Gold

The Dirty Clergy

I KNOW IT'S OLD, BUT IT'S GOLD TO ME
THE HAUNTING SOUNDS OF THE SYMPHONY
I CALL IT HOME, BUT IT'S SO FAR AWAY
I WANTED TO, BUT I JUST CAN'T STAY

I KNOW IT'S HARD, SOMETIMES THEY NEVER CHANGE
THIS BREAKING HEART OUT ON THE OPEN RANGE
AIN'T IT STRANGE, THE PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD
SO MUCH IS THE SAME WITH ALL YOU BOYS AND GIRLS

LET GO OF MY HANDS, I'M FINE TO STAND
I'M OFF TO FIND MY BABY
I KNOW IT'S OLD, BUT IT'S MY GOLD
IT'S WORTH ALL THE TIME THAT I CAN BLOW

LET GO OF MY HANDS, I'M FINE TO STAND
I'M OFF TO SEE MY BABY
I KNOW IT'S OLD, BUT IT'S MY GOLD
IT'S WORTH ALL THE TIME THAT I CAN BLOW

LET GO OF MY HANDS, I'M FINE TO STAND
I'M OFF TO FIND MY BABY
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Lyrics Submitted by Brian Manasco

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