

# More Than Gold

Illy

So here we are  
Years on, came good, found a second voice  
And made art out of personal reference points  
It's scary, I check my songs  
And it feels like so many of my best times gone  
Guess I'm scared; man, I'm so scared  
'Cause I don't know where this road ends, don't know what lies there  
And with age comes wisdom, lose some, win some  
On my lonesome for this one, but still my  
Heart beats with them; bars, beats and rhythms  
Take care of your memories, can't relive them  
When I wonder about my own worth  
I just hope I splash some bright colours on a cold world  
Through a life long career away  
On the chance that, for a moment, you'd hear me play  
And I'd make this sacrifice again  
For these precious few moments on stage, I swear that

This is worth more than it's sold to me  
Worth more than these words to me  
I need you to know  
That is worth more than gold to me  
Worth more than you'll ever see  
Ever see, oh

I don't expect y'all to remember me  
When the dead leaves fall from the evergreens  
When our summers end, our paths cross here, it might never come again  
It's that well worn fate of the music man  
Something like an admission of mortality  
That old foe times like gravity  
Can't beat it, only hope to look back happily  
And say "If I had mine back, I'd do it all again"  
Yep, every misstep and regret  
That I've grown to accept, whatever comes next  
I commit you my future, give you my past  
Gift you these words 'cause the present don't last  
So before I'm an old flame in your heart  
And my words fade as quick as the next song starts  
I made this for you to take, thanks for believing  
Just let me keep that, we'll call it even

With blood and sweat, with [?]  
We grow, we age, fade and die  
We die, we die  
We live [?]

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And it's sad, but to start something new  
I had to wave part of my life goodbye  
So these the first steps of Illy's ONETWO  
And this the last roar of Phrase's Crooked Eye  
So this one's for you, my brother  
Long way it echo, years after the final scene  
Could never pay you what due, my brother  
So this is a toast to what is and what might've been