Day after day alone on a 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

CHORUS
But the fool on the hill
sees the sun going down
And the eyes in his head
see the world spinning 'round

well on the way head in a cloud, the
man of thousand voices talking perfectly loud,
But nobody ever hears him,
Or the sound he appears to make
And he never seems to notice

CHORUS

Day after day alone on a hill
The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still
And nobody seems to like him,
They can tell what he wants to do
And he never shows his feelings

CHORUS

Day after day alone on a hill
The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still
He never listens to them
He knows that they're the fools
They don't like him