

Fools Gold

Spiritual Beggars

Seeing is believing
Or so they say
But who's to judge
What's real anyway? I know it's fake
So get off your high horse
You'd rather have this dream
Than your tears and heartaches I'm sorry
But I can't help you
I'm really sorry
But I'm busy chasing fools gold It's always been this way
I gotta ride my own wave
Can't intellectualise
There's no compromise

Songwriters

AMOTT, MICHAEL Published by

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