

# Gold Dust

## Justin Currie

The thing that makes your eyes glitter, isn't always gold dust  
The wings you think life's given you, they couldn't lift a bread crust

A siren in the sky calls my body home  
The last remaining high leaves me low, down and alone  
And maps of where you are can be found in every bar,  
Where those cozy little homilies hang

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The wings you think life's given you, they couldn't lift a bread crust

The confidence of kings leaches from my hands  
Where Jupiter did sing a drunken janitor now stands  
To figure who you are, you look in every single car  
Where they stick those tired sideways looks at life

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The wings you think life's given you, they couldn't lift a bread crust

Alone that ain't the word,  
It's just a groan in the morning, nobody ever heard

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Lyrics submitted by Bethany.

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