

## Gold Into Straw

Brendan Benson

I'm writing the words to this song with a poison pen  
I'm turing straw into gold and then back again  
When you used to be my friend  
Before you turned your back on me in the end

I'm building a box made of wood from a tree that I grew  
I'm sewing the lining in silk that I spun just for you  
And I lay you to rest  
I pour flowers on your chest, on your chest

And it's happened again  
Pull a fast one on me  
And I've got to be dumb  
If it's always in fun

I'm digging a hole with my hands six feet in the ground  
I'm chiseling this epitaph on a stone that I found  
Meet this friend indeed  
May he rest in peace and get on with

I'm learning to live with the guilt of remembering  
I'm willing to try to forgive and forget this thing  
That's gone on too long  
You were right, I was wrong, so wrong

And it's happened again  
Pull a fast one on me  
And I've got to be dumb  
If it's always in fun

But enough's enough  
Hold my breath while I pass  
While I pass you by

And it's happened again  
Pull a fast one on me  
You can undo what you've done  
And it's always in fun  
If it happens again  
Pull a fast one on me  
Then I've got to be dumb  
And in more ways in one

And it's always in fun  
And in more ways in one