

# Yellow Like Gold

## Chamberlain

Frail like dreams,  
I had crossed a thought  
Thin line I'd never seen.  
I know that dreams turn nails to leaves  
And this deceiver is someone  
I can't keep at bay.

So I blame me whenever  
I let my ghost stray.  
I blame the honest man  
With his heart in his hand.

And I come harboring  
Secrets in the night.  
Knowing that beneath this skin  
Lies a man waiting to come alive.  
This is the sound thoughts  
Make like ballads from the barrel of a gun.  
And I "at my sky blue trades"  
Fade back to where I came from.  
I blame the honest man  
With his heart in his hand.

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com  
written by MOORE, DAVID V./RUBENSTEIN, ADAM J.  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>