

## Gold & Silver

Colour Haze

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...