Fools Gold

The Stone Roses

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
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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

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