

Gold

The Beaches

Gold

Gold

Gold

Gold

That's what we're made of

I'm walking by these sinners and saints

I don't know why they throw it all away

When did my fascination grow so cold

I wanna turn these colours back to

The bikers in the bands are selling their souls

The modern samurai is running through snow

Everybody knows the price of control

Playing with the Queen of Ice you get cold

All the runners up are breaking the crowd

All the animals are trying to get loud

Everybody knows the price of control

Playing with the Queen of Ice you get cold

The children in the maze are breaking their bones

The killers in the cage are sitting on thrones

Everywhere you turn you're out of control

You kick 'em in the head to get your own

Gold

Ah ah ah ah ah

Gold

That's what we're made of

I'm walking by these sinners and saints

I don't know why they throw it all away

When did my fascination grow so cold

I wanna turn these colours back to gold

Razor sharp we dance on the blades

Can't understand the mess that we made

Everybody knows the price of control

Playing with the Queen of Ice you get cold

Slap in the face then you're on the floor

Rats in the race you always want more

Everywhere you turn you're out of control

You kick 'em in the head to get your own gold

Gold

Ah ah ah ah ah

Gold

That's what we're made of

I'm walking by these sinners and saints

I don't know why they throw it all away

When did my fascination grow so cold

I wanna turn these colours back to gold

You'll never make it alone

Run on home
You'll never make it alone
Run on home

Gold
Gold
That's what we're made of

I'm walking by these sinners and saints
I don't know why they throw it all away
When did my fascination grow so cold
I wanna turn these colours back to gold

I wanna turn these colours back to gold
I wanna turn these colours back to gold