

Nobody's Fool

Paul Weller

From the bright busy streets of the Charing Cross Road
To the dark little alleys in old Soho
From the smart noisy clubs where everyone goes
To the dark little streets that nobody knows

I couldn't care if
The people don't notice me
They wouldn't know that I really exist

I'm nobody's shelter, I'm nobody's lover
I'm nobody's cover, and nobody's friend

So use to lying and pretending
I'm nobody's fool and I'm nobody's friend

I can go for a walk on a crowded street
And see millions of faces staring at me
Some of them smiling, some of them glare
But most of them don't even know that I'm there

That's how I want to be 'cause no one belongs to me
I'm nobody's fool and I'm nobody's friend
Nobody pleads for me, nobody bleeds for me
I'm nobody's fool and I'm nobody's friend

I'm so used to lying and pretending
I'm nobody's fool and I'm nobody's friend