Straw Into Gold

Tiny Ruins

When you got home from work, you just lay on your bed,
went through your papers - some things don't make sense.
Gotta be solid to hold sway, unsoldered to win the day,
you're a soldier it's okay, tell yourself it's okay,Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.Well the maritime pines, four sails on the horizon,
the closing-down place I almost bought the mandolin,
voluminous squid and the knife-wielding fishermen,
stationary shop, mandarin trees laden,Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.
'That's rich coming from you', he said,
'you're impossible!'
In his long oil-skin coat,
I said 'you're no picnic neither',
no, you're no picnic neither.But the din here is loudening, and I don't believe it -
the banks have all broken - we've got to cash all our chips in.Freddy gave us his advice,
slinging spirits, two cubes of ice.
He says we're lumps of molasses,
singing out our asses,Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.And I've got all I need,
Wild animals got you.
There's nothing more I'd like
Than to have you in the room.
But the din here is loudening, and I don't believe it -
Strings behind everything, and it's just a matter of learning...Spinning straw into gold,
Straw into gold.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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