

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