

Sergio Mendes, Fool On The Hill

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 around.

Well on his way his head in a cloud,
The man of a thousand voices talking percetly 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
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