

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 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

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