

The Stone Roses

"Fools Gold"

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Fool's Gold - The Stone Roses (4:16 version)

The gold road's sure a long road
winds on through the hills for fifteen days

The pack on my back is achin'
the straps seem to cut me like a knife

The gold road's sure a long road
winds on through the hills for fifteen days

The pack on my back is achin'
the straps seem to cut me like a knife

I'm no clown, I won't back down
I don't need you to tell me what's goin' down
down, down, down, down, da down, down, down
down, down, down, down, da down, down, down

I'm standing alone
I'm watching you all
I'm seeing you sinking
I'm standing alone
you're weighing the gold
I'm watching you sinking
Fool's gold

These boots were made for walking
the Marquis De Sade never made no boots like these

Gold's just around the corner
breakdown's coming up 'round the bend

(how ya doin'?)

Sometimes you have to try to get along dear
I know the truth and I know what you're thinking

Down, down, down, down, da down, down, down

I'm standing alone

I'm watching you all
I'm seeing you sinking
I'm standing alone
you're weighing the gold
I'm watching you sinking
Fool's gold

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