

Eagles, The

"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 if,
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
Like to hear the sound of his own name
Oo...

A poster on a storefront, the picture of a wanted man
He had a reputation spreading like fire throughout 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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