

Dust to Gold

Status Quo

We know you're watching over us
the job you took for better or worse
dying in the scene from the burning cold
you turned this desert from dust to gold

Someone was born to be a beauty king
all ripping muscles when his sun-kissed skin
and getting paid for the shape I'm in
God's gift to women and I knew it then

I love to sting them like a butterfly
I used to kill them for the natural high
a real hoot, such a crazy guy
another shooter hold me out to dry

Suddenly the blind man can see
suddenly the force is with me
oh Lord, to have, to hold
like dust to gold

You wouldn't ever wanna treat with me
a belt fasten and a downhill ski
no-one would touch me with a ten foot pin
'cos there was no telling where I'd been

A multi-national waste of space
by five o' clock I will be off of my face
without a single little saving grace
and yet you call me for the human race

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oh Lord, to have, to hold
like dust to gold
with me oh Lord, to have, to hold
like dust to gold
like dust to gold
like dust to gold
like dust to gold
like dust to gold