

Ian Tyson

"Some Kind Of Fool"

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Worn to a frazzle way down in my bones
I've sung every song about being alone
Ah, honey, please be there when I get home
The tourists, they've all given up for the night
Coyotes howlin' the cold on my left and my right
And I must be some kind of fool to leave you alone

The wind grows stronger I'm caught by the throat
And my tarpaulin flaps like a pensioner's coat
Ah, honey, please be there when I get home
All my friends are on the poge. I'm on the pills
Hooked on the white lines that run through the hills
And I must be some kind of fool to leave you alone

There's not many wise men you meet in this life
Oh, Will at the lakehead never took him a wife
Ah, honey, please be there when I get home
Asked about this and he just shook his head
He said, " love is for dreamers", ws all that he said
And I must be some kind of fool to leave you alone

And I must be some kind of fool to leave you alone

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