

# The Fool On The Hill

Grzegorz Turnau

Day after day, alone on the hill,  
The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still.  
But nobody wants to know him,  
They can see that he's just a fool.  
And he never gives an answer ...

But the fool on the hill  
Sees the sun going down.  
And the eyes in his head,  
See the world spinning 'round.

Well on the way, head in a cloud,  
The man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud.  
But nobody ever hears him,  
Or the sound he appears to make.  
And he never seems to notice ...

But the fool on the hill,  
Sees the sun going down.  
And the eyes in his head,  
See the world spinning 'round.

And nobody seems to like him,  
They can tell what he wants to do.  
And he never shows his feelings,

But the fool on the hill,  
Sees the sun going down.  
And the eyes in his head,  
See the world spinning 'round.

Round and round and round  
And round and round ...

He never listens to them  
He knows that they're the fools  
They don't like him

The fool on the hill  
Sees the sun going down.  
And the eyes in his head,  
See the world spinning 'round.

Round and round and round  
And round and round ...  
Spinning 'round ...  
The fool on the hill