

# The Golden Idol

Kris Kristofferson

Well, they've made a golden idol of the girl you used to be  
Hangin' bangles on your branches like a lonely christmas tree.  
Yeah, they've dressed you fit for killin' in your thrillin' new  
disguise

Nailin' artificial spangles to the diamonds in your eyes  
In that golden coach that turns into a bed,  
You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead.

'cause they'll paint your burning beauty with a coat of shiny l  
ies

And they'll blind you with their wine so you won't even realize  
'til you watch the face you're washing disappearing down the dr  
ain

And you're staring in your mirror going privately insane  
And that golden crown they've pushed down on your head  
You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead.

Look around them golden sidewalks that you're walking on today  
And you'll see that lonely gutter just a careless step away  
And that altar that they're building you don't even understand  
'cause you're dazzled by the flashing of the daggers in their h  
ands.

You'll be dancing in the darkness when their music disappears  
And the jangle of your chains will be the only sound you hear  
'til your broken body's bleeding on an altar made of stone  
And you've sacrificed your soul to please a world that's sick a  
nd wrong

And you never heard a single word I said.  
Aww, make it, gal, before you wake up dead.