

Kris Kristofferson

"The Golden Idol"

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Well, they've made a golden idol of the girl you used to be

Hangin' bangles on your branches like a lonely Christmas tree

An' yeah, they've dressed you fit for killin' in your thrillin' new disguise

Nailin' artificial spangles to the diamonds in your eyes
In that golden coach that turns into a bed
You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead

'Cause they'll paint your burnin' beauty with a coat of shiny lies

And they'll blind you with their wine so you won't even realize

'Til you watch the face you're washin', disappearin' down the drain

And you're staring in your mirror goin' privately insane
And that golden crown they've pushed down on your head

You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead

First look around them golden sidewalks that you're walkin' on today

And you'll see that lonely gutter just a careless step away

And that altar that they're building you don't even understand

'Cause you're dazzled by the flashin' of the daggers in their hands

You'll be dancin' in the darkness when their music disappears

And the jangle of your chains will be the only sound you hear

'Til 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

For you never heard a single word I said

Aww, make it, gal, before you wake up dead

