

Silver Lake
With the fakes
I've got nothing but old things
To display
By the bay
Old jeans and your gold rings

How's your faith
My mistake,
I thought you'd grow to good things
To be safe
You were late
You missed everything I've seen

Life is too rich
To waste it waiting around for you

Silver Lake
With the fakes
I've got nothing but old things
Can you take
How I ache
And make songs that the girls sing?
Does it shake
You awake
When you see what the job brings?
Anyway
My mistake
You spin straw into gold strings

Life is too rich
To waste it waiting around for you
Life is too rich
To waste it waiting around for you
Whatever you want to do