

Your god is made out of your head man
I don't believe what I'm told
I don't say that this is all wrong now
But who are you to judge my world
Look out, outside it's silver
Inside it's all the way gold
One thousand bucks you claim for your kiss babe
And for one dime you sell your soul

Father, son and all this invention
A mirror under dust and mould
Oh my this ride is a phony
See where we all go
Look out, outside your window
Outside it's all the way cold
One thousand bucks they pay for your kisses
And for own dime they buy your soul

Gold and silver
And I sit alone before I take a sidewalk
Of a life that is too short
Help me flying...
See me flying...

We will find what the heavens own
If we trust our love alone
We will see what the angels saw
If we free our mind and heart...