

# The Golden State (Feat. Kathleen Edwards)

John Doe

You are the hole in my head  
I am the pain in your neck  
You are the lump in my throat  
I am the aching in your heart  
We are tangled  
We are stolen  
We are living where things are hidden You are something in my eye  
And I am the shiver down your spine  
You are on the lick of my lips  
And I am on the tip of your tongue  
We are tangled  
We are stolen  
We are buried up to our necks in sand We are luck  
We are fate  
We are the feeling you get in the golden state  
We are love  
We are hate  
We are the feeling I get when you walk away.  
Walk away Well you are the dream in my nightmare  
I am that falling sensation  
You are not needles and pills  
I am your hangover morning  
We are tangled  
We are stolen  
We are living where things are hidden We are luck  
We are fate  
We are the feeling you get in the golden state  
We are love  
We are hate  
We are the feeling I get when you walk away  
Walk away  
Walk away You are the hole in my head  
You are the pain in your neck  
You are the lump in my throat  
I am the aching in your heart

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