The Golden State

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 hiddenYou 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 sandWe 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 awayWell 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 hiddenWe 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 awayYou are the hole in my head
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