

# Fool For Gold

## Sapient

I spitball 'til i hit walls, I risked all  
Got addicted then kicked it now withdrawals  
Not talking about ATMs  
I chase dragons made of paper but they ain't pretend  
Yeah, there's a bit of hustle in my blood  
I've learned to come up with the buck from doing something that I love  
But trying to be a master of my craft  
I took something that I loved and put a dagger in its back I am a fool for gold  
Don't want to lose my ghost, ay  
For the life of me  
I just can't seem to get home I am a fool for gold  
Don't want to lose my ghost, ay  
For the life of me  
I just can't seem to get home  
In the blink of an eye  
The branches on this family tree reach to the sky  
I preach to the choir trying to breach the divide  
I guess I'll catch up on my sleep when I die  
But miss me with me condolences no days are dark  
I pull these crumpled up ones out the mason jar  
Trying to sprinkle them on the things that break my heart  
Remember the edge of the coin is razor sharp I sing for the rich and cheapen my gift  
As soon as I finish a few of these things on my list  
I'ma have more time to be with my kids  
Time and money are the same thing, but neither exist  
I leave home, go from casinos to cathedrals  
Yeah, I've seen all that filth  
Put lives on my blade, put ink on my quill  
Is this high that I chase a placebo or real?  
I am a fool for gold  
Don't want to lose my ghost, ay  
For the life of me  
I just can't seem to get home I am a fool for gold  
Don't want to lose my ghost, ay  
For the life of me  
I just can't seem to get home

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

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