

Clifford T. Ward

"They Must Think Me A Fool"

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When I was down, with nothing to give
She would smile and put the whole thing in perspective
She cheered me up, 'n' gave me hope
She took my hand and said "Come on, be
constructive".

Who could find a nicer person on this Earth?
For one so blind how come I got so lucky?
And who could shine more brightly than the stars that
girth
The heavens above
How could I be so cruel?

Sometimes she'd cry, quietly alone
And all the while, trying to disguise it.
That's when I'd die, knowing the harm was done
Too late by a mile to start to realise it.

Who could find a nicer person on this Earth?
For one so blind how come I got so lucky?
And who could shine more brightly than the stars that
girth
The heavens above
How could I be so cruel?

Now my life is full of time to spare
I'd listen out for her - there's no one there
Crazy dreams, I've had my share
Some I could see through
Some were more arrestin'
Dreams would fade, you know how they wear
And all the while the truth was more interesting.

I could not find a nicer person on this Earth
For one so blind how come I got so lucky?
And who could shine more brightly than the stars that
girth
The Heavens above
They must think me a fool.

