

Aretha Franklin "Runnin' Out Of Fools"

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Sure you haven't got the wrong number
You sure it's me you wanna talk to tonight?
Everyone in town's got your number
Everybody's got you pegged right

Is that why you got in touch with me?
I guess, you must be runnin' out of fools

When you went and left me there crying
Your goodbye was even colder than ice
It didn't bother you, I was crying
And now you wanna break my heart twice

Is that why you got in touch with me?
I guess, you must be runnin' out of fools

Guess you got back
(Guess you got)
To my name
(To my name)
In your little black book

Listen, tell you what
(Tell you what)
I bet you forgot
(You forgot)
How I even look

So, go ahead with all your sweet talking
Go ahead for all the good it can do
Have yourself a dime's worth of talking
And then I'm gonna hang right up on you

'Cause this time, you're not
You're not getting through to me
I guess, you must be runnin' out of fools

Even fools like me, even fools like me
I said you're runnin' out of fools
Even old fools like me
They're just runnin' out, runnin' out of fools
Runnin' out of fools

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