

# Jewels And Gold

## Angus And Julia Stone

Im going round, Im going down  
To my friend's house to get myself high  
It takes me to a different place  
Where nothing leaves my mindBut the men in blue knocked on my door  
He said Ive come to kill off your kind  
Its the killing of the mindThe circus came then packed up their things  
When theres no one around  
Well be high as kings, without the things  
Like jewels and goldIm rolling down, Im rolling down to my hotel  
Between the lines  
The paperboy still looks the same  
As the old get old and the young are feeling fineA soldier came, knocked on my wall  
He said Ive come to kill off your kind  
Its the killing of the mindThe circus came then packed up their things  
When theres no one around  
Well be high as kings, without the things  
Like jewels and goldThe circus came then packed up their things  
When theres no one around  
Well be high as kings, without the things  
Like jewels and gold

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