

Fool's Paradise

Jimmy Witherspoon

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 mornin'
Left my burro to check the market price
And I walked into the nearest barroom
They call it the Fool's Paradise

There the crowd was gay and girls were dancin'
And the men were playin' 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 says
"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