

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