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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