

Lizzy Thin

"Fool's Gold Lynott"

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In the year of the famine
When starvation and black death raged across the land
There were many driven by their hunger
To set sail for the Americas

In search of a new life and a new hope
Oh but there were some who couldn't cope
And they spent their life
In search of fool's gold

The old prospector
He makes it to the four lane highway
His old compadre
Lies dead in the sand

With outstretched hands
He cries, "Are you going my way?"
The people passing by don't seem to understand
The curse of fool's gold

Broken Joe just lying in a gutter
He's gone as low as any man can be
He calls for wine but they'll only serve him water
The bartender say "We don't sell sympathy"

He tells a strange story
About his father
How Sunday mornings they'd go down
To the church on the corner

As time grows older
His thoughts they grow younger
It is his wish
To search no longer for fool's gold

The vulture sits on top
Of the big top circus arena
He's seen this show before
Knows someone is going to fall

Just near the part
Where the beautiful dancing tightrope ballerine
Forgets that the safety net
Isn't there at all

Down he swoops with claws drawn to take her
Razor sharp so savagely is she mauled
Oh my god, is there no one who can save her?
In steps the fox to thunderous applause

Fool's gold

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