

# Fools Gold

## The Black Maria

There's a machine in my head, there's a grinding in my brain  
The best part is that it turns you on  
The grinding penetrates under the sheets my dear  
We lie in love but with fool's gold I want to give you the plans  
Just to make you stop, I want you to get out of here for good  
It's in my bed but my bed is a plot  
And the shovel is anchored down to the floor And I won't need to see you pushing up dirt again  
And I won't need to see your gagging on sincerity  
Daylight kills us, KO'd by it and counting to ten  
Faced with choices to pack it up or stand up and fight again. There's something in my hand  
Pushing into my veins  
The tablature is for a death march I can't miss you because you're already gone  
This is the climax to our love song  
You're in my head but gone for good  
The sonnet's melody plays on And I won't need to see you pushing up dirt again  
And I won't need to see your gagging on sincerity  
Daylight kills us, KO'd by it and counting to ten  
Faced with choices to pack it up or stand up and fight again. We lie in love but with fool's gold

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>