

Blackmore's Night, Fool's Gold

Somewhere in a market square
The cobblestone still shine
Glassy eyes behold the sight
Through another cup of wine...
The one eyed jester skips and turns
As he makes his way through the crowd
While the tavern's royalty try not to laugh aloud...
The jester does another spin
And then falls to the floor
A show of hands, a short "Hurrah!"
A plea for him to do more...
The ease of laughter comes so fast when you're not in
A jester's shoes
Cause when you've only Fools Gold, you've got nothing more to lose...
Who holds the riches
The jester or the king?
A fortress made from Fools Gold
Or the tears that treasure can bring?
The king he sits upon his throne
The worlds weight on his chest
When your mind begins to race you've got no time to rest
"Where is my clown?
I need him now, to take my troubles away..."
The harlequin rushes in as his work begins for the day...
While somewhere in a market square
The cobblestones still shine...