

The Black Maria, Fool's Gold

There's a machine in my head.
There's a grinding in my brain.
The best part is that it turns you on.
The grinding penetrates
under the sheets, my dear.
We lie in love, but with fool's gold.
I want to give you the plans
just to make you stop.
I want you to get out of here for good.
It's in my bed, but my bed is a plot.
And the shovel is anchored down to the floor.

And I won't need to see you pushing up dirt again.
And I won't need to see you gagging on sincerity.
Daylight kills us.
KO'd by it and counting to ten.
Faced with choices
to pack it in or stand up and fight again.

There's something in my hand
pushing into my veins.
The tablature is for a death march.
I can't miss you
because you're already gone.
This is the climax to our love song.
You're in my head, but gone for good.
Your sonnet's melody plays on.

And I won't need to see you pushing up dirt again.
And I won't need to see you gagging on sincerity.
Daylight kills us.
KO'd by it and counting to ten.
Faced with choices
to pack it in or stand up and fight again.

We lie in love but with fool's gold.