

Get Yourself Another Fool

Sam Cooke

Oh, at last I've awoken
To see what you've done
What can I do
But pack up and run

Now, I know the rules
Get yourself another fool

You said that you love me
I was yours to command
But your kind of love
My heart couldn't stand

Use me for a tool
Get yourself another fool

And now, now that we're through
You say you meant to be true
Oh, but deep down in your heart I know
That our love could never grow

I tried to believe you
That we'd never part
But your kind of love
Broke my poor heart

No I know the rules
Get yourself another fool

Get yourself another fool