

Jewels and Gold

Angus & Julia Stone

I'm going round,
I'm going round to my friends house,
To get myself high.
It takes me to a different place
where nothing leaves my mind.
But men in blue knocked on my door,
and said "I've come to kill off your kind",
it's the killing of the mind.

The circus came,
then packed up there things.
When there's no ones around,
We'll be high as kings,
without the things,
like jewels and gold.

I'm rolling down,
I'm rolling down to my hotel,
between the lines.
The paperboy still looks the same,
as the old get old
and the young are feeling fine.

A soldier came knocked down my walls
and said " I've come to kill off your kind"
It's the killing of the mind.

The circus came,
then packed up there things.
When there's no one around,
we'll be high as kings,
without the things,
like jewels and gold.
[2x]