

# Golden Boy

## Yalta Club

Oh boy, weâ€™re gonna hang you up, gonna hang you up with your tie  
Golden boy, weâ€™re gonna hang you up, gonna hang you up with your tie

Runninâ€™ away from the town  
Far away from beautiful lies  
And those whoâ€™d take me down  
Playinâ€™ with billions was so nice  
But in my head, they keep saying, yes sayinâ€™

Weâ€™re gonna hang you up with your tie  
Weâ€™re gonna let them know the guilty died  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,

My feet will swing as they kick out the chair  
Gold pocket change will hit the air  
I know theyâ€™re gunning for me now  
In this mess weâ€™re in  
Some lose some win  
Why should I care?  
Is that such a crime?

Weâ€™re gonna hang you up with your tie  
Weâ€™re gonna let them know the guilty died  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,  
we're gonna [They're gonna hang me up],  
Weâ€™re gonna hang you up with your tie  
Weâ€™re gonna fuel the fire with a lie  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,

By tonight maybe Iâ€™ll be done  
Killed in the fight, in my easy money run  
Of all the things, all the wives,  
and all the billions that I had  
All that's left are the voices in my head saying:

Weâ€™re gonna hang you up with your tie  
Weâ€™re gonna let them know the guilty died  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,

we're gonna [They're gonna hang me up],  
We're gonna hang you up with your tie  
We're gonna fuel the fire with a lie  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,  
we're gonna hang you up with your tie,

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Lyrics submitted by Julien Geffriau.

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