Fools Gold

Emily Clibourn

Baby sings the blues
She sounds like me and you
A paradise so sweet it's morphine
Sweet at first, a bitter blood runs deep

Baby sings the blues

Fools gold, it's nothing I thought it would be like
Fools gold, you look real good at first sight
Hold my head under water, I've been set to fire
Fools gold, you've cast your spell, this can't be right
This aint paradise

Drinking marmalade
Dressed in mary janes
Your hands are cold up on my neck
Drop it low you make me forget it

Drinking marmalade

Fools gold, it's nothing I thought it would be like
Fools gold, you look real good at first sight
Hold my head under water, I've been set to fire
Fools gold, you've cast your spell, this can't be right
This aint paradise

A paradise so sweet it feels like morphine
I feel it in my blood, you know, you know
A paradise so sweet it tastes like morphine
I taste it in my blood, you know, you know

I've got to let you go
I've got to let you go

Fools gold, it's nothing I thought it would be like
Fools gold, you look real good at first sight
Hold my head under water, I've been set to fire
Fools gold, you've cast your spell, this can't be right
This aint paradise

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