

Ivory "Gold"

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Verse 1: the party is g-o-l-d and everyone has planned
their small weddings this scene I see a dress a drink a
golden ring and I... I need this drink now

Pre-chorus: good God good God why do you keep
running babe running away from

Chorus: so make it a holiday of gold when bones can
see that it'll run down it'll run down

Verse 2: the party is g-o-l-d and sweetie go hard go
hard you won't get far cause harlots seem very sweet
until they need a drink-girl you're too easy.

Bridge: there's several singing drinks in me it's making
it hard to think I wish that I could tell her I left became a
sailor and there's several singing drinks in me oh
singing drink oh they're in me it's making it hard to
breathe.

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