrifice
And if ever you visit old Dodge City
Remember the Fool's Paradise


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