

Gold Into Straw

Brendan Benson

I'm writing the words to this song with a poison pen
I'm turing straw into gold and then back again
When you used to be my friend
Before you turned your back on me in the end

I'm building a box made of wood from a tree that I grew
I'm sewing the lining in silk that I spun just for you
And I lay you to rest
I pour flowers on your chest, on your chest

And it's happened again
Pull a fast one on me
And I've got to be dumb
If it's always in fun

I'm digging a hole with my hands six feet in the ground
I'm chiseling this epitaph on a stone that I found
Meet this friend indeed
May he rest in peace and get on with

I'm learning to live with the guilt of remembering
I'm willing to try to forgive and forget this thing
That's gone on too long
You were right, I was wrong, so wrong

And it's happened again
Pull a fast one on me
And I've got to be dumb
If it's always in fun

But enough's enough
Hold my breath while I pass
While I pass you by

And it's happened again
Pull a fast one on me
You can undo what you've done
And it's always in fun
If it happens again
Pull a fast one on me
Then I've got to be dumb
And in more ways in one

And it's always in fun
And in more ways in one