FOOLISH GAMES

Words and Music by JEWEL KILCHER



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Verse 2:

You're always the mysterious one with Dark eyes and careless hair, You were fashionably sensitive But too cool to care. You stood in my doorway with nothing to say Besides some comment on the weather. (To Pre-Chorus:)

stood in the

Verse 3:

You're always brilliant in the morning, Smoking your cigarettes and talking over coffee. Your philosophies on art, Baroque moved you. You loved Mozart and you'd speak of your loved ones As I clumsily strummed my guitar.

rain,

Verse 4:

you're al- ways cra

You'd teach me of honest things. Things that were daring, things that were clean. Things that knew what an honest dollar did mean. I hid my soiled hands behind my back. Somewhere along the line, I must have gone Off track with you.

Pre-Chorus 2:

Excuse me, think I've mistaken you for somebody else, Somebody who gave a damn, somebody more like myself. (To Chorus:)

zy_ like

that.