Fool on the Hill

Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66

Day after day Alone on a hill

The man with the foolish grin

Is keeping perfectly stillBut nobody wants to know him

They can see that he's just a fool

And he never gives an answerBut the fool on the hill

Sees the sun going down

And the eyes in his head

See the world spinning roundWell on the way

Head in a cloud

The man of a thousand voices

Talking perfectly loud

But nobody ever hears him

Or the sound he appears to make

And he never seems to noticeBut the fool on the hill

Sees the sun going down

And the eyes in his head

See the world spinning roundAnd nobody seems to like him

They can tell what he wants to do

And he never shows his feelingsBut the fool on the hill

Sees the sun going down

And the eyes in his head

See the world spinning roundOh, round, an' round, an' round, an' round, an' round

He never listens to them

He knows that they're the fools

They don't like him

The fool on the hill

Sees the sun going down

And the eyes in his head

See the world spinning roundOh, round, an' round, an' round, an' round

Oh

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