

Blood To Gold

Boy & Bear

Won't you run underneath the door.
Take my home, treat it as your own.

My mother told me don't you run away,
Because it takes a man to keep them hungry,
But I'm so damn cold,
And if this blood don't turn to gold
I think I'm doomed.

Ooh, Yeah.

The time has come my friend to run,
I bid you please to take the roses an the loaded gun I left you
'Cause I'm hopin' now you find somehow
That I'm so damn cold,
And if this blood don't turn to gold,
I think I'm doomed.

Ooh, Yeah.