

The Golden Idol

Kris Kristofferson

Well, they've made a golden idol of the girl you used to be
Hangin' bangles on your branches like a lonely Christmas tree
An' yeah, they've dressed you fit for killin' in your thrillin' new disguise
Nailin' artificial spangles to the diamonds in your eyes
In that golden coach that turns into a bed
You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead 'Cause they'll paint your burnin' beauty with a coat of shiny
lies
And they'll blind you with their wine so you won't even realize
'Til you watch the face you're washin', disappearin' down the drain
And you're staring in your mirror goin' privately insane
And that golden crown they've pushed down on your head
You better make it, gal, before you wake up dead First look around them golden sidewalks that you're walkin'
on today
And you'll see that lonely gutter just a careless step away
And that altar that they're building you don't even understand
'Cause you're dazzled by the flashin' of the daggers in their hands You'll be dancin' in the darkness when their
music disappears
And the jangle of your chains will be the only sound you hear
'Til your broken body's bleedin' on an altar made of stone
And you've sacrificed your soul to please a world
That's sick and wrong
For you never heard a single word I said
Aww, make it, gal, before you wake up dead

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