

Golden Boy

The Stranglers

This is the story
Of a poor man's son
He pulled himself up
Turned his face to the sun

He burned up the world with a heart on fire
And tempted the stars when they hid their light

Now everyone wants to touch the golden boy
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They made melody
To support his word
He's the new high priest
Of the scene and herd

They sanctified Sid
Till he puked up his life
A prick for an idol
What a very strange sight

Now children are weeping
In a hundred towns
The spitfire word
Shot the pilot down

They shoved a rag
Down the golden throat
And put up a column
Where the poor dog choked