

John McVey

"Foolsgold"

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The ride down Fifth Avenue
Puts me in a spell
And I find what I buy is the sale
And not what they sell
Wheelers and dealers see
That they dazzle fools like me
Foolsgold sparkles
In the huckster's eyes
And thunders its logan
Over human cries
We opened that door with
A skeleton key
And made way for fools like me
If it finds you, how it blinds you
If it finds you, how it blinds you
Fancy glides on shapely legs
Dressed in high hopes
And high heeled shoes
Home each dawn to Fifth Avenue
Singing the blues
She's a high fashion lady
And she's sporting fools like me

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