

Gold Dust

Justin Currie

The thing that makes your eyes glitter
Isn't always gold dust
The wings you think life's given you
They couldn't lift a bread crust

A siren in the sky calls my body home
The last remaining high leaves me low down and alone
And maps of where you are can be found in every bar
Where those cozy little homilies hang

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The confidence of kings leaches from my hands
Where Jupiter did sing, a drunken janitor now stands
To figure who you are you look in every single car
Where they stick those tired sideways looks at life

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Alone that ain't the word
It's just a groan in the morning
Nobody ever heard

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