Nadine (Memory Tapes Version)

Fool's Gold

The gold road's sure a long road
Winds on through the hills for fifteen days
The pack on my back is aching
The straps seem to cut me like a knife
The gold road's sure a long road
Winds on through the hills for fifteen days
The pack on my back is aching
The straps seem to cut me like a knife
I'm no clown I won't back down
I don't need you to tell me what's going down
Down, down, down, down, da down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, da down, down, down
I'm standing alone, I'm watching you all
I'm seeing you sinking
I'm standing alone you're weighing the gold
I'm watching you sinking
Fool's gold
These boots were made for walking
The marquis de sade don't wear no boots like these
Gold's just around the corner
Breakdown's coming up round the bend
Sometimes you have to try to get along dear
I know the truth and I know what you're thinking
Down, down, down, down, da down, down, down
I'm standing alone, I'm watching you all
I'm seeing you sinking
I'm standing alone you're weighing the gold
I'm watching you sinking
Fool's gold, fool's gold
I'm standing alone, I'm watching you all
I'm seeing you sinking
I'm standing alone, you're weighing the gold
I'm watching you sinking
Fool's gold, fool's gold

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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