

Kris Kristofferson

"Golden Idol"

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Well they've made a golden idol of a girl you used to
be
Hangin' bangles on your branches like a lonely
Christmas tree
Yeah they've dressed you fit for killin' in your thrillin'
new disguise
Nailin' artificial spangles to the diamonds in your eyes
In the golden coach that turns into a bed
You better make it girl before you wake up dead
Cause they'll paint your burning beauty with a coat of
shiny lies
And they'll blind you with their wine so you won't even
realize
Till you watch the face you're washin' disappearin'
down the drain
And you're staring in your mirror going privately insane
In that golden crown they've pushed down on your
head
You better make it girl before you wake up dead

Look around them golden sidewalks that you're
walking on today
And you'll see that lonely gutter just a careless step
away
And the altar that they're building you don't even
understand
Cause they're dazzled by the flashing of the daggers
in their hands
We'll be dancing in the darkness when their music
disappears
And the jangle of your chains will be the only sound you
hear
Till your broken body's bleedin' on an altar made of
stone
And you've sacrificed your soul to please a world that's
sick and wrong
Cause you never heard a single word I said oh make it
girl before you wake up dead

