

# Fool's Gold

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 Cheshire Cat  
And I'm wearing a jester hat  
Sitting there watching him cut up pepperjack  
The rap fans on the net are the fucking biggest ones  
Steady letting babyfaces 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-it's also a pronoun  
Bought the deed to some land in a South Pole snow town

Ugh, 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 lot of water  
Never seeing sales reports or reports of my slaughter in retail land (Huh)  
I've tried to expand (Huh)  
Done a lot for the cause but the rebel gets slammed (Slammed)  
Doors (Doors) never opening after initial work  
Promoters holdin out on the dough, I'm thinkin 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 foolin '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  
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 vision 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  
Sidetrack illusions, I'm not truly in right mind  
Demon spawn polluted  
I'm consumed, a fool in denial  
Nighttime 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  
Longtime sufferer, asylum  
Silence, awaiting her arrival