Straw Into Gold

Tiny Ruins

When you got home from work you just lay on your bed
Went through your pages, some things don't make sense
Gotta be solid to hold sway, unsoldered to win the day
You're a soldier it's okay, tell yourself it's okay
Spinning straw into gold
Straw into gold
Straw into gold

Well the maritime pines, four sails on the horizon
The closing-down place I almost bought the mandolin
Voluminous squid and the knife-wielding fishermen
Stationary shop, mandarin trees laden
Spinning straw into gold
Straw into gold
Straw into gold

'That's rich coming from you', he said
'You're impossible!'
In his long oil-skin coat
I said 'you're no picnic neither'
No, you're no picnic neither

But the din here is loudening, and I don't believe it
The banks have all broken, we've got to cash all our chips in

Freddy gave us his advice
Slinging spirits, two cubes of ice
He says we're lumps of molasses
Singing out our asses
Spinning straw into gold
Straw into gold
Straw into gold
Gold, straw into gold

And I've got all I need
Wild animals got you
There's nothing more I'd like
Than to have you in the room

But the din here is loudening, and I don't believe it
Strings behind everything, and it's just a matter of learning

Spinning straw into gold
Straw into gold
Straw into gold
Gold, straw into gold
Gold, straw into gold

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