

FOOLS RUSH IN

(R. Bloom)

Slowly

Fools Rush In, where an-gels fear to tread, and so I come to you, my love,
 where wise men nev-er go, but wise men nev-er fall in love.

my heart a-bove my head. Though I see the dan-ger
 so how are they to there, If theres a chance for me then I don't care.

know? When we met I felt my life be-gin;
 So o-pen up your heart and let this fool rush in.

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