

Xspace

"Gold"

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Looks as if you're dropping mirrors by the gross
Looks as if your nine lives have left town
When you paint in grey and drear
Eldorado won't appear
To run his sword through all the fears that pull you
down

And it's okay, for the setting sun
Will colour everything around you gold
And it's okay, for the setting sun
Will colour everything around you gold

Looks as if you need a lighthouse in your dark
Looks as if I'm now your native guide
When the fog is drawing in
Snarling dragons break to grin
And trample over all the things that pull you down

And it's okay . . .

And all those pebbles in your shoes are precious
stones
And all the skeletons in closets
Merely piles of harmless bones

. . . And it's okay, as the setting sun
Will colour everything around you gold
Even though it's brown, you'll
See your old brick town go gold

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