

# Stone Roses, Fools Gold

The gold road's sure a long road  
Winds on through the hills for fifteen days  
The pack on my back is aching  
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 aching  
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 going 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 don't wear no boots like these  
Gold's just around the corner  
Breakdown's coming up round the bend  
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  
Fool's gold  
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