

fools gold

Bree Sharp

My head is heavy and bent like a crane
The wrecking ball blues are coming again
And Latham says, "Babe, you know life is a ride"
But living's no fun when you're dead inside I pierce myself to wake up my veins
I'd pierce my heart if I thought things would change
But I'm just like the skin that's been stung and restung
And the campfire songs that are sung and resung
For a girl of my age why am I so numb? I've been chasing a lie I was sold
Running down thieves and fool's gold
And these Christmas dreams
Are just painted coal I've been swallowed up by greed
I've been spat upon by lust
If they ain't playing with your money
They're playing with your trust And I'm trying so hard to stop sitting still
To gather the juice that's been spent or been spilled
To find a spark in myself that hasn't been killed
'Cause if death doesn't get you then life surely will I've been chasing a lie I was sold
Running down thieves and fool's gold
And these Christmas dreams
Are just painted coal We've been chasing a lie we were sold
We're running down thieves and fool's gold
And these Christmas dreams
Are just painted, just painted, just painted, just painted coal Talk about an early frost

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