

# Fool To Cry

Taylor Dayne

Well, when I come home, baby  
And I've been working all night long  
I put my daughter on my knee  
And she says, mummy, whats wrong?

She whispers in my ear so sweetly  
And you know what she says?  
She says

Mummy, you're a fool to cry  
You're a fool to cry  
And it makes me wonder why  
Baby, I'm wondering why, why

You know I got a baby  
He lives in the poor part of town  
I go and see him sometimes  
And we make love so fine

And I put my head on his shoulder  
And he says, tell me all your troubles  
And I'll tell you mine

Daddy, I'm a fool to cry  
I'm a fool to cry  
And it makes me wonder

I'm a fool, baby  
I'm such a fool, baby  
Baby, I'm a fool to cry  
I'm a fool to cry  
It makes me wonder why

Such a fool, baby  
I'm a fool, baby  
Such a fool, baby