

# Black Gold

[Amit Shoham](#)

Top of the world, bottom of the ocean  
Top of the world, bottom of the ocean  
They built you up and broke you down again  
So now you hope to beat the surf in  
'Cause the future is not what you see  
It's not where you've been to at all  
The future is not what you see  
It's not where you've been to at all  
The future is not what it used to be  
Used to be  
The future is not what it used to be  
Used to be  
Top of the world, bottom of the ocean  
Top of the world, bottom of the ocean  
They lit you up and found the ground again  
So now you know to beat the surf in  
'Cause the future is not what you see  
It's not where you've been to at all  
The future is not what you see  
It's not where you've been to at all  
The future is not what it used to be  
Used to be  
The future is not what it used to be  
Used to be  
They buried the gold, your ancestry's sold and left  
Just the residue  
They buried the gold, your ancestry's sold and left  
Just the mist of you  
They buried the gold, your ancestry's sold and left  
Just the residue  
They buried the gold, your ancestry's sold and left  
Just the mist of you  
Now what's happened to you  
Look what's happened to you  
What's happened to you  
Now that spring is finally here  
Your hollow heart, your hollow heart  
Drive through the forest and into the night  
Away from the city, away from the light

Hollow heart, your hollow heart  
You know  
And we're worlds apart  
And we're worlds apart  
They gouge you out, they dug you in  
They took the name right out of your mouth  
Hollow heart, your hollow heart  
You know  
Worlds apart  
And we're worlds apart  
Into yourself past of it  
Into yourself past of it  
Into yourself past of it  
Into yourself past of it  
Into yourself, into yourself  
Into yourself, into yourself  
Into yourself, into yourself

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