

# 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 cliché  
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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