

Beautiful Mind

Golden Smog

It's not a story of a god around the calling
Locked in silence and pops up your pretty head
They're sleeping now but dreams, except for lately
Some things are better left unsaid

Beautiful mind
Such a beautiful mind
Beautiful mind
Such a beautiful mind

I saw my picture in the paper, it read 'Guilty'
Eleven strong, consider him dead
The crime was mine and it was done unforgiven
You draw the line and I'll cross it where I stand

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The clowns are withered, as the wind it was blowing
As you and I end somewhere down again
A sky channel, hollow hand sat there waiting
Some things are better left unsaid

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The crime was mine and it was done unforgiven
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