

# The Weight of Dreams

Greta Van Fleet

All across the west we traveled wayward for  
To find the weight of dreams in gold  
Heaven sent us here to meet the hallowed shore  
To claim the wealth that we had sold

Gold mines melting men in the sunshine  
Spoiled wine tastes so sweet we have gone blind  
Gold mines melting men in the sunshine  
Spoiled wine tastes so sweet we have gone blind

We stole from her a cloak of studded majesty  
The queen is dead, we robbed her grave  
You can still bathe in the river, but it ran dry  
And all of us have turned away

Gold mines melting men in the sunshine  
Spoiled wine tastes so sweet we have gone blind  
Gold mines melting men in the sunshine  
Spoiled wine tastes so sweet we have gone blind