

# Fool

## Nadine Shah

You fashion words that fools lap up  
And call yourself a poet  
Tattooed pretense upon your skin  
So everyone will know it  
And I guessed your favorites one by one  
And all to your surprise  
From damned Nick Cave to Kerouac  
They stood there side by side  
You, my sweet, are a fool  
You, my sweet, are plain and weak  
Go let the other girls  
Indulge the crap that you excrete  
Declare yourself an honest man  
Who needs a chance to prove it  
But traps were laid, the bed was made  
So obvious you blew it  
And I bet you gave her one by one  
Regurgitated lines  
From saint Nick Cave and Kerouac  
And all the better guys

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

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