

Cat On Form

"Fool"

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Apartment in New York, London and Paris
Where will we rest, we're all living on top of it
It's all that we have the USA is our daily bread
And no one is willing to share it

Why can't we see our fortunancy
Living as legends have lived.
Bane and dismannered
We coax all the time
Knowing that nothing is left when we die

Come along Fool
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
It's not that it's bad—it's not that it's death
It's just on the tip of your tongue, and you're so silent

Wanting to live and laugh all the time
Sitting alone with you tea and your crime
Children with kids, and people with parents
Anywhich way there's no past and no presence
When the day comes and all of them bums
Will reveal enchanting persons
Come along...

When it's a rut and baby's no luck
Half of it's misunderstanding love
The war we have won we're winning again
Within ourselves and within our friends
Come along...

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