

Angus & Julia Stone, Jewels And Gold

Im going round,
Im going round to my friends house,
To get myself high.
It takes me to a different place
where nothing leaves my mind.
But men in blue knocked on my door,
and said Ive come to kill off your kind,
its the killing of the mind.
The circus came,
then packed up there things.
When theres no ones around,
Well be high as kings,
without the things,
like jewels and gold.
Im 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 fine.
A soldier came knocked down my walls
and said Ive come to kill off your kind
Its the killing of the mind.
The circus came,
then packed up there things.
When theres no one around,
well be high as kings,
without the things,
like jewels and gold.
(x2)