

Tim Moore

"A Fool Like You"

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If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the
wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

Cryin' with the millionaire is like laughin' with the old
street bum
Send him off down to the coliseum promise him
kingdom come
And when the baby cries in the middle of the prayer
He's sayin' hurry up daddy, hurry up because we're
almost there

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Now the tempers get hot, oh and the fingers they
shake
Seems there ain't enough sunshine around to keep a
man wide awake
When the artist gets mad he can take up his brush
But when the crippled man loses his faith well who's
gonna give him a
Crutch

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This old overcoat, man it's seen a lot of rain
Like a junk yard scrap DeSoto I been learnin' my pain
An old Heath radio taught me how to sing
Now just give me a guitar and man I'll forget about
everything

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