

Fool's Gold

Isobel Morris

How do you feel
When you're trapped like a rat
 By the side of the road
 Sifting through the lead
 For some glimmer of gold

How do you know
That the wheel keeps on turning
 When you're not around
Will it still go around and around?
 Who's got the inclination now?

Oh we'll find it
 In our time
 Smile and cross the wires

Show me the key
To a common mystique
Where you learn not to speak
 Lest you seem indiscreet
 Plotting out your retreat

And what's to be said
When you're dead on your feet
 Like a living clichÃ©
Time has made obsolete
 Trading on
 Some checkered reputation

Oh oh oh
I can't listen to you anymore
 But I want you to know

Well your time is on the wire
 On the wire

Out of the blue
Some trace of a vague transmission
 Has made it through
The purest love you never knew

Was the warm embrace of a fool
But the sound of her voice is fading
And her face is receding from view

Oh I looked away
So little communicated
Yet so much to say
And a fear mere words
Could not convey

Can you feel the things that I do?

I can't see your face anymore
Hand on your heart now
Tell me something true

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