

Kristofferson Kris

"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.

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 burning 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 washing disappearing
down the drain

And you're staring in your mirror going privately insane

And that golden crown they've pushed down on your
head

You better make it, gal, 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 that altar that they're building you don't even
understand

'Cause you're dazzled by the flashing of the daggers in

their hands.

You'll be dancing 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 bleeding on an altar made of
stone

And you've sacrificed your soul to please a world that's
sick and wrong

And you never heard a single word I said.

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

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