

## Justin Currie "Gold Dust"

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The thing that makes your eyes glitter  
Isn't always gold dust  
The wings you think life's given you  
They couldn't lift a bread crust

A siren in the sky calls my body home  
The last remaining high leaves me low down and alone  
And maps of where you are can be found in every bar  
Where those cozy little homilies hang

The thing that makes your eyes glitter  
Isn't always gold dust  
The wings you think life's given you  
They couldn't lift a bread crust

The confidence of kings leaches from my hands  
Where Jupiter did sing, a drunken janitor now stands  
To figure who you are you look in every single car  
Where they stick those tired sideways looks at life

The thing that makes your eyes glitter  
Isn't always gold dust  
The wings you think life's given you  
They couldn't lift a bread crust

Alone that ain't the word  
It's just a groan in the morning  
Nobody ever heard

The thing that makes your eyes glitter  
Isn't always gold dust  
The wings you think life's given you  
They couldn't lift a bread crust

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