

I knocked on the door
it was already open
I walked through inside
There a window is broken
lighting in a shaft
and the curtains are blowing
Sun and wind in his hair
and he sat in a chair with his back to me
he sat in a chair with his back to me

There is gold in the air
it's golden, golden
There is gold in his hair
it's golden, golden, golden

Life is so short
Why do we do so many things
and always got to go..
and always got to go..
and always got to go.. ..

And he shifted his stare
and his eye was a glimmer
and I saw what was there
that he judged me the sinner
I heard what he said
but I knew what he meant
that he wanted my head
so I turned on my heels
and I ran and ran

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