

Man of Golden Words

Mother Love Bone

Wanna show you something like
The joy inside my heart
Seems I've been living in the temple of the dog
Where would I live, if I were a man of golden words?
And would I live, at all?
Words and music, my only tools
Communication

And on her arrival, I will set free the birds
It's a pretty time of year, and the mountains sing out loud
Tell me, Mr. Golden Words, how's about the world?
Tell me can you tell me at all?
Words and music, my only tools
Communication

Let's fall in love with music
The driving force in our living
The only international language
Divine glory, the expression
The knees bow, the tongue confesses
The lord of lords, the king of kings
The king of kings

Words and music - my only tools
Communication
Words and music, yeah
Communication