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 backI 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 homeI 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 sharpI 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 homeI 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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