

# The Golden Idol

[Kris Kristofferson](#)

Well, they've made a golden idol of the girl you used to be  
Hangin' bangles on your branches like a lonely Christmas tree  
An' yeah, they've dressed you fit for killin' in your thrillin' new disguise  
Nailin' artificial spangles to the diamonds in your eyes  
In that golden coach that turns into a bed  
You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead  
'Cause they'll paint your burnin' beauty with a coat of shiny lies  
And they'll blind you with their wine so you won't even realize  
'Til you watch the face you're washin', disappearin' down the drain  
And you're staring in your mirror goin' privately insane  
And that golden crown they've pushed down on your head  
You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead  
First look around them golden sidewalks that you're walkin' on today  
And you'll see that lonely gutter just a careless step away  
And that altar that they're building you don't even understand  
'Cause you're dazzled by the flashin' of the daggers in their hands  
You'll be dancin' in the darkness when their music disappears  
And the jangle of your chains will be the only sound you hear  
'Til your broken body's bleedin' on an altar made of stone  
And you've sacrificed your soul to please a world  
That's sick and wrong  
For you never heard a single word I said  
Aww, make it, gal, before you wake up dead

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>