

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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