

The Fool

I am naught but a fool,
Whose joy doth lie in wandering 'round like a cloud,
If my shadow doth vex thee ever,
Pass me by as if I ne'er existed, I would pass me by too.
Worry not, I shall be well, 'tis true, nothing new to me,
For I know,
I am naught but a fool.

I am naught but a fool,
With much happy hope and a bit of Caesar's courage,
Ne'er backing down from taking my chances, yet,
Always, in my heart I know,
Failure is my companion, so,
Be ready, move on, try again, that is all I know as,
I am naught but a fool.

I am naught but a fool,
A lazy, tired soul, love's games played in vain,
Meant smile and joy for thee, always, never a doubt,
Did I e'er tell thee this? I guess I could not speak,
Ne'er would be able to but, hopefully one day,
Will tell thee,
I am naught but a fool.

One day is one day, it might be the last, that I adhere to, so
Sooner or a bit later to sooner, will cease chasing thy ghost,
Will take with me all the memories of thee,
Not much do I ask, as always, forget and forgive me knowing,
Once thou knew a lad, who was, is, and always will be, thine only,
The