

Fools Gold Remix

Billy Woods

I once played the fool at a DOOM show
Really thought it was him cause I stood back a few rows
Angry people threw 'bows and crushed a few toes
It was like a live production of the emperor's new clothes
Promoter
Rappers book me gigs at new venues
You get there and there's just a few menus
A fucking employee rocking a grin like a Cheschire Cat
And I'm wearing a jester hat
Sitting there watching him cut up pepperjack
Rap fans on the net are the fucking biggest ones
Steady letting baby faces mark 'em for hit and runs
A bunch of fool players
Learning new prayers
None of em showing you
How to be your own soothsaying oracle
At least take turns like a two-player portable
Play the mark or play the carney
Stay in the dark or host the party
Write the play or play in the park like a child, shit
I be watching soul school like an old fool
All up in the wrong castle like Mario and Toadstool
I'm from the Blowed, fool. Its also a pronoun
Bought the deed to some land in a south pole snow town

Fool me once, shame on you
Fool me twice, I'm lame... cats is nice with the game
In this record lane... NOT!
Still I manage to get strung along once I brung a song
To the tabletop and had it flop
Wasn't for the lack of opportunity knocking
Just a lot of empty promises and halfhearted talking
Even paperwork don't seem to hold a lotta water
Never seeing sales reports
Or reports of my slaughter in retail land
I've tried to expand
Done a lot for the cause but the rebel gets slammed doors
Never opening after initial work
Promoters holding out on the dough
I'm thinking this will work
Every time I sign on the line
At least try to flex optimism
And see the shine I get idle text
One of these days I may really wake up
But for now they keep fooling til my band break up and that's tough

I booked the same room as our first date
Relieved
Finally no need to lie about working late
Nervously pace
Looking in the mirror
You look great
Easily ten years younger
I could be thirty-eight
Petals on the duvet I picture her face
After years of roses on nightstands
When I take her hand

And say you could be an honest woman
I'll be your man
One finger to her lips (shhhhhh)
Don't say a word yet
Champagne on ice I'll take you away
From all of this
You don't have to put on the red light
A single passionate kiss
That shows me you had the same knot in your chest
From years of wondering "maybe" and "what if"
It's not that I don't love my wife and kids but this is it
For happiness I'm waiting by the window like Malcolm X
Courtyard by Marriott
Room twenty-six

Just as real as I imagined
Honeysuckle root all on my mattress
I want you forever if you asking
Infatuated visions in this blackness
Matchstick memory
Candlelight
Shadow play
Unfamiliar Energy
Welcoming
A fortnight since we last connected
Confessions
Otherworldly pleasures in your presence
Possess me
These sessions in succession
By the moon exhausted
Drain me baby awesome
Climax cumulus
Union of like mind
Sidetracked illusions
I'm not truly in right mind
Demon spawn polluted
I'm consumed
A fool in denial
Night time intrusions
Concluded with deceitful smiles
Waking hours
Eyes open on cold tile covered in sweat and bile
Doc shake his head look over my files
Long time sufferer asylum
Silence awaiting her arrival