Looks as if you're dropping mirrors By the gross Looks as if your nine lives Have left town, town

When you paint in gray and drear Eldorado won't appear To run his sword through all the fears That pull you down

And it's okay, for the setting sun
Will color everything around you, gold
And it's okay, for the setting sun
Will color everything around you, gold, gold, gold, gold

Looks as if you need a lighthouse In your dark Looks as if I'm now you're Native guide, guide

When the fog is drawing in Snarling dragons break to grin And trample over all the things That pull you down

And it's okay, for the setting sun
Will color everything around you, gold
And it's okay, for the setting sun
Will color everything around you, gold, gold, gold, gold

And all those pebbles in your shoes Are precious stones And all the skeletons in closets Merely piles of harmless bones

And all those pebbles in your shoes Are precious stones And all the skeletons in closets Merely piles of harmless bones

And it's okay, for the setting sun Will color everything around you, gold And it's okay, for the setting sun Will color everything around you, gold

And it's okay, for the setting sun Will color everything around you, gold And it's okay, for the setting sun Will color everything around you Even though it's brown, you'll See your old brick town, go gold