

## Wheres The Gold

50 Lions

Some things still confuse me  
those song could, never inspire me  
your satisfied, by empty words  
that could never, strangle this heart  
blood stops cold in veins  
chills the skin, like wintery rains  
broken hearts, fake fucking pain  
FUCK YOUR BROKEN HEART

Fuck

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that could never, strangle this heart  
blood stops cold in veins  
chills the skin, like wintery rains  
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but were not giving up  
kept it real FROM THE START  
now your back, with the crowd  
WITHOUT THE HEART

FUCK

your looks, tell it all in one  
rose to the top, in a matter of months  
the faster you rise, the faster you fall  
and when your gone, we wont care at all  
ABOUT YOU