

# 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 insideI 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 coalI'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 trustAnd 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 willI've been chasing a lie I was sold  
Running down thieves and fool's gold  
And these Christmas dreams  
Are just painted coalWe'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 coalTalk about an early frost

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