

Gold

Stevie Nicks

When the lights go down in the California town,
People are in for the evening.
I jump into my car and I throw in my guitar,
My heart beatin' time with my breathin'.
Drivin' novicated, singin' to my soul,
There's people out there turnin' music into gold. Well my buddy Jim Bass past he's a-workin' pumpin gas,
And he makes two fifty for an hour.
He's got rhythm in his hands as he's tappin' on the cans,
Sings rock and roll in the shower.
Drivin' novicated, singin' to my soul,
There's people out there turnin' music into gold. Ah the California girls are the greatest in the world,
Each one's a song in the making.
Singin' back to me I can hear the melody,
The story is there for the takin'.
Drivin' novicated, singin' to my soul,
There's people out there turnin' music into gold. Drivin' over Kanan, singin' to my soul,
There's people out there turnin' music into gold.

Songwriters

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