

Fools Gold

Fiction Family

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

I watched them come and go
I watched them taking their toll
Maybe rock n' 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 casting lots for my old man's clothes
In the ashes of rock and roll

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