

Scarlet and Gold

13th Floor Elevators

He's a king, he's a poor boy, a coward and a stranger
See him standing there so all alone
Well I guess that he'll keep standing there until he's called for
And tomorrow's hurricanes have blown

His hate grew old, another story told
He found no trust to call his own
His way was lost, his spirit was the cost
He couldn't make up for the loan

But many great man are returning
Back to the place where it began
And our tired eyes will cease their burning
When the devil's bones lay parching in the sun

And the night man is waiting at the station
Gathering all the stops one by one
I suggest that you make a reservation
Before all these things are done

A fella had the blues
His life was filled with pain
When he heard the news
He lost a lot in vain

Someone once spread the word
His house went up in flames
They didn't even smoke
I'm sure they're not to blame

All your secrets, they've all been told
Trade in your scarlet and your gold

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Well I guess that he'll keep standing there until he's called for
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