

# Made of Gold

## 100 Monkeys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well, I'm shaky and I'm nervous and I'm anxious as hell  
Manic, seeing static, in a panic as well  
I'm gonna give myself a heart attack  
But the doctor says you're much too young for that  
I'm gonna give myself a heart attack

But the doctor says you're much too youngOh my hero was much younger than I  
When my hero was immortalized  
On magnetic tape and digital sound waves  
There's no grave for the soul

No vinyl coffin made of goldYou're made of gold (x7)I never cared for the radio  
They don't play him, they don't know

My hero lives on video, my hero lives on video  
You can watch him move as he grooves by frame  
In a mess of curls as the girls scream his name  
(Spencer Bell!)He was the lyricist, a mad scientist  
An architect of quick wit

The best to smoke and drink with  
The best to joke and think with

He was one of the lost  
The first to be found

Keep playing his songs keep us comfort  
To keep us proud  
To have known this body

Whose soul is still so loudMy hero lives on video (x8)Well I'm shaky and I'm nervous and I'm anxious as hell  
Manic, seeing static, in a panic as well  
I'm gonna give myself a heart attack  
But the doctor says  
You're much too young for that