

# Thin Lizzy, Fools Gold

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