

## 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

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

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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You draw the line and I'll cross it where I stand

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