

## The Eagles

# "Certain Kind of Fool"

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He was a poor boy, raised in a small family  
He kinda had a craving for somethin' no one else could  
see  
They say that he was crazy, the kind that no lady  
should meet  
He ran out to the city and wandered around in the  
street

He wants to dance, oh yeah  
He wants to sing, oh yeah  
He wants to see the lights a flashin'  
And listen to the thunder ring

He saw it in a window, the mark of a new kind of man  
He kinda liked the feeling, so shiny and smooth in his  
hand  
He took it to the country and practiced for days without  
rest  
And then one day he felt it, he knew he could stand  
with the best

They got respect, oh yeah  
He wants the same, oh yeah  
And it's a certain kind of fool  
Who likes to hear the sound of his own name

A poster on a storefront, the picture of a wanted man  
He had a reputation spreading like fire through the  
land  
It wasn't for the money, at least it didn't start that way  
It wasn't for the runnin', but now he's runnin' everyday

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