

A Fool There Was

Peter Doherty

A fool there was
A fool there was

Incision after incision, I spike myself because
If ever a fool there was, I was a fool there was

But you can't put that on me
You can't put that on me
I know what you say about me
Well, I mostly agree
But you can't put that on me

A fool there was
A fool there was

Incision after incision, I spike myself because
If ever a fool there was, I was a fool there was

But you can't put that on me, no
You mustn't put that one on me
I know what you say about me
Well, I mostly agree
But you can't put that on me

All your tastes and preferences
They're measured out in Moscow miles
and oh, the wolf prints in the snow
That led us off the straight and narrow
And crooked smiles, that from one too many sad goodbyes
They no longer say hello, hello, hello...