

## Golden

## Red House Painters

Sister woke me up as he fell out of the sky  
There's a golden place  
Where the angels crash and die  
You can jab and poke

But what did you ever give?  
I don't hear your voice  
Resonate like his  
Hear it resonate like his

You were endless fuel  
Burning fast and burning free  
Not a wide eyed fool  
That fell into the sea  
That vanished in the sea

You're alive and good St. John  
As the AM waves the horn You belong as much to me  
As a shipped steered to the sea  
As a ship steered to the sea

You're the corner stone  
Filled my room with sun  
When the polished vinyl spun  
I will see your face

Crashing down against the wind  
And it's a sadder place  
When that crackling vinyl spins  
When the crackling vinyl spins

You still living good St. John  
High up in the yellow sun  
We can find your vacant grin  
In every thread store bin  
You're a dime-a-dozen man  
You're a dime-a-dozen man

And you're far beyond me  
But your dreams touch so soon  
And you're life was big and for  
Like your words so beautiful  
Dum de dum de dum  
Always echo across the world