



# Fool On the Hill

<sup>C</sup> Day after day alone on a hill <sup>F</sup>  
 The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still <sup>F</sup>  
 But nobody wants to know him, <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 They can see that he's just a fool <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 And he never gives an answer <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

CHORUS

But the fool <sup>Cm</sup> on the hill <sup>Ab</sup> <sup>Cm</sup>  
 sees the sun going down <sup>Ab</sup>  
 And the eyes in his head <sup>Bb</sup>  
 see the world spinning 'round <sup>Cm</sup> <sup>C</sup>

<sup>C</sup> Well on the way head in a cloud, the <sup>F</sup>  
<sup>C</sup> man of thousand voices talking perfectly loud, <sup>F</sup>  
 But nobody ever hears him, <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 Or the sound he appears to make <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 And he never seems to notice <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

CHORUS

<sup>C</sup> Day after day alone on a hill <sup>F</sup>  
 The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still <sup>F</sup>  
 And nobody seems to like him, <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 They can tell what he wants to do <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 And he never shows his feelings <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

CHORUS

<sup>C</sup> Day after day alone on a hill <sup>F</sup>  
 The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still <sup>F</sup>  
 He never listens to them <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 He knows that they're the fools <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 They don't like him <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

