

## Grouplove "Gold Coast"

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So you travel 'round this country  
You're looking for your holy ghost.  
And what you gonna find  
Is it's somewhere, you like to hide.  
So you run around your ego, you run around your gold  
coast.  
You know you got the time  
Because this prison is our own design.  
So you thinkin' of our future,  
You're thinkin' of some old past.  
And it's your time to shine,  
So what you're gonna go and leave behind?  
And there's no one left to be in with and there's nothing  
left downstairs.  
When you feel despair, what's your method to get outta  
there?  
So where you from, son?  
And are you a troubled one?  
And if so, come under my wings.  
Now what's your story?  
And is there gory (? to age?)?  
That's the only way out there.  
So you run around this earth-top, you run around your  
head (? miles?),  
And what you wanna find is peace of mind,  
Or what you can't describe.  
And it's definitely somethin', it's definitely somewhere,  
You know the signs are there.  
Call(ing) it a fable,  
would be unfair.  
So where you from, girl?  
And will you paint my world?  
And if so, crawl underneath my wings.  
So what's your story?  
And is it (? blurry today?)?  
'Cause that's the only way out there.  
COME ON!  
MY LOVE!  
COME ON!  
MY LOVE!  
Whoa-ooh-ohh, yeah. (rpt)

Nanananana.  
Whoa-ooh-ohh, yeah. (rpt 2x)  
Oh nanananana.  
Whoa-ooh-ohh, yeah. (rpt)

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