

## Grateful Dead "Heaven Help The Fool"

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I was born in a flatland, USA  
And all my dreams led me to L.A.  
Another chase of rags to riches  
I learned to throw some fancy pitches

I found out what ain't and which is just exactly cool  
Well all right  
Heaven help the fool  
Heaven help the fool

Got a place in Malibu  
Like you never seen  
Picking out your lady friend  
From Penthouse magazine

You oughta see the chrome gleam  
On my Mercedes all shiny and new  
Hey, I'm the Jack of Diamonds  
The boy with all the clues

Not a pretty vanity  
(No, no, not me)  
Glorified insanity  
(No, no, not me)

Ooh, I'm a hyper-supervisor  
Fast driver, star driver  
(Fool)  
Heaven help the fool, professional gimme-fiver  
Heaven help the fool

Anything you could want to be  
You can buy, even get it free  
Make yourself a smoother dancer  
Fill your head with answers

Never a backward glancer  
It's you who makes the rules  
Heaven help the fool  
Heaven help the fool  
No, no, never a backward glancer  
(Fool)

Heaven help the fool

I meet alot of pentagram  
Heart of the star that's what you are  
You can trade your soul  
For an electric guitar

Ooh, not a pretty vanity  
(No, no, not me)  
Glorified insanity  
(No, no, not me)

And when they offer golden apples  
Are you sure you'll refuse?  
Heaven help the fool, are you sure you'll refuse it?  
Heaven help the fool

It's like a deaf man dancing  
Or a blind man shooting pool  
Heaven help the fool  
Heaven help the fool

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