

Scott Matthews

"The Fool's Fooling Himself"

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Oh, friend child
What hell with the innocent smile
In a drained state
Filled his breath blow right out the gate

Losing disbelief
Seen his laugh from the way down the street
Finds it hard to breath
When you're a shot from the dead-end sleeve

Yeah, I only wince at your hell
I was paid to except what was dead
Like a fool I've been fooling myself
Fool like no one else

I'll be the Mars
Losing all control for sure
I'm in debt with pain
I can't bleed no more

If the morning sun
Fills your eyes and it's sun in your laws?
See the clouds face
Raise a smile to the cries that he hates

Only time will tell
If the rose isn't red anymore
And expresses are blank
Then you know who to thank
Who to thank, who to thank

I only wince at your hell
I was paid to except what was dead
Like a fool I've been fooling myself
Fool like no one else

I'll be the Mars?
Losing all control for sure
I'm in debt with pain
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