Spiritual Beggars, Fools Gold

Seeing is believing Or so they say But who's to judge What's real anyway?

I know it's fake So get off your high horse You'd rather have this dream Than your tears and heartaches

I'm sorry But I can't help you I'm really sorry But I'm busy chasing fools gold

It's always been this way I gotta ride my own wave Can't intellectualise There's no compromise

I'm not like you I can only be me And that's something You never quite figured out