Giving All the Gold

The Rambling Wheels

You stay home, cause you've worked too late
You don't even want to talk
You spend your nights counting the stars
Rocking back on your chairThink twice and ask your soul
Is she really worth all the weight?
Paper cuts till you're miserable
Grabbing all that you've madeYou're giving all the goldAnd all the dreams that you hold
Are made of you and her getting oldAh ah
She's out and lost in the city
No care in the world
Like the wind she blows
Over the top whenever she goes(Whenever she goes, whenever she goes)She's in the arms of a younger man
??, time to run honey!
?? another heart
You got yourserlf in another fine mess, yeah!You're giving all the goldAll the dreams that you hold
Were made of you and her getting old
Now all the dreams that have been sold
(?)
She took everything but youAh ah
Giving all the gold
All the dreams that you hold
Were made of you and her getting old
Now all your dreams that have been sold
(?)
She took everything but you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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