

# Fools Gold

## Fiction Family

I found a picture of you in black and white  
Looking like Bob Dylan's disciple  
The only thing left is a spark in your eye  
In the ashes of rock and roll You used to shine like the Fourth of July  
Looking like a midnight revival  
To see you now is to watch a man die  
In the ashes of rock and roll You're shining like fool's gold  
Shining like fool's gold  
You're out digging for what's left of our souls  
In the ashes of rock and roll I remember when your love was full force  
You held her hand like it was a Bible  
And just last night I found out about your divorce  
In the ashes of rock and roll You used to run like a river in a flood  
Out chopping down all your idols  
Now there's a cynic, dripping in your blood  
In the ashes of rock and roll You're shining like fool's gold  
Shining like fool's gold  
You're out digging for what's left of our souls  
In the ashes of rock and roll I watched them come and go  
I watched them taking their toll  
Maybe rock 'n' roll never dies  
But it sure gets old  
Yeah it sure gets old You swore to me that we'd always be close  
Singing Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah  
Now you're casting lots for my old man's clothes  
In the ashes of rock and roll You're shining like fool's gold  
Shining like fool's gold  
You're out digging for what's left of our souls  
In the ashes of rock and roll  
Shining like fool's gold  
Yeah you're shining like fool's gold  
You're out digging for what's left of our souls  
In the ashes of rock and roll

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