

Fiction Family

"Fools Gold"

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I found a picture of you in black and white
Looking like Bob Dylan's disciple
The only thing left is a spark in your eye
In the ashes of rock and roll

You used to shine like the 4th of July
Looking like a midnight revival
To see you now is to watch a man die
In the ashes of rock and roll

You're shining like fools' gold
Shining like fools' gold
You're out digging for what's left of our souls
In the ashes of rock and roll

I remember when your love was full force
You held her hand like it was a Bible
And just last night
I found out about your divorce
In the ashes of rock and roll

You used to run like a river in a flood
Out chopping down on your idols
Now there's a cynic dripping in your blood
In the ashes of rock and roll

You're shining like fools' gold
You're shining like fools' gold
You're out digging for what's left of our souls
In the ashes of rock and roll

I watch them come and go
Watch them taking their toll
Maybe rock and roll never dies
But it sure gets old
Yeah, it sure gets old

You swore to me that we'd always be close
Singing Leonard Cohen's "Hallelujah"
Now you're casting lots for my old man's clothes
In the ashes of rock and roll

You're shining like fools' gold
Shining like fools' gold
You're out digging for what's left of our souls
In the ashes of rock and roll
You're shining like fools' gold
Yeah, you're shining like fools' gold, yeah!
You're out digging for what's left of our souls
In the ashes of rock and roll

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