# Fool

## Nadine Shah

You fashion words that fools lap up
And call yourself a poet
Tattooed pretense upon your skin
So everyone will know itAnd I guessed your favorites one by one
And all to your surprise
From damned Nick Cave to Kerouac
They stood there side by sideYou, my sweet, are a fool
You, my sweet, are plain and weak
Go let the other girls
Indulge the crap that you excreteDeclare 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
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