

# Fool's Gold

## Judges

Somewhere in a market square  
The cobblestone still shine  
Glassy eyes behold the sight  
Through another cup of wine...

The one eyed jester skips and turns  
As he makes his way through the crowd  
While the tavern's royalty try not to laugh aloud...

The jester does another spin  
And then falls to the floor  
A show of hands, a short "Hurrah!"  
A plea for him to do more...

The ease of laughter comes so fast when you're not in  
A jester's shoes  
Cause when you've only Fools Gold, you've got nothing  
more to lose...Who holds the riches  
The jester or the king?

A fortress made from Fools Gold  
Or the tears that treasure can bring?The king he sit upon his throne  
The worlds weight on his chest  
When your mind begins to race you've got no time to rest  
"Where is my clown?  
I need him now, to take my troubles away..."

The harlequin rushes in as his work begins for the day...  
While somewhere in a market square  
The cobblestones still shine...

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