

# Get Yourself Another Fool

Sam Cooke

Oh, at last I've awoken  
To see what you've done  
What can I do  
But pack up and run

Now, I know the rules  
Get yourself another fool

You said that you love me  
I was yours to command  
But your kind of love  
My heart couldn't stand

Use me for a tool  
Get yourself another fool

And now, now that we're through  
You say you meant to be true  
Oh, but deep down in your heart I know  
That our love could never grow

I tried to believe you  
That we'd never part  
But your kind of love  
Broke my poor heart

No I know the rules  
Get yourself another fool

Get yourself another fool