## Ewa Bem, The Fool on the Hill

Day after day, alone on a hill The man with the foolish grin Is keeping perfectly still

Oh yeah

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 a hill Sees the sun going down And the eyes in his head See the world

Do, do, do, spinning around And the eyes in his head Oh, oh, oh, spinning around And the eyes in his head

Well on his way, head in a cloud The man of a thousand, thousand, thousand voices Is talking perfectly loud

Oh-oh-oh yeah

But nobody ever hears him Or the sound he appears to make And he never seems to notice

But the fool on a hill Sees the sun going down And the eyes in his head See the world

Spinning around Oh, oh, oh, spinning around

And the eyes in his head Oh, oh, oh, spinning around