

# Solid Gold

Ella Henderson

Look around, what you see is solid gold  
We've been told too many stories, that the writings on the wall  
Feel my soul, feel my warm wicked thirst  
Now, I'm free of all my troubles  
And I'm shaking off the curse

I've been arguing with the voices in my mind  
I've been rolling round like a penny on the side  
And I'm here lonely, so the lord can help me out  
Oh, heaven lift me up and put my feet back on the ground  
I tried to walk a mile with the shackles on my shoes  
Bit hard to risk it all when you've got nothing to lose  
They say he can drop the shadows of my sins  
So I'm knocking on the door, until the big guy let's me in

Look around, what you see is solid gold  
We've been told too many stories, that the writings on the wall  
Feel my soul, feel my warm wicked thirst  
Now, I'm free of all my troubles  
And I'm shaking off the curse  
'Cause, I've got one more round to go  
Tell the devil, go hit the road  
Leave your dirt at the door  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go  
And I've been working to the bone  
Tell my baby, I'm coming home  
Pour it up, let it roll  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go

You try and play it right, but you end up on your own  
Stand up and roll the dice, before your days are gone  
They try to shoot me down, like a rabbit on the run  
But how you gonna kill me, with no bullet in the gun

Look around, what you see is solid gold  
We've been told too many stories, that the writings on the wall  
Feel my soul, feel my warm wicked thirst  
Now, I'm free of all my troubles  
And I'm shaking off the curse  
'Cause, I've got one more round to go  
Tell the devil, go hit the road  
Leave your dirt at the door  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go  
And I've been working to the bone  
Tell my baby, I'm coming home  
Pour it up, let it roll  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go

'Cause I've lost my self control  
And I, oh, I pray and I pray and I pray  
Solid gold

Look around, what you see is solid gold  
We've been told too many stories, that the writings on the wall  
Feel my soul, feel my warm wicked thirst  
Now, I'm free of all my troubles  
And I'm shaking off the curse

'Cause, I've got one more round to go  
Tell the devil, go hit the road  
Leave your dirt at the door  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go  
And I've been working to the bone  
Tell my baby, I'm coming home  
Pour it up, let it roll  
'Cause, I've got one more round to go  
(Cause, we've got one more round to go)

'Cause, I've got one more round to go  
Tell the devil to go hit the road  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go  
And I've been working to the bone  
Tell my baby, I'm coming home  
Pour it up, let it roll  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go  
Tell the devil to go hit the road  
We've got one more round to go  
And I've been working to the bone  
Tell my baby, I'm coming home  
Pour it up, let it roll  
'Cause, we've got one more round to go