

Red House Painters "Golden"

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Sister woke me up as he fell out of the sky
There's a golden place
Where the angels crash and die
You can jab and poke

But what did you ever give?
I don't hear your voice
Resonate like his
Hear it resonate like his

You were endless fuel
Burning fast and burning free
Not a wide eyed fool
That fell into the sea
That vanished in the sea

You're alive and good St. John
As the AM waves the horn [unverified]
You belong as much to me
As a shipped steered to the sea
As a ship steered to the sea

You're the corner stone
Filled my room with sun
When the polished vinyl spun
I will see your face

Crashing down against the wind
And it's a sadder place
When that crackling vinyl spins
When the crackling vinyl spins

You still living good St. John
High up in the yellow sun
We can find your vacant grin
In every thread store bin
You're a dime-a-dozen man
You're a dime-a-dozen man

And you're far beyond me
But your dreams touch so soon
And you're life was big and for

Like your words so beautiful
Dum de dum de dum
Always echo across the world

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