

Angus & Julia Stone "Jewels And Gold"

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I'm going round, I'm going down
To my friend's house to get myself high
It takes me to a different place
Where nothing leaves my mind

But the men in blue knocked on my door
He said I've come to kill off your kind
It's the killing of the mind

The circus came then packed up their things
When there's no one around
We'll be high as kings, without the things
Like jewels and gold

I'm rolling down, I'm rolling down to my hotel
Between the lines
The paperboy still looks the same
As the old get old and the young are feeling fine

A soldier came, knocked on my wall
He said I've come to kill off your kind
It's the killing of the mind

The circus came then packed up their things
When there's no one around
We'll be high as kings, without the things
Like jewels and gold

The circus came then packed up their things
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