# 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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