

Stranglers

"Golden Boy"

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This is the story
Of a poor man's son
He pulled himself up
Turned his face to the sun

He burned up the world with a heart on fire
And tempted the stars when they hid their light

Now everyone wants to touch the golden boy
Now everyone wants to touch the golden boy

They made melody
To support his word
He's the new high priest
Of the scene and herd

They sanctified Sid
Till he puked up his life
A prick for an idol
What a very strange sight

Now children are weeping
In a hundred towns
The spitfire word
Shot the pilot down

They shoved a rag
Down the golden throat
And put up a column
Where the poor dog choked

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